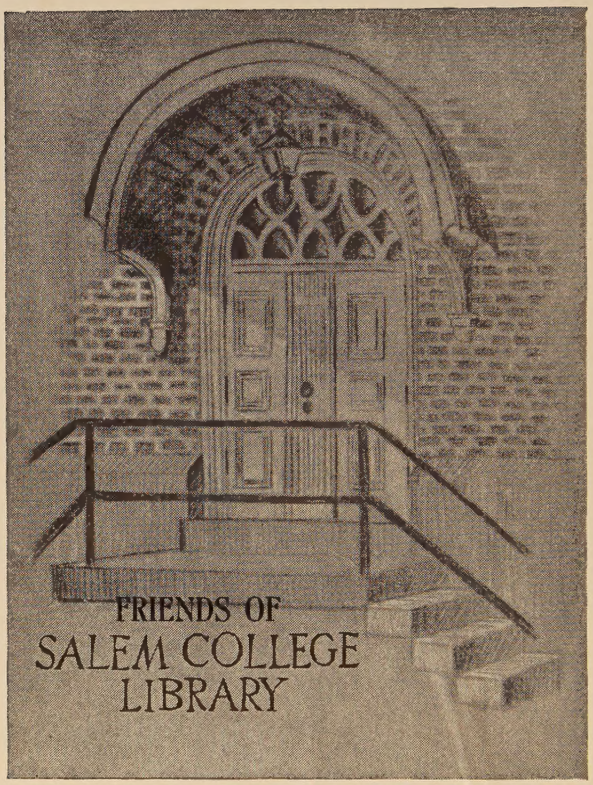
Horace Howard Furness



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THE LETTERS OF HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME II

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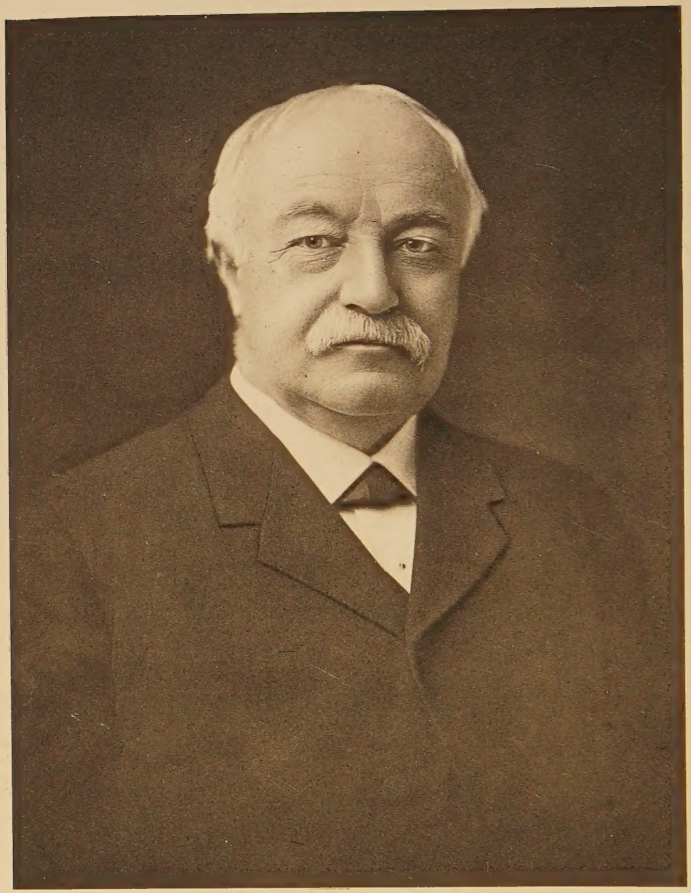

Horace Howard Furness

THE LETTERS OF HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

EDITED BY
H. H. F. J.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME II

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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THE LETTERS OF
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

THE LETTERS OF HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

CHAPTER VIII

1898–1901

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 18 *January*, 1898

My dear Wright: Ever so many thanks for your "Henry the Fourth." Its introduction is excellent, which is merely of course, inasmuch as it is your work. I do thoroughly like your position in regard to Falstaff and Oldcastle. This recent life of Tennyson ought to give the quietus to all critics who impute to the poet their own meanings and their own feeble methods of work. (What a fascinating book that "Life" of Tennyson is!)

I send you by this same post the translation of the Psalms, — a translation in which I take no jot of pride or pleasure. Woe worth the day when I consented to do no more than what I supposed to be the reading of proof-sheets! I am hampered at every turn until I'd fain cry, "And so come Death!" Drop me a tear of pity an thou lovest me. (There are two or three oversights in the text, due to changing one portion of the expression and overlooking the connection. If you see them, which I hope you won't, shut your eyes.)

Canon Cheyne and his wife spent last Saturday to Monday with me. He is one of those simple-hearted, gentle ones who would use the Devil himself with courtesy, which when combined with erudition forms a delightful companion.

Let me hear that the New Year is opening to you full of promise of renewed health. (Don't wish the same for me. My life stopped when I was cut to the brains and inmost heart, — Ay de mi! fifteen years ago.)

I need a word from you to reconcile me to your editing Burton. There are such repulsive passages in that unabashed old writer that I don't like to think of them in connection with you. And so, dear Wright,

affectionately yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Wallingford, 27 March, '98

. . . WELL, dear, the rest of my week that has not been filled up with anxieties over you, has been passed in busy drudgery over the collation of Quartos & Folios of "Much Ado" — and yesterday at three o'clock that first small step in the work was finished. Next comes the collation of about forty modern texts, which takes about six weeks' unremitting attention — and all this for the benefit of one student in ten years. I doubt that anyone ever looks at it but Aldis Wright, and he, I imagine, with feelings at times unenviable over his sins of

omission and commission. By the way, do not fail to make an effort to see him when you are in England — I am curious to hear what he will say about Haupt — pray note whether he grinds his teeth or sets his nostrils wide. 'Tis not unlikely that I am myself quite out of Aldis Wright's books — he has never acknowledged the receipt of the Psalms, doubtless with his ingrained British conservatism he is indignant enough over the new translation. However, whock your eye! I've outgrown all emotion over any possible criticism, favorable or adverse. I feel that I have reached the limit of my life-work. The pyramid will go no higher, in my remnant of days I can make the base only broader. The height of my present hopes is just to sit by your side in one of your "pews" at your fireside with the children and grandchildren in a semicircle about us. . . .

Next Saturday at noon Walter and I start for Florida, and we shall be gone for a fortnight, ten days, or three weeks. I am determined, humanly speaking, that the dear boy shall have a satisfactory vacation, which he amply deserves. I doubt that you'll have more than postal cards from me while I am away. . . .

No letters which I could write from Florida would be in themselves worth reading — the endless rocking in a dazzling sea, watching a stupid string, cannot be made thrilling. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 1 April, '98

DEAREST of sisters, a blessed Postal Card came from you this morning, bearing the Postmark, Dresden. So I know you have returned safe, but how sound I can only pray for. . . . My! but I was worried last week, and all the while I was conscious that my fears and anxieties were below the level of a ninnyhammer. Verily in this and in other things I see that I am tired — It will be good to give the Kaleidoscope another turn, and see life in an utterly different pattern. In the first Kaleidoscope which we children ever had there used to be some brown, chocolatey things, which I always excessively disliked; they never made pretty patterns; and in my mind I always thought of them as misfortunes. I've been looking at too many brown things lately. . . .

This is a letter out of due course. 'Tis Friday eve'g: tomorrow at noon Walter & I start for Pine Island. We reach there on Monday afternoon. So you see there can be no Sunday letterwriting, and when you'll hear from me next will be hard to say. I haven't an atom of faith in the mail from that solitary shore. The domestic mail is punctual enough. So, perhaps, I can send my letter to you under cover to Carrie who will mail it from Phila. Under any circumstances my letters will prove mere bulletins. A rickety table as large as a napkin with an ill-smelling kerosene lamp on it is a drawback to the flow of soul. Add to this a day's fish-

ing under a semi-tropic sun, and you will see that the chances of a long letter are small. I have seldom, if ever, seen Walter so eager for any outing as for this. Helen says that it is unparalleled; every evening for a week past he has spent in fixing and arranging his rods and reels, his guns and ammunition. Thus are we going on a peaceful fishing excursion when our country is on the eve of war. Verily the news this evening looks much like it. It rejoices me that it will not be a war of which we need be ashamed. McKinley, whom at first I despised as a mere political "boss," seems to have grown into a grand statesman. He has held the nation in check, apparently, for two reasons: that we should have time to strengthen our navy, and that the causes of the war should veer from mere business, mere trade in tobacco, to the cause of humanity, the cause of the starving and the victims of cruelty. The minute that I read that Spain refused to let us send food and clothing to the poor wretches in Cuba, my blood was fired. By this inhumanity Spain becomes a *hostis humani generis*, and it is a Christian act to put her down — if we can. And 'twill be hard work at first, no doubt, and we may get the worst of it, but we have the deeper purse and it is this that wins campaigns. But my imagination sickens at the thought of what we must go through. If war actually commences, I feel like swearing that I'll not open a newspaper till the dawn of peace. Of course, 'twill be mainly fought out at sea, and yet the seaboard cities may fare badly. . . .

It's getting late, my trunk is all packed & I have only some odds and ends to attend to. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 19 *April*, 1898

You dearest of sisters, "Home again! Home again! Market is done!" Lo, here I sit in my very first quiet minute, writing to you. All day Sunday and Monday forenoon, while in the cars, I was cheered by the thought that Monday afternoon in this still library would be all-sufficient to knit up all the stitches dropped while I was in Florida, and I could have the eve'g for a talk with you whereof my soul thirsted. But so far did the afternoon prove for being sufficient that the evening up till 3 A.M. was consumed in arranging matters which demanded immediate attention. . . .

Now let me talk of Florida. Even at Punta Garda we began to feel Tarpon in the air, and by the time we reached St. James there was nothing but Tarpon, Tarpon everywhere. The people there think and breathe nothing else. The sole standard of manhood is the catching of Tarpon, and the skill shown therein. Well, the next day, we were in our boats at eight o'clock, and an hour's rowing brought us to the fishing grounds. There we cast in our lines, laid the rods in front of us and took out our novels to read; the boat rocks soothingly, the warm breeze blows caressingly around us, and the sun looks out of a cloudless sky. The minute the reel begins to unwind, then the novel must be dropped,

the rod seized, and the fishing begins, and lucky indeed is the man on whose line there is a tarpon. No such luck came to either of us for one whole week — no, I'm wrong. Walter had the thrill twice of having a tarpon on his line, but the line snapped and the fish was gone. As sportsmen our hearts were utterly broken, as lovers of nature we had untold delight. Wonderful stories were told us of the miraculous draught of fishes at Captiva Pass, and accordingly thither we went on Monday. The "Pass" is where the waters rush with great swiftness into the Gulf of Mexico, & up and down this pass go the tarpon to and from their feeding grounds. Our accommodations there were large enough to hold twenty or thirty men, floating in the water, in one of the bayous, and fastened by ropes to the shore. Our first day's fishing in the Pass was as barren of tarpon as at St. James. So on the second day we were rowed by our boatmen about six miles away to a place where they said tarpon frequented. Scarcely had we been fishing there an hour before, O joy! hold my sides! your brother, O Nannie! caught and actually "landed" a tarpon! and I sat back in the boat knowing that the utmost height of my life had been attained. Perish the Variorum! Perish Shakespeare! The hands that have reeled in a tarpon need never thereafter descend to puny themes. It was a fine one, weighing a hundred and thirty-five pounds and six feet long. Verily it is the most exciting work on earth. In order to shake the hook out of his mouth the huge creature

leaps out of the water, a dazzling column of pure silver, rushes hither and thither, dives down deep, comes up again with a mighty rush of water, darts off swift as lightning. After it was all over, and it sometimes last an hour, I quaked in every limb and I was so weak I couldn't have raised my hand to my mouth. Walter caught one very soon afterwards, and then my content was absolute. We came home in triumph. The object of our trip had been attained. Walter was in great spirits. We are now Past Masters in the gentle craft. Our skill as fishers is now beyond cavil. There is any quantity of other items about our trip, but I'll reserve them for another time. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 24 April, 1898

When I wrote you the other day, just after my return, I hadn't the chance to expatiate on the glories of the three letters from you which greeted me. One of them, the dearest, revealed how bravely you had toiled through "The Winter's Tale." I have never before received any similar proof that my volumes had obtained such thorough reading from any one. Bless you for it. Except for your own dear self, it's more than I would do for another human being. You cannot imagine how deeply I value your criticism. They fly straight & do exactly hit. When you approve — my! how high my nose goes in the air. I am glad for many reasons that you went to see poor old Leo, who, I think, was

smarting under what I said in the Preface to the W. T. about German emendations of Shakespeare's text. The letter of acknowledgment which he sent me for the W. T. was somewhat curt but now your visit has made everything serene & I shall have an enthusiastic letter from him telling of the pleasure your presence gave him. By the way, his wife was a cousin (own cousin, I think) of Heine. Poor man, his life has been, I fear, a good deal of a tragedy. His only daughter and child married a German brute, a sprig of nobility, who drove her to an early grave, and her poor old mother died within two years, of a broken heart. . . .

In none of my letters have I ever alluded to the War. I cannot believe it *possible.* But it is now fairly abroad. I cannot tell you how humiliated I am over it. At one time we were in the position whereby we could make Spain wholly in the wrong, and then a war might have been righteous. (It occurs to me that I did refer to this in my last letter. Forgive my tottering memory!) But from that position we have been snatched by the contemptible creatures in Congress, and now we shall have to pose before the world as a set of bullying braggarts. For McKinley I have great admiration. 'Tis clear that had it been left to him, and no Congress in session, we should have settled everything by diplomacy. But now, thanks to the Congressional scoundrels, we shall have all the horrors of war and dislocated society wherein the poorer classes will suffer most. Of course we shall win in

the long run — ultimate victory always depends on the length of the purse, and ours is unquestionably longer than Spain's, but in the meantime we must go through some sickening spasms. Horrible as it sounds, I almost wish that at first we should get a confounded good thrashing, and that popular vengeance would thereby fall on the rascals who have involved us in it, as a secondary consideration. But reverses at first would do the whole people good. I cannot but believe that the atmosphere will be so cleared by the end of May that by no possible chance can there be an obstruction in your homeward path.

. . . I became quite convinced that the Protestant season corresponding to the Catholic "going to Retreat" is to be found in Tarpon fishing off Florida. I asked one or two of the seasoned old Tarpon fishers, who come year after year from the North, what they chiefly thought about during the long hours of waiting for a "strike" and they replied that they are busy with memories. So you see that Tarpons are a means of grace. But, bless me! how the memories are put to flight the instant a "strike" comes!

To his Sister

May 1, 1898

. . . I DISTINCTLY know that my horizon has been greatly widened by my work in this Translation [of the Psalms]. And what can be more wholesome for an old white-haired man than to widen his

horizon! *Leviticus* is already stereotyped. *Ezekiel* will be ditto before the end of next week. These two with *Joshua* will be published in October. My work on the two former (except about four hours next Tuesday) is already done, and *Joshua* will give but very little trouble. So you see I am not yet ready to break Haupt's heart. When you are quietly settled at North East, I do so want you to read *Isaiah* — and then *Ezekiel*. I'll furnish you with an advance copy of the latter. Never before in my life have I appreciated the grandeur of *Ezekiel*. He has hitherto been associated in my mind with the most repulsive Chapters in the whole Bible & I rather abhorred him. But his earnestness is terrible, and above all it is interesting to see how completely he is the origin of the whole Jewish ritual, and therefore of the Jewish religion, and *then*, *then* to see how completely he took that ritual from Babylon and the Assyrians. For instance, among the Assyrians the number seven was an unlucky number, and every seventh day was unlucky; no undertaking should be begun on that day, no lawsuit commenced, not even any work done. Hence it became a day of rest, not from religion, but from fear. The Jews adopted it and compressed the work of Creation into six days in order to avoid any ill luck on the seventh when God wisely desisted from any work. Our Sunday, therefore, instead of being in its origin a holy day, was the most unlucky day of the week, when every malign influence controlled human affairs. I don't know that such disillusions

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are elevating, but to me they are certainly interesting, and if similar ones occur, as they do continually, in my work on the Bible, really, I think, 'tis worth the candle to go on with it. The greatest gaps in my Shakespearean work do not arise from demands of the Bible, but from the demands of correspondence and the "odd jobs" which make up life. . . .

To his Sister

4 *May*, 1898

Dearest, dearest sister o' mine, this morning there came, out of due course, the last of your Dresden letters, wherein you tell of your visit to Dr. Leyden and of his behaviour to you. I now write this hasty scrawl, as well as I can for my boiling indignation, to inform you that unfortunately I shall not be able to welcome you on your arrival in New York. I shall not be in this country, but shall probably cross you on the ocean, on my way to Berlin, where I go to find out this German boor of a Dr. I go solely to punch his head, and, that he may learn that "pain is not an illusion," I shall administer one mighty kick, and then you may expect me home by the next steamer. My darling, I'm screaming out loud all the time I write, like Fanny Squeers. Did you ever hear of such a Pomeranian beast! "Stick out his tongue at you!" Great Heavens! I *must* go to Berlin to thrash him. I have now an object in life. Nothing but physical pain can reach such an unmannerly

dog. Tweaking the nose hurts bad — That too must be done. Finally not a rag must be left on him. There! that represents my explosion. I guess I'll wait till you come home before I start — so expect me on the wharf, after all.

'Tis Wednesday and I am still in malebolge (this Dantean word is used solely out of compliment to you). The clouds still hang over me & I think that they will continue so to hang until I see you.

Now that you are so near — my letters will be irregular and frequent — and short — merely little bulletins of health and expectation.

This horrid war exists for me thus far only in the newspapers. It seems most remote. So far — in its bringing Willie home a month or two sooner it has brought me only good.

I've been in town all day, scurrying around on business, — and tomorrow I shall go again, first to feast my eyes on Carrie & her little girl and then return at once. Yesterday I got to work on "Much Ado" in good earnest for the first time — and "put in" a solid day of twelve to thirteen hours. . . .

To his Sister

Sunday, 8 *May*, '98

This last has been the only week during the whole winter, unbroken by a single sharer of my humble dinner — that's a pretty good record for an old and deaf man. . . .

I'll not deny that a week such as I have just

passed does make a brave record in work. The collation of the forty editions, for the Textual notes, is always heavy work, and generally takes two months. I have finished a quarter of the whole job, in this last week. Give me three more such weeks, and this wearisome portion of *Much Ado* will be finished before you arrive. This collation is all the genuinely hard work in the whole play, and it is "hard" only because it is so dry, and so purely mechanical. The only excitement is to note the curious play of my memory. I read over about sixty or seventy lines in the First Folio, and these lines I can remember, down to the most insignificant comma, for hours or as long as I am at work on them. When they are finished and I turn to a fresh column, every trace of them is vanished. While they are present I could write down from memory every divergence in any subsequent edition. This goes from me utterly the minute I turn to another set. I wonder if it is so with everyone. Perhaps I may thank this peculiarity, if it be one, for my accuracy. Aldis Wright is probably the only man who has ever verified my work — and I think he did it only in *As You Like It* and therein he detected only six errors (I think that is the number) and these were probably errors in proof-reading. Surely, not a large percentage when you consider that the two thousand lines of the play must be multiplied by forty — to give the number of lines collated. Ay de mi! what a humbug the world is! This mechanical drudgery is called "scholarship!"

And of such "scholarship" is nine-tenths of the German learning composed!

We must take Cheyne into grace. In the Expositor (London) for April he has written a most laudatory notice of "The Psalms" which he says is "the most beautiful version which exists in our language" — high praise — from one of the highest Hebrew scholars in England, and most magnanimous for one who has himself published a version which may be presumed he considered the best at the time or he wouldn't have published it. I think we may agree that Cheyne knows a good thing when he sees it. The de'il is now awa' wi' Haupt & I shall not see him till next October. Selah! How he stared at me in mute surprise when I told him that the world I lived in cared six times more for Shakespeare than it did for the Bible. The latter it reads one day in seven, Shakespeare it reads six days in seven. And it's true. The world which will accept or even appreciate a new translation of the Bible is not as large as the Shakespearean world. Of course, the Bible enters into the lives of a vastly larger number of people, but it enters it as a fetish which mustn't be changed by fresh garments. By the way, how curious it is that in an Assyrian list of gods, Jhvh is found as a god of war, merely one among a number of others. "Where neow" is your great Jehovah. On what a nebulosity is our whole system of religion founded. Think of St. Peter's dedicated to the worship of a figment of an Assyrian brain!! . . .

To his Sister

17 *May*, 1898

I HAVEN'T an earthly thing to say, but it's a pleasure to write words which I know you'll read. That you won't think much of my "elegance" as a "letter-writer" I don't care a jot. I'll scribble and you may scoff. (There's nothing like alliteration to give epigrammatic point.) I've had an exhausting day in its long stretch of close attention. I had wound up my household, sent Patrick to Media on errands, given elaborate directions to Michael about planting seeds (which I know are hopelessly confused in his poor old troglodyte brain) and was comfortably settled down to work at about ten or half-past. Then my collation of thirty or fourty editions went steadily on till about two, when I stretched myself out of doors in the sunshine for about a half-hour — I like to lean on the bridge in the Japanese garden and watch the fishes in the water and the birds as they come to drink—Yesterday I stood there so motionless that a dear blessed wood-robin came within less than two feet of me & gathered up some mud and straws for her nest. Today I stood and drank in the beauty of the azaleas; never have we had them so resplendent. Then I strolled to Gan Eden where the prophetic eye beholds a beautiful spot, brilliant with every hue. The bamboo is a miracle. It grows a full inch a day, and so vigorous.

Then I came back to my library, and another long pull till half-past five, when I dressed for dinner. . . .

I smoked my cigar half through in the music room in one of your "pews" & then returned to my work up here — at which I have kept steadily up till now when it is just striking 12.

There! what chance is there for news in such a day as this. I don't call giving directions to servants talking — so it may be said that I have not spoken to anyone all day. And I expect to pass just such another day tomorrow.

Over all, in all, through all, above all abides the thought: — you're coming home!

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 3 *June*, 1898

Oh, my dear Wright, how can I adequately thank you for the delightful day you have given my sister! A letter from her received day before yesterday gave a most glowing account of her day with you in Cambridge. Her head was filled with the glories of the treasures she had seen, and her heart with gratitude for your courtesy and kindness. I know that for the first five minutes you welcomed her for my sake, but after that I know well enough your devotion was all for her own. She says that she would have recognised you at once from the photograph I have of you — which, she adds, "does not do him justice, for he is beautiful to behold, and so neat and trim."

'Tis a great satisfaction to me that you two have met each other, — I can now shine by imputed righteousness — I am as dull as she is brilliant, and

now you'll never find it out, but infallibly think of me as her counterpart — the finest compliment you can pay me. My admiration for her, and love, is unbounded. She has had heavy sorrows, but they have not marred the sweetness of her temper, not chilled her unfailing interest in all about her. To me — I don't care how unreservedly I talk to you, dear Wright — she is fascinating, and I have now in life no keener intellectual enjoyment than to talk to her.

Of course a letter can give but a meagre account of her day with you. I go tomorrow to New York to meet the steamer which bears that precious freight to me, and then, when the hurry-scurry of landing is over, and we are again snugly ensconced under this roof, I shall light my cigar and listen. Be sure, your ears will burn hotly enough, me boy.

In the meantime, with thanks for every minute you devoted to my sister, believe me, dear Wright,

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Caroline Furness Jayne

Wallingford, 17 June, 1898

DEAREST little daughter of ours, although I scribbled off a short note to you last night, I didn't tell you the circumstances under which I scribbled it. I was mortal tired, and concluded that I wouldn't write to you — your world of bliss was full without letters from me — that I hadn't anything to say —

not a single event had broken the monotony of my day, &c, &c., so I went up to bed at about two o'clock. I took my bath and pondered — remorse began to set in — I pictured a shade, only a shade of disappointment flitting over your dear, lovely face at the failure of your daily greeting from me, until I could bear it no longer, so I slipped my wrapper over my nigown, came down here to my library, propped my eyelids apart by pieces of matches, tied some red tape around my face to keep from gapeing, and scratched off that incoherent scrawl to you — and felt like a swindler when I stuck on the Postage stamp. There you have the whole history of the sleepiest letter I ever wrote. If there be sympathy in yawns, you've been at 'em ever since.

Today I have been busy without let or stay over your Uncle Fairman's proofs,[1] and have finished twenty out of the thirty galleys — I think I can finish them tomorrow. What a joy Willie is in the house! How vehemently I long for the Fall when you and he are here together — when I say "you" of course I mean the full plural. For Willie's affection for Horace is most warm & deep. And then to think of your having two little children under the old apple tree where you played when you were no bigger than they. I cannot think of it without emotion. Good-night, you dear one.

Always

FATHER

[1] *A Manual of Coaching*, by Fairman Rogers, H. H. F.'s brother-in-law. It was published in 1899.

To C. F. J.

Wallingford, 22 June, '98

DEAREST CAROLINCHEN: I write to you, albeit Horace, as my correspondent, claims my attention. But man and wife are one, so no matter.

I did get such a delightful letter from him this P.M.; my face has been in a broad grin ever since. It was so full of cheer about you, and so like himself. And I needed something to elevate my depressed spirits. I'll tell you why they were depressed and then ask you if it were not with good cause. Willie and I were talking together this P.M., when to my surprise and pleasure in came Robbie Logan with his smiling face. I greeted him most warmly, covering his hand, with "Rob, I'm delighted to see you! How charming! Where's Mrs. Logan?" I asked archly. He stammered a little, in a bridegroomish way & asked in return, "What Mrs. Logan?" "Why, *the* Mrs. Logan! There is but one, you know (this very archly) dearly as you love your Mother!" He grew very red — which a little surprised me — but I went on gaily: "I was so sorry I couldn't be present at your wedding. I'd have come if I possibly could." Here he interrupted me with "I'm afraid you've made a mistake. I'm not married. My name is Robbie Jenks." My dear — I flew to my table, seized a pistol from a drawer, blew out my brains, and it is my ghost which is writing to you. Am I not rightly depressed? I am incorrigible; I have breathed a vow that hereafter, *in sæcula sæculorum*, I will never address anyone by

name. I shall practice a mumbling which is to fill the gap where the name should come.

Before I could regain my self-possession, up there came Helen Jenks, Mrs. Something Biddle, your Aunt Nannie & Carrie Thomas, & then began a randan. — In my eagerness to be both courteous and ubiquitous I succeeded in tripping up all my guests, and stumbling over each one in turn. However, they all left in the 4.30 train, and I was left to commune with my own bitter thoughts. But not for long; I was summoned to the orchard to see Patrick unpack four hives of bees which have just come by express. I had to stand at a respectful distance while Patrick in his bee-hat and gloves operated. I vehemently yearned to see a bee light where Patrick's pantaloons were tightest as he stooped over — but I wasn't gratified. John O'Brien was my companion & I offered him twenty dollars if he'd count the bees in any hive for me — but he "didn't see it." . . .

Your devoted old

FATHER

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 29 June, 1898

WELL, my dear Wright, my sister is returned. I went to New York to meet her and had the inexpressible delight of seeing her dear face among the row of faces which were eagerly gazing at the crowd upon the wharf.

When we were settled comfortably here in this

quiet library I had a braw gossip wi' her anent her Cambridge visit, whereof I made her tell me every minutest detail from the minute she left the train to the minute she re-entered it, and we mingled our laughter over the "flippity" work of making a fly — again she chuckled over your demure "that's no matter" when she professed no special admiration for Cromwell. Indeed I'll not attempt to convey to you an idea of the size of the trowel wherewith she laid on your praises. Verily, nothing could exceed the kindness which you showed her that day, for which you have my heart in thrall, in sæcula sæculorum. Then she gave me your photograph which I have been wishing for, this many a long day and have repeatedly begged you to send me. But, heart of gold, you look older than you were when the last that I have was taken, — but so much more august and of a dignity which will almost overbear my objections to your editing Burton. Indeed you look so very grand that I am almost frightened at my temerariousness in addressing you thus familiarly. But I don't care — we were younger when we were first aquaint.

And then my sister told me of your wish to see me in Cambridge and of the motive of that wish.[1] Now, my dear Wright, let me speak heart-free and say that no earthly honour could be more valued, capped as it is by your desire to have it con-

[1] Upon the suggestion of Aldis Wright, Cambridge University planned to bestow upon H. H. F. the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters.

ferred on me. I know perfectly well that I am unworthy of it, but, such is my evil nature, that I am afraid this knowledge rather adds to the pleasure of receiving it. After my last sad, most sad visit to England, I said I'd never again see those shores. But my sister replies that it is my duty, if your kind wishes hold good another year.

Of myself I have no news to tell, other than that I am struggling to finish Much Ado before the year is out. Last March I went to Florida a-fishing, the sport to which I am devoted. There, I caught tarpons — finest game fish that swims. My biggest catch was six feet long and weighed a hundred and thirty pounds — of course with a rod and reel. Ye Gods! what excitement! The half-hour was worth a "cycle of Cathay"! When the monster trophy was fairly in my boat, the reaction set every limb trembling and every joint quaking. And such beauty as the fish displays! There is no fairer creature in the sea — a mass of molten silver, veiled under every hue in the rainbow! I'll enclose a scale — from one learn all, the play of iridescent colours vanishes with life, and leaves only the metallic silver. Come congratulate me. This year's fishing places me beyond criticism in the ranks of fishermen — I am now a Past Grand Master in the art. 'Tis not given every one to catch a tarpon: "Non cuivis homini contigit adire Corinthum" — many a man goes thousands of miles, as I did, to catch one and returns a sadder and no wiser man. My resplendent victim I have

had mounted, and, with the rod and reel wherewith I caught it, now illuminates the wall above the fireplace in my dining-room.

But I must stop gabbling, especially, as I suppose you don't care one doit about fishing, nor do I for fishing *per se*; 'tis only the excuse for open-air life, and in Florida, 'tis the cloudless sky, the blue sea, the rocking boat, the still lagoons, the tall, feathery palms, the cormorants, the pelicans, the snowy curlews sailing serenely over the waters, and the unbroken stillness and Sabbath calm — and while holding my rod in the long quiet hours I live over again all my past life. Heaven have mercy on us all. Always, dear Wright,

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Wallingford, 31 July, '98

OUTSIDE of our home circle, dear one, the one thought that possesses me, is the loss of Pepper [1] — a great power is vanished from the city, and there is none to supply his place. People will now perceive that with no trace of self-seeking he was one of the prime movers in whatsoever made for the intellectual and commercial life of the community. Those who pained him by their selfish hostility and slanderous gossip while he was alive "are now become

[1] William Pepper, M.D., LL.D., former Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine from 1884 until the time of his death.

enamoured on his tomb." If only a little of the praise now lavished on him had been bestowed while he could hear it, how much more lightly would his heavy burdens have been borne. . . .

I have my work which is terribly in arrears; what with Ezekiel, and what with four-in-hand coaching, I am only where I should have been last January. You shouldn't want me to let that work stagger along — 'tis my sheet anchor among storms. Unless I work continuously, my interest flags, and I am tempted to let it all go — and become a "fat weed that roots itself on Lethe wharf," such a fate, which may be mine unless I fight against it, fills me with "high proof melancholy." Furthermore, *Much Ado* is expanding itself into more diversified and wider channels than I foresaw. There is a German version of old Jacob Ayer which has never been thoroughly dusted, and there is a sharp contention that it is the lost play referred to by Meres under the title of *Love's Labours Won*, and there are traces, never detected as far as I know, of an earlier play of which the present is an adaptation. . . .

To his Sister

14 *August*, '98

Dear Love: Willie will be with you when you receive this, and I am sure he will have told you how constantly I think of your blessed abode with me next winter, but he cannot tell you how fervently I pray it may come to pass. Until I hear from you

I shall have to plead for it, as though you hesitated. If your housekeeper's soul abhors the idea of not having a household of your own, regard your coming to me merely as a visit of three or four months, during which you can leisurely secure a future home, and without hurry or turmoil make all your arrangements complete for the following winter. I know you have become almost wedded to a life of excitement, and of unremitting intercourse with your near and dear friends. But just for this once try a season of calm weather, and, though inland far you be, catch sight of that reposeful sea of shimmering calm which "Lindenshade the Blest" will give. There, my darling, I have done, and the decision rests with you. It gives me inexpressible delight to say that there is no news. Even if there were any, "Willie the Incomparable" would have told it all to you before this. . . .

When Owen Wister was here he told me there was a striking paragraph in Ruskin about Shakespeare, and mountain scenery — rather a vague reference to start with on a quest. Nevertheless I took heart of grace, and went through the five volumes of "Modern Painters" — a task which consumed nearly three full days. I found the passage in the fourth volume, but my impetus carried me through the fifth. And I blessed the necessity which gave me such a comprehensive survey of Ruskin, that "senior-junior, giant-dwarf," who to the chattering of an ape unites some of the sublimest words of inspiration that ever fell from the

lips of man. There is one outburst of eloquence on an atom of mica that makes you thrill and thrill again from head to foot. Probably you know the passage well enough, but if you don't what pleasure I shall have in reading it to you. 'Tisn't long, only a dozen or so of lines.

I lately wrote a letter about the war to my old friend Strachey, who passed it on, it appears, to his son, the Editor of "The Spectator," who in turn sent it to Arthur Balfour, and Strachey père sent me a copy of A. B.'s reply over which he laid a veil of reiterated and profound secresy — which of course, I'll preserve, but, for the life o' me, I can't see the reason why. Does he expect me to caper down the street, cracking my thumbs because Balfour agrees with me? Did you see Rudyard Kipling's suggestion of the Bermudas as the scene of Sh.'s "Tempest"? How inexactly he has read the play. Prospero tells Ariel to fetch dew *from* the vex'd Bermoothes. And as to Sh.'s getting the description from a drunken sailor, I suggested that Sh. got it from an experienced traveller, whom Sh. got quietly in a corner and "milked." The Variorum sells bravely, but I can't find that anybody reads it — except you, bless you for that and every other kind act wherewith you heap me. . . .

To his Sister

4 *September*, '98

Oh, Nannie, I want you so this winter — and I don't see how I can get through it without you.

Don't you venture to look upon your dwelling here in any other light than as a sacrifice to me. Don't you see, dear, how naturally this commingling of our lives has come about? This is really the very first winter that such an arrangement could have been made. We have lost no time. You couldn't have broken up your household after our father's death; and the foreign baths experiment had to be made. This is your first free winter, — and you come to me your natural home. How earnestly I hope you will be comfortable here — but if, after trial, you find that you need more stir and intellectual excitement, I shall not complain, but shall be infinitely happy in your happiness, wherever you are.

My dear, what a thoroughly pleasant gossipy book you most kindly sent me. *Maximas gratias tibi ago.* I read it all at once, from beginning to end, lured on from page to page. Of course at the end I have only a confused sense of continuous pleasure — Can you ask more of a book? Unless it be a book which exactly fits into your literary life, and for which your mind is pigeonholed. I was painfully grieved to learn that Dr. Holmes's acknowledgement of a book, that he should lose no time in reading it, was not original — I have so often said that it was the brightest reply Dr. H. ever made, that if he is to be stripped of it, I'm afraid he'll be a little bare. Another model acknowledgment is there given of an utterly commonplace book which is capital, but sails a little too close to the wind of truth: — "I have read your

book *and much like it.*" With one impression I certainly rose from reading "Collections and Recollections" and this is, the high intellectual level of English society. Do you think it as high in any other city in the world as it is in London? Perhaps it is as high elsewhere, but, at least, the circle is not as large. Two elements there mingle which can scarcely be found elsewhere: great culture and abundant wealth. Here we have culture without wealth, and wealth without culture. Look around in our own circle — how many are there who do not have to work in ways that are at times distasteful to them, and wherein there is no special intellectual growth. Think of London, whose cultured life is quickened by the presence of Parliament, and then think of Harrisburg, or Washington. But I'm gabbling like a tinker. . . .

To his Sister

25 *September*, 1898

. . . I HAVE been busy all the week from Monday till Saturday with the German critics, and have at last virtually finished. And what do you think I have been presumptuous enough to do? I have marked passages to be translated with a much freer hand than usual, because — because — shall I confess it? O Nannie, could you? 'Twould be delightful in the Preface to link your name with my obligations! 'Twill keep you out of Satan's clutches during the winter forenoons, and you can relinquish it at any moment it bores you. . . .

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 18 December, 1898

YES, my dear Wright, I'll wend Cambridge-ward in June — at least my sister swears by all the pretty oaths that are not dangerous that she will take me, and you know a lady's verily is as potent as a lord's.

But — which doth allay the good precedence only so far as that you may change your mind after you have heard the confession I am about to make — a confession which I feel bound to make: it has palsied my hand and kept me from answering that delightful letter of yours of ever so long ago.

Now I have screwed my courage to the sticking-place, and the confession is this: — I do not believe that you know that I am frightfully deaf, — so deaf that ordinary conversation across table is utterly impossible, and I always carry an ear-trumpet.

Retreat, therefore, from any movement in my behalf while there is yet time. I do not want you to stand godfather to a deaf moon-calf. I shall always hold it among my proudest honours that you have thought me worthy of a place alongside of you, and its public proclamation is quite secondary.

This is my confession. Prithee, lay it to heart. I shall have no quiver of hard feeling if you quietly cease the question. You have already given me an indelible proof of your love and I am content....

Ah, my boy, I haven't said a word to you of the winter which I am now passing with my sister as

my guest and companion — I am more quietly, more submissively content than I have been these fifteen years. Besides my own exclusive table, there is a long one here in my library, where she is installed, and I can raise my eyes at any moment and see her dear face bending over her book or her hand writing to her friends. The danger, however, is that I am constantly tempted to stop and gossip with her, to discuss and laugh and talk. Sometimes o' evenings I do no real work until after she has gone to bed, whither she goes at about ten, and then I sit up to my usual hour of 2.30. I delight in taking to her puzzling phrases and sentences in *Much Ado*, and noting how her "wit flies straight and does exactly hit." Nothing is pleasanter (ah, have I not, have I not known it so well!) than to have close at hand one to whom you can look for instant sympathy in some choice thought, or phrase, or music of poetry. Whew! how I have struggled and am still struggling to emancipate myself from that "Polychrome" Bible. (What a hideous title! like the "Chromos" that are given at groceries, with a pound of tea!) I am disappointed in the book in many ways. It is too scholarly for common folk, and it is too common for scholars. It has pictures that can please no one but "consecrated cobblers," and its spelling is that of the newspaper. But I can blame no one but myself. I weakly yielded to downright tears. Of course, I do not receive a doit of remuneration; perhaps, if I did I'd show more valour. But, ohe! jam satis. I was tickled hugely

over your picture of the true Isaiah: I had seen it myself, but the fun of it never struck me.

And now, dear Wright, I'll release you — till the next time. If my sister were here she'd send — well, I'll risk it — her love; at all events I send mine in full measure. Your counterfeit glorifies my mantelpiece, where it stands next a Parian statuette of Shakespeare, to the comfort and delight of

Yours devotedly
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Dr. Mary A. Scott

Wallingford, 19th March, 1899

MY DEAR DR. SCOTT: At your behest I have turned to Halliwell, whose note and Staunton's are the same. Nevertheless I copied out the first few lines from Halliwell, that, on comparing them with Staunton, you might see the identity.

I am sorry that this information is so meagre, and am sure it's my fault. Everything is my fault, in this world. 'Tis merely a question of time, — if I live long enough the making of the Golden Calf of the Israelites will be laid to my charge. And a decade after that, will make me responsible for the Fall of Man in the Garden of Eden. Pray, therefore, oh, pray for my speedy demise, — which, by the way, doesn't seem so very remote if I continue the pace I have had to keep up during this last winter.

In dealing with Shakespeare and the Italians,

beware of making the connection too close — not that the divine Williams could not read Italian — I believe he read Cuneiform fluently — but because there is almost always to be detected between him and them some intermediate feeble drama which was remodelled by the Master. I am quite sure of this in the case of *Much Ado* and Bandello.

If there be ever a ghost of a chance that I can help you, pray command me and believe that I am

Yours cordially

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, April, 1899

MY DEAR WRIGHT, Your letter of 31 March reached me this morning from Beccles, which I always imagine as a lovely spot, where you are at rest and serenely content, with fair thoughts and happy hours.

I don't like what you say about stiffness of the hand unaccompanied by pain. Every ailment must have a wee beginning. Do, let me entreat you, see your medical man at once — You see I am not wholly unselfish — I don't want anything to interfere with your letters to me — So see him forthwith. Ten words from him may set you all right. . . .

As for the Polychrome (ugh! I never can or will get used to that word!) we'll ha'e a crack o'er it as Edie Ochiltree says, when we meet, which brings me to the chief point of this letter. In yours of

this morning you say you'll not repeat what you've said to my sister. Woe worth the day, she has received no letter from you, so whether or not I am to come to Cambridge is still not absolutely fixed; that is, I mean, it is not certain for me that you have been able to arrange everything. But you speak in the letter just received of hoping to show me and my sister also this summer Milton's MS. So I infer that you wish me to come. At any rate, I've secured two fine staterooms on the "Umbria" which sails on the 27th of May, and will bring us to Liverpool on the 3rd of June; and we'll be in London on the fourth or fifth. Now, if you'll write me just one line, as soon as you receive this, telling me the date I must be in Cambridge, it will reach me before we start. But if this be inconvenient, drop me a line to the same effect, care of Brown, Shipley and Co., London; 'twill be all right. How I bother you! Forgive — but don't forget. Ah, dear Wright, 'twill be a heavy strain to me to go once more to London. But what else is every day to me. I'm glad that Fenton's, where we stayed and where I stayed as a boy forty years ago, is no more, and that Claridge's in Brooke Street where we also stayed is utterly changed. In the latter, we had the suite of rooms reserved for the royalties, and how we laughed over the iron safes under the beds, where we supposed they kept their crowns, and then the obsequious butlers and waiters who carefully backed out of the rooms. "Oh, times! what times!" I suppose that now we shall go to

the Bath Hotel in Arlington Street (Horace Walpole's old house) where Mrs. Wister always "puts up" — isn't that the correct phrase? Above all, I shall see you, dear Wright, whom I never thought to see in the flesh. What do all the "Degrees" in the world amount to when compared to this? So says and thinks

Yours devotedly
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 1 May, 1899

Now, my dear Wright, a bright and clever idea has entered my mind. It is desirable, not to say necessary, that when we meet in June we should be able to recognise each other. It will be easy enough for you to know me; I shall flourish my silver ear-trumpet. But for me to recognise you, hic labor, hic opus est. Of course I shall be with my sister, but she, dear girl, is of imagination all compact, and doubt will inevitably hang round my mind as to the demi-god she has described to me, unless I have some token to make my assurance double sure.

Therefore, lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed: — About three miles from here there is quite a remarkable stretch of land where are found several species of corundum. For the sake of sentiment, from this locality which is so nearly at my door, I have had three little amethysts set in a scarf-ring (your photograph shows that you wear

one — and amythyst, you know, is the episcopal colour) which I send you by this mail. (It has a little hinge at the back which doesn't open, you squeeze it in, and when it is sprung home it holds the neck-tie tight — this may be the English way or it may be a "Yankee dodge"; I don't know.)

Now when I come to Cambridge, I beg you to wear this ring — then I shall be sure that you are you, and, without stopping to ask if you have a strawberry mark on your left arm, take the ring and my sister's word for it. You'll not be able to answer this before we start, so pray be sure and let me find a line from you at my banker's, when we reach London on June 4–6, and just add the name of the best hotel in Cambridge, and I'll send my servant down at once and engage my rooms for a day before *the* date, which as yet I do not know. Ay de mi! what a bother I am to you! You'll be sorry you ever knew me. You'll feel like the man who had so much trouble in settling his brother's estate that he said he was "almost sorry his brother died." Be sure and add a line to tell me just how you are — hereof fail not. And so, dear Wright,

Yours till we meet, and after

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 13th May, 1899

MY DEAR WRIGHT: The same mail which brought yours of the 1st of May brought a most kind &

courteous one from the Vice-Chancellor, to which I have just mumbled some incoherent thanks, and told him, after reaching England in June, I shall be wholly subject to your orders.

Now that Mrs. Wister actually knows that you sent a reply, she is grieving sore over its loss, for which I cannot account unless it be that you might by some chance have failed to add "Pennsylvania." There is a Wallingford in Connecticut, quite a large town, whereas this little Wallingford is but little more than a station on the railroad, and where the receipt and delivery of the mail for this house are by far the largest item in the duties of the Postmaster. I told Mrs. Wister (I never saw the letter and she told me she had written it only after it was gone) that she probably asked some question which was indiscreet and of course you couldn't answer it. So she meekly accepted the rebuff which she supposed she merited. But now that she knows that you did reply, she is elated over her restored position and depressed over the miscarriage of your note; she, therefore, regards the incident with one auspicious and one dropping eye.

Thus far had I written when my faithful Charles, — the coloured waiter (you call 'em "butlers") who has been devoted to me for twenty years, announced that "Mr. Goodman" was down stairs in the parlour. Charles never got a name right in his life, so I descended in my usual bewilderment, and found my cousin, William Goodwin, The Greek Professor at Harvard, whom you know. He was

just passing through the city and ran out to see me. He was delighted to learn that I was to pass through the ordeal at your hands through which he had passed some years ago. He told me, however, to my alarm, that I should have to wear a vivid red gown, which, he said, I could "hire" as he had done. Now I'll no "hiring." I'll wear my own clothes or none at all. There must be tailors in Cambridge who keep these gowns ready-made, such as will fit a stout little man five feet six inches high. . . .

Then, too, G. said that I should have to get a ticket for Mrs. Wister, and for my son, William, who is on his way to Northern India and is tugging hard to get me to accompany him as far as Ceylon. Mrs. Wister (God bless her!) says she will go with me, but I know she wants to get back to her seaside cottage, and so I shall turn resolutely, after I leave you, and come straight home.

Whew! what an egoistic letter! Forgive and remember only, dear Wright, that I am

Yours ever

H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

Bath Hotel, Piccadilly, London
June, 1899

My dear Wright: I am mortified that you should have been so bothered on my account, and very grateful to Mrs. Hill for her hospitality. But (don't tell her) I'm an old fellow and set in my ways, and never, never, never stay in a private house as long

as I can take mine ease in mine inn. So I sent down my faithful valet last evening and he is just returned, after securing rooms for us, which will serve my purpose, at a certain confectioner's on Market Street; whence Mrs. Wister, my son, and I will issue on Monday morning and report to you at Trinity College.

I never thought to see you in the flesh, dear Wright, and am all impatience.

Yours ever

H. H. F.

I have just written to Mrs. Hill, thanking her for her kindly proffered hospitality, and telling her of our different arrangement. 'Twas kind of her, for she must have many a friend to whom, at this time, she would like to throw open her house.

At the Congregation held at noon on Tuesday, June 13, the Public Orator, Dr. Sandys, presented for honorary degree of Doctor of Letters Mr. Horace Howard Furness, LL.D. Harvard, editor of the Variorum Shakespeare. Mr. Furness was welcomed as the son of one who, during his long life in Philadelphia, had been "rerum divinarum interpres humanissimus," and "Afrorum libertatis vindex acerrimus." In the last thirty years, during the progress of his encyclopædic work, he had produced in twelve volumes an elaborate edition of eleven of Shakespeare's plays, with a critical text and an erudite commentary. It was cause for rejoicing among Englishmen that a citizen of the United States had for so many years devoted his

great learning and ability to the interpretation of a poet who was one of the chief glories of their common tongue. It was a cause of rejoicing in Cambridge that the poet's interpreter was being honoured in a University which counted among her sons the editor of the Cambridge Shakespeare, published first in many volumes under the editorship of a former Public Orator (Mr. W. G. Clark) and his happily surviving fellow editor (Mr. Aldis Wright) and afterwards in a single volume which was known throughout the globe. In a play already edited by Mr. Furness, one of the characters in Midsummer Night's Dream had boldly undertaken to "put a girdle about the world in forty minutes." One who, in the noontide hour of a summer's day, was devoting a few moments to the eulogy of a great Transatlantic interpretation of the greatest of English poets, might perhaps be allowed to make the audacious claim that, in an interval of time far shorter than "forty minutes," he had woven a fresh bond of union between the old world and the new.[1]

To W. Aldis Wright

The Brunswick Hotel, London
7 July, '99

My dear Wright: We prolonged our stay somewhat in Paris and as a consequence the few days we have had here in London have been one incessant whirl from morning till night, fulfilling commissions, buying for the entire household, including all the servants within my gates and the gardeners

[1] Quotation from *The London Times*.

outside of them. And tomorrow we start for Liverpool, and before night we shall be the victims of the heaving sea ("heaving" is active, I'd have you know, not passive).

Blight and his two lovely daughters dined quietly with us this evening, and the talk of you and of your kindness, and of the dear delights of Cambridge, was constant and prolonged. What a dream it all is! maugre the remains in many colours on my arm of your very realistic pinches. Every grain of sand in the hour glass was golden and a treasure forever.

One of our purposes in going to Paris was to see the little villa which my sister has rented for three months next Spring — it is charming, bosomed in flowers, with a large garden of pleached alleys. She vows that she will make me accompany her next year, but I shake my white locks and am dumb. To pass through England, stop and see you, smoke another cigar in that garden of the gods, yclept the Bowling Green, would be an inducement which, I fear, my flesh is not strong enough to resist.

I cannot leave this dear England without a word of love to you who have done so much to make it dear. I'll not say good-bye, but auf wiedersehn.

Yours devotedly, dear Wright

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 21 July, '99

Lo, here am I again, dearest Wright, seated at my library table whereon not a scrap of paper was dis-

turbed during my absence while I was walking in a show, not vain but extremely unsubstantial, as I now look back on it. Is our whole life to appear thus hereafter? I hope both ay and no — its sorrows, ay; but for its joys, never.

The voyage was stormy, and what is worse, persistently foggy. Calm content, to say nothing of hilarity, is utterly impossible when a deafening, dismal fog-horn is sounding every fifteen minutes.

At the wharf in New York, last Sunday, my sister and I parted company, — she went northward to her delightful summer home on the rocky coast of Maine and I came southward to this inland home of lawns and trees and flowers. My fair daughter, her husband, and her two little children stood at the stone gate of "Lindenshade" to welcome me, and as we strolled arm in arm up to the house I trod on air. I crushed down all sad memories and lived only in the present moment. 'Tis not mere parental pride that makes me call my daughter fair; she is, in reality, very fair to see. 'Tis needless to add that she bears not a trace of resemblance to me. I'll send you her photograph sometime, and you can judge for yourself. Whew! what a pile of letters had accumulated! But I have been busy every hour and now my long task is about over, and only about half a dozen tough ones remain unanswered.

In town this morning I told Lippincott to send a complete set of the "New Variorum" to Trinity College Library. I can't recall the name of the

Librarian, if I ever heard it. Will you therefore explain to him that it is my gift to the Library?

And now, dear Wright, if that hand irks you, don't write more than a line in answer. Just let me know that the books arrive safely and that you are as well as usual, the latter by far the more important item to

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Wallingford, 13 August, '99

. . . LAST Monday (Laus deo) came a delightful letter from Willie posted at Djibuti, a French coaling station just beyond Deb-el-Mandeb, but written during his voyage through the Suez Canal and down the Red Sea — a charming letter almost fuller than usual of interest in his surroundings and ending (take thou example) with the words, "Absolutely well." I still have his telegram from Colombo, of later date than this letter. After tomorrow I shall begin to await his letters mailed from Colombo. Dear me, it seems years already since I parted with him, and there is the long winter and spring yet to come. However, "this too will pass away." The tale of my week is soon told. Monday and Thursday, my customary days, I went to the city on business. Every other day has seen me from about ten in the morning until about two the next morning, here chained at my desk, working at the "Appendix," into which I put my best work and which not a soul ever reads. . . . 2

To his Sister

20 *Aug.* '99

My week has been uneventful. I have worked steadily, and have completed all the "copy" for the printers, whose proof-sheets now fill the air. How old I grow. I remember when proofs were an excitement to me. Now they weary me inexpressibly, and I begrudge the time they take. Still, what can I do better — merely to browse on literature leads nowhither. So I settle down into this monotonous life. I go to bed when I please, and get up when I please, and run the risk of turning day into night.

There's a young girl who sits in the receipt of custom, at the Soda Water stand at the Broad Street Station, for whom my compassion has been stirred during this hot weather. 'Tother day I told her, when I found that she had nowhere to pass her Sundays, that if she would come here, she would be welcome. I didn't tell her I was a "sporty old gent," but I did tell her that I didn't think it would exactly do for her, whose name I didn't even know, to come here to my table, but if she'd eat her meals with my housekeeper she could have fresh country air for at least one day. She said she'd like to come very much — so I sent Margery in to interview her. And today she came out with her sister, and Margery has been in her element showing her round everywhere & sitting in the Japanese Tea-house, gossiping. Poor little girls.

To his Sister

27 *Aug.* '99

You dearest sister, to think that a week from next Friday will see you here under this roof! and that a fortnight from this hour I need but lift my eyes from my table to see your dear lovely beautiful face as you sit at yours! . . .

Charles's brood have almost recovered from the whooping cough. I thought he'd lose his youngest. Charles grew discouraged under the prescriptions of his doctor — "dese yer doctors don't know nothing. Hit stands to reason that the Mother knows best how to rear chil'en, so she just gave 'em hornet's nest tea." "Hornet's nest tea, Charles! What's that?" "Why, you just take one of these yer hornet's nests you git on the trees, and you boil it hard, and then you give the chil'en the tea. And that cures the whooping cough." Don't you echo my surprise that the chil'en have survived? Think of giving a baby, four months old, *hornet's nest tea!*

To Edmund K. Muspratt

10 *September*, 1899

My dear Edmund: 'Tis always a great pleasure to me to see your handwriting and it always will be so. Your letter to my boy, acknowledging his Borneo sketch, I opened in his absence (he's now in Calcutta on his way to Cashmere and Northern India) and was about to answer it when your letter to me came. There also came a copy of the "Post"

with your daughter's letter in it and the account of the acting of "Richard the Second." Of the two, I find you daughter's letter by far the more interesting. But it saddens me. It emphasizes England's false position.

What are we to do, in these latter days when might is making right? My own country humiliates me, and in England I can take no pride. France appears the hopefullest land, on the principle that it is darkest before dawn. My only solace is that nothing can be expected of us, old ones; we have fought our fight & carried the world along to a pitch of high prosperity, and now the burden devolves on younger shoulders. Then, too, it is the unexpected that always happens. How many times have we seen Europe on the extremest verge of war, and then the turbulence has subsided and widespread calm followed. Thus it will be, I trust, in the Philippines and in South Africa.

Ah, dear boy, those Munich days! How much happier we were then than we really knew! Those furious afterdinner discussions at Alegaier's, and the Vorstadt Theatre afterwards! Oh, time, what times! I was in England in June & how I longed to stay over in Liverpool & see you! I went over to accept a degree which Cambridge conferred on me & came straight home.

Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Muspratt, not forgetting Max whom I recall so vividly, and for yourself take all the accumulated love of forty

years, and always remember that I am, dear Edmund,

Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 15 Oct. 1899

My dear Wright: Once upon a time, I had the misfortune to be in a Railway accident. There was a sudden terrifying stopping of the train, and we all rushed to the doors of the carriages to see what was the matter. Just as we reached them, the locomotive gave a whistle. "Aha," said a countryman at my side, "she gin a squeak! she's alive!"

Now the meaning of this Prologue is that I cannot tolerate the thought of your writing to me when it gives you pain or annoyance. Let me do all the writing. Don't answer my letters, and every now and then, as time may serve, I'll "gin a squeak" to show I'm alive.

In the ten long years since I saw you, my life has fallen into its accustomed channels.

Mrs. Wister and I parted at New York: she went North to her pretty sea shore cottage, and I came South to this old Homestead. The Summer fled and at its close, Mrs. Wister and her granddaughter left the cold sea coast and came hither to stay with me while her own house in town, wherein she has not lived for three years, can be thoroughly renovated. The little granddaughter is to "come out" this winter, and the house is to be made fit for the

coming gaiety. 'Tis a stroke of good luck for me, — it gives me this good long visit from my sister. When she leaves me, my solitary life here begins — and what a strange life it is! When I was young how little did I anticipate such closing days! My children are devoted to me — but I will not let their lives be disturbed by mine. "Disturbed" is not the word — "Interfered with" is better. Three of them are married and have the pursuits and plans of their own lives. We have all very merry happy times when we gather together, for I have never let the shadow which has darkened my life darken theirs, and we all talk most freely of their happy childhood and of all their Mother did and said. I try to let no meal pass, when they are with me, without speaking or referring to her. Surely that is the way to keep her memory green. Our only two granddaughters are named after her. I try to revive and recall every word she ever spoke to them, and I have always kept her place and chair at table. No one ever sits there but my daughter. Well, I can't live for ever and my release must come. But you, God bless you! intend "to stick as long as you can" — and you will for these twenty years — long after I can "gin no squeak."

This isn't much of a letter — so infernally egoistic — but I love to gabble with you and I'll do it soon again.

This week will see *Much Ado about Nothing* off my hands forever. Ha! ha!

Always devotedly yours, dear Wright

H. H. F.

To W. J. Rolfe

Wallingford, 5 November, 1899

Dear Rolfe: Your warm-hearted note would have had an instant reply, had I either a minute of my own, or a cessation from the gloom which sometimes overwhelms me, and against which it requires all the strength of my nature to fight.

Never ask me what I mean in my printed words, — the only answer you'll ever get is that it is due to blundering ignorance. It is always a trial to me to open any of my volumes; I do it as little as possible, and only on compulsion. In many of the books the majority of the leaves are still uncut.

Before many weeks (perhaps days) you'll have "Much Ado about Nothing" in your critical hands. I read the last proofs ever so long ago, albeit I dated the preface "November." What the next play will be, I have not fully decided; but most probably "Twelfth Night." You see I cling to the Comedies. When I finished "Othello" I almost swore I'd never again edit a tragedy. To live for a year or two, day and night, in a tragic atmosphere, is almost too much for my weak nature. I think I said somewhere in my notes on that play, that Shakespeare should never have written it. I think so still. It horrifies me to open its pages. . . .

Are you never coming hitherward, dear boy? It would give me so very much pleasure to have you under this roof.

Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Rolfe, and be assured that I am

Yours, indeed

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. J. Rolfe

[*Wallingford, 7 December,* 1899

MY DEAR ROLFE: To what extent I need your sympathy I do not know, — but all the same I thank you most cordially for it.

The Lippincotts,[1] of course, are busy enough in digging out the ruins. All that they could tell me today is that the plates of "The Winter's Tale" are safe. They affect to be sure that the rest are also safe. But a little questioning reveals that they have their doubts.

For my own part I cannot get up any great anxiety on the subject. I have had as much enjoyment out of the work as I deserved, and more too. If the plates of the majority of the Plays are gone, I shall ponder long before I pay out another eight or ten thousand dollars to replace them. They were not specially insured. I assume that Lippincott's general insurance will cover them; if not, I'm not going to let my old age be worried by lawsuits. One cause of hearty congratulation is that so many presentation copies of "Much Ado about Nothing" were sent off just before the fire. Even this, however, is unalloyed. The "despatcher"

[1] On December 2, 1899, the entire plant of J. B. Lippincott Company was destroyed by fire.

must have failed to mail at least half a dozen, possibly more. I think all the foreign copies were mailed, but every record is destroyed, and so I can only tell, by the acknowledgements as they come to me.

I rushed to various book-stores the morning after the fire, and secured five copies, all that were remaining unsold, and for the last I had to pay a higher price — so hang on to your copy, my boy, it may amount to an untold value. As I think I told you, not long ago, I cannot get up much interest in my volumes, after they are finished. I want my friends to have them, and there an end.

Indeed, I am grieved over Harpers' failure — my first thought was of you. It is hardly possible that any change of hands will affect your interests. The value of your books cannot be affected by any change of ownership, and Harpers' successors must assume the firm's contracts.

Once again, dear Rolfe, your sympathy is precious, whether it is due or not: and whatever betide, I shall remain

Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

To Mrs. Morris Jastrow

Wallingford, 25 December, 1899

Oh, Helen, Helen, what a delicious repast you have spread for the Christmas dinner today of Mrs. Wister and myself!

During the week, if I find that my children are

hopefully pious, I shall let them partake, too, otherwise I shall have the cake taken up to my chamber every night, and eat it all up myself. If my soul is damned therefor, for selfishness, the price is cheap, and no torment shall wring from me one sigh of remorse.

Indeed, dear Helen, you are too good to me, and I send you thanks pressed down and overflowing. . . .

Yours and Morris's affectionately
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 27 December, 1899

DEAREST WRIGHT: Did you receive the copy of "Much Ado about Nothing" wherein I had inscribed your name?

Within a day or so after I had so written, a fire consumed the whole Lippincott establishment. And I am now finding out gradually that many of the copies destined for my friends were consumed along with it. If yours were one of these I shall gnash my teeth, for, of course, your name headed the list. I care more for your approval and your commendatory slap on the shoulder than for all the plaudits in the world.

I know how it irks you to write, therefore I enclose a blank which you can sign and return. It will save you a heap of trouble. Ah, dear Wright, how many, many serene new years I wish you! You told me, and how many times I have laughed

over it, that you intended "to stick" here as long as you could. Stick away, dear boy, for forty years! The world will be the better and sweeter for your presence. I shan't be here all that time, but even to the close of it I hope you won't forget that afternoon of ours in the Bowling Green. Gadzooks, you may sure I shall not.

By the way, and apropos of nothing, the plates of half the Variorum volumes were destroyed. But driven by the threat of going to another publisher Lippincott has undertaken to make new ones (I had paid for all the original plates), so that the only effect on me of the fire is to cause a temporary suspension of the publication — for which I don't care one rap. I am already busy on "Twelfth Night" and such is my shallow nature that all the preceding volumes are uninteresting dreams to me.

Woe's me! my sister is no longer with me as my guest this winter. She has opened her house in town, for the social festivities attendant upon her granddaughter's entrance into society. My wandering boy is in Assam, on a quest for the lost Malayan links — and hopes to shoot some tigers on the way thither — which I hope he won't see one, the dratted beasts!

Now I'll write out the blank for you to fill up. Good-bye, dear Wright.

Ever thine

H. H. F.

Trinity College, Cambridge,
January ——, 1900

DEAR FURNESS: I have —— received your darned old volume of "Much Ado about Nothing," and though it irks me to thank you I suppose I must.

It takes up an abominable amount of shelf-room which I can ill afford. However, I can hang it near my toilet glass — its pages are a convenient size for shaving paper.

I remain, dear Furness, nevertheless
with the old-time affection
(Sign here) ————————

To W. J. Rolfe

Wallingford, 28 January, 1900

MY DEAR BOY: I thank you so much for pointing out these notes for me in "Twelfth Night." I have already marked them in my working copy. As to "sides and heart," I'm afraid Douce is ahead of you — he thinks the error is intentional. As to the ownership of "O Mistress mine," — Capell suggested that it was an old song, on account of its date, and Dyce agreed with him. I cannot see what objection there is to "sound" when we have Sir Toby's authority that to "hear by the nose is dulcet in contagion." . . .

As for the time when I began to work over Shakespeare and study him with zeal, it began in '62 or '63 when I made a mighty Variorum *Hamlet*, cutting out the notes of five or six editions, besides the Variorum of 1821, and pasting them on a page with

a little rivulet of text. 'Twas a ponderous book, of Qto. size and eight or nine inches thick — I took great delight in burning it some years ago. But the work revealed to me that it was high time to begin a new Variorum, that we might start afresh. We are constantly threshing old straw. In *Romeo and Juliet*, you remember, I added after each note the editors who had adopted it, with or without credit to the old Variorum. But I dropped the plan in the next volume. 'Twas open to many objections. I chose *Rom. and Jul.* as the first, merely because I was enamoured with the play and I thought 'twas probable that I should never edit a second. Lippincott agreed to print it because he wanted to make a show at the Vienna Exposition and get the prize for a perfect book, which he did. I think I tried five or six different shapes, sizes, and styles before I settled down on the present one, with varying faced type. To avoid the imputation that I was self-seeking in attaching my puny name to "the greatest in all literature," I resolved that I would be the merest drudge, simply arranging and codifying the notes of others and would utter no faint est chirp of my own. But, as you know my resolution did not hold out, and now, ever since I edited *Othello* I gabble like a tinker. Dear me! how old I am! Dyce and Harness died when R. and J. was going through the press. But I had most kind notes of encouragement from Charles Knight and Keightley, and with Collier and Staunton I corresponded on most familiar terms for years — so also

Halliwell. As for Aldis Wright — brothers cannot be on more cordial terms than he and I, and yet our acquaintance began in storms and wrath in the pages of the Athenæum. He and I are the only survivors of that old group. By touching hands with Collier, I reach back through Malone to Steevens, to Dr. Johnson, to Capell, to Theobald, and to Pope. "I feel chilly and grown old" — And so, dear Rolfe, I'll stop — I don't know what led me into this noisome screed about myself. — 'Tis not my wont — and I won't do it again — So cheer up little 'un. I am not really a lion, but only Bottom the weaver.

Don't forget my love to Mrs. Rolfe.

Ever yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 4 March, 1900

MY DEAR WRIGHT: "I see by the moonlight 'tis halfpast midnight, and time kid and I were at home an hour and a half ago" — did you ever when you were a child, say that jingle? Well, I see no special appropriateness therein to this particular writing except as to the hour, which is among the wee sma' ones, but I cannot turn down my lights without a crack wi' you, from whom I am just hungering for a word. And yet I will keep on starving rather than have that faithful hand of yours tortured with writing. If, however, you can scrawl a line, it's glad indeed that I'd be to know

how that same hand is behaving. Wouldn't I just like to shake it this minute, to make *it* ashamed and *me* happy.

Ever since that fire at Lippincott's, when that huge building with its steel girders and massive iron columns, its arched brick ceilings and its iron-clad shutters, was consumed with fire and smoke in a few hours, I have been haunted with the thought of what a tinder box you live in. Merciful heavens, you'd hardly escape with your life if a fire once started there. I wish you wouldn't live there in Trinity College. Go to my pastry-cook's o' nights, and creep cautiously up to your precious books by day. It makes me shudder to think of that MS. of Milton, and how ruthlessly flames would eat it up. Indeed, it ought to be in a special fireproof. The sun would rise on a sorrowful world should any harm come to that precious writing. What does insurance amount to when such treasures are in question? Of course my thoughts revert to this, my own library, all of brick, iron, with cement floor and asbestos ceiling, and an iron door which closes automatically in case of fire. And what are my books compared to yours? Which reminds me — wouldn't your librarian like to see the way in which I have classified my books? It has excited some little interest here, among librarians — I'll send you a copy; perhaps along with this.

What stirring news from South Africa! How entirely my heart beats in unison with yours. Did

you ever read "The Annals of a Parish," by Galt? — One of the most delightful of books. I know it almost by heart. While the most stirring events are occurring in the outer world, one of the noteworthy facts duly recorded in the Parish is the birth of a calf with two heads. I was reminded of the book in remembering that we have been having a most bustling time here in our little country town in the election of county officials. As a result, my man Patrick, you remember him, has been elected a School Director. There's democracy for you! I like it. Patrick is highly intelligent and incorruptibly honest. And they say his next step will be a Justice of the Peace! But good-bye, dearest Wright, and good-night.

Yours most affectionately

H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 25 March, 1900

It warmed my heart, dear Wright, the other day in the rooms of the Philosophical Society, to read your acceptance of the Honorary Membership. I intended to make no reference to that Membership until after your reply. The society is the very oldest we have here in this country, about a hundred and fifty years old, I think, and from all we can ever gather, its Honorary Membership is highly prized abroad. In comparison with what we all owe you for your preëminent scholarship, 'tis very, very small, — but it is the best we have to give.

I had a telegram last week from my wandering boy, telling of his arrival safe and sound in Mandalay. What a miracle is this telegraph! My boy sent his message at noon; I received it before eight o'clock A.M. of the same day — four hours before it was sent. He was about to start for the ruby mines. My! bang will go the saxpences! and won't he be cheated! Never mind, I hope to have him here at home by the end of May, rubies and all.

I'm off next week for Florida, after tarpons. Half the charm of these fishing trips lies in the preparation for them. Every trip demands an almost entire fresh outfit. I take my oldest son with me, a mighty Nimrod, who has shot his grizzly in the Rocky Mountains. What delightful discussions we have over rods, and such testings of them in the store, and what superb casts we make, and every cast catches its mighty tarpon — everything is successful, there is no failure. The reels glide like a force of nature, never a kink comes in the line, — the hooks are unerring. What wouldn't I give, ah, what wouldn't I, if you were only going with me! To see your excitement when a mighty column of pure dazzling silver leaps into the sunshine, scattering millions of diamonds about it, and you know that the mighty contest is upon you — would be worth "fifty years of Europe or a cycle of Cathay." Oh, dear Wright, do drop everything and come along. Perhaps you would say 'twas *almost* as good as an afternoon cigar in the Bowling Green. Be sure, I'll think of you and

of that cigar often enough, and then I shall ache to have you with me.

Sometime, when you are in a confidential mood (you see, I'm with you now in Cambridge), tell me what kind of a man Lord Acton is. He's a bit of an enigma to me & I'd be glad to have it unravelled. Perpend. He spoke to me of owning only two volumes of the New Variorum. When I returned I sent him all the volumes to complete his set, and wrote him at the same time. He also spoke in terms of high praise of the Magazine issued by our Pennsylvania Historical Society, the best magazine, he said, of its class, to judge by the few numbers he had been lucky enough to see. I sent him a complete set, nineteen bound volumes, I think, and wrote him at the same time. Not a syllable have I ever had from him. Hobbididance is not more dumb. As chance gives benefit, probe if you can dear Machiavel, and see if the Variorum vols. or the Magazine vols. were ever received. Don't stir a hair's breadth out of your way, to do it. 'Tis of no real importance. I've had my pleasure in sending him the books. Therewith I am content.

When I return from Florida, my sister is coming to pay me a visit until she goes to her own seaside home in Maine. How often we shall talk of you and of the fair Cambridge scenes.

Always, dearest Wright,

Yours most affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 6 May, 1900

DEAR WRIGHT: I am longing to hear from you, and yet I wouldn't have you put pen to paper at the cost of the faintest twinge of discomfort. Don't think of answering my letters — just read them and toss them into the waste-basket. The less I hear from you the more I shall write. 'Tis your place now, until your arm is limbered up, to receive letters and your friends to write them. (Only I do want to know how you are getting on.)

I have just returned from my annual vacation to Florida, that delightful State, thirteen hundred miles away, "where all the air is balm, and the palm is the emblem of beauty."

I went after tarpons (you remember, I once sent you a silver scale therefrom), but never a tarpon did I catch. The season was a little early and the fish were few and shy. But what cared I? The illimitable blue of the heavens was above me, and the emerald sea with its "unnumbered smiles" was beneath and around me, and the profound silence shut me up in measureless content as I bethought me how swiftly my days were passing and how rapidly I was nearing the goal. Indeed 'tis not inconceivable that the change between Diesseits and Jenseits will not be greater than the change in this life here in my library surrounded by books and the life in a boat on a still lagoon of the Gulf of Mexico surrounded by mangrove islands, with flocks of pelicans, cormorants, and man-o'-war birds. I'll

not deny that at times the sun was powerful hot, and in blistering me all o'er beat all hollow Sycorax's dew brushed with raven's feather from unwholesome fen. Talk of Janus — why, he had only two faces. I had at least three new ones and came home with a fourth. Again I say, what cared I? Under the silence of the burnished sky, my soul went into retreat, and I thought over every minute of those happy days last summer which I passed with you, and again we smoked our cigars in the Bowling Green.

I send for your amusement our last Bill of Fare. I was not present, my second son was my representative, as well as some old Madeira of 1811, which is slumbering through the years in my cellar.

My sister is again my guest for a few weeks before she flits to her summer home on the coast of Maine. She'd send all kind messages were it not that she went to bed hours ago. I expect my wandering boy home again, oh, joy! in about three weeks, by way of Vancouver.

Only one word more before the waste-basket, and this is to tell you, dearest Wright, that I am

Yours devotedly

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Wallingford, 15 *July*, 1900

'Tis two P.M. and the house is wrapped in profound repose and quiet. Willie is away. He had

yesterday from Evans Dick an invitation to spend Sunday on his yacht, and to cruise off the Jersey shore. The poor dear boy loathed the prospect & cudgelled his brains to evade the excursion. In his despair he appealed to me for help. I bethought me for a minute and fell into the most horrid convulsion, emitting doleful groans loud enough to bring Wetzel from the station, or the fire alarm from Media; between the paroxysms I told Willie to go to the telephone and tell Evans of the alarming attack and say he couldn't possibly leave me. But it was of no use, — Willie said that such a message would bring Evans here by the next train and horrors on horror's head would accumulate. So I relapsed into health and Willie into despair. You see how placid is my week when I have to resort to such trivial incidents. What material is there for a letter when day after day passes in reading and writing from morning almost to morning — and when I accomplish so little?

The delightful event was your dear letter on Tuesday eve'g when I jumped at the chance of doing something for you in copying Teddie O'Martin's [Sir Theodore Martin] sonnet. Dear old man, I am afraid the heat of this last week, which the papers say has been excessive in London, has borne heavily on him.

There has been a great and grateful lull in proof-sheets. I had a most queer and characteristic note from Haupt wherein he told me that the publishers of the new translation of the Bible had "grown im-

patient" over the lack of success financially of the venture and he had "therefore" (!) brought suit against them! Surely, one ought not to miss out of the world such a character as Haupt's — he's a subject of never-failing interest to me. Also I had a note from Albert Smyth, telling of a delightful arrangement which has just been brought about. Ellis Yarnall's children are all wooed and married and a', so he invited Smyth to come and live with him, and Smyth is going thither in September. Such arrangements are perfectly charming — at first. "Women are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives" — which I quote solely for its appositeness, not for its truth. What can be quoted as one of the eternal verities is the sigh: "Would that a man could know the end of this day's business ere it come!" How constantly this is breathed when I leave my chamber o' mornings — not on any special day in any crisis, but good for every day of the unknown future. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 29 July, 1900

Speaking of Readings reminds me to say, that to my great surprise a change seems coming over me. For a year or two past, as you know, I have had an invincible repugnance to any thought of reading again in public. Working, as I now am, on this iridescent "Twelfth Night" puts me, time and again, in such a merry pin, that I find myself wishing to share this fun with others, and the only way

I can do so is by reading it aloud. O Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' me sometime on a Reading tour? And won't you read "Lady Macbeth" with me? More will be heard than the owls scream and the crickets cry if you will. You would lift the hair of every hearer. . . .

I received your request for Manderlay's "Guatemala" on Friday morn'g, and the Friday evening's mail carried my order for it to London — but don't expect it for at least five weeks. Why will you apologise for asking me to do these mere trifles for you? Don't you know that Dr. Martineau says "a soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties"? What a light this throws on my quiddling character! Great man that Martineau! — "he ahgrees wi' me."

You haven't said a word about Dick Davis's letters from Pretoria, which I have regularly sent you, in the "Ledger." One that will go with this mail is wonderfully well written. He certainly has a wonderful gift of vivid description. He reminds me therein of Kinglake, lacking perhaps a little of Kinglake's refined, almost superrefined culture. . . .

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, July 29, 1900

Woe's me, dear Wright. I fear that hand of yours is setting up a snug little torture chamber of its own, and giving you infinite trouble. You are daily in my thoughts, I long to do something for you.

Show me any way to serve you and it shall be done. I'll sweep from my mind all trivial fond records and rush across the ocean to your side, sing comic songs to you, dance sarabands for you. (I never saw a saraband and don't know how it's danced — do you? — but never mind, I'll dance 'em all the same.) I'll perform feats of ground and lofty tumbling — anything to amuse you, if you'll only say the word. Just whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad! What is there I wouldn't do for you!

When the spirit prompts you and your hand permits, scratch a line to yours always with warm affection, dear Wright,

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Edmund K. Muspratt

Wallingford, 28 October, 1900

DEAR EDMUND: Your niece [1] has come, has seen, and has conquered. She won all our hearts by her vivacity, her bright talk of men and things, and her kindly sympathy with our prosaic home life. Thanks manifold to you for the happiness of knowing her. I remember her mother vividly, as a blooming young girl (how much her daughter resembles her!) in 1856. Heigho, how the years fly away. It seems but a few months ago that we had furious discussions at Allgaier's in Munich, where Seppel used to bring the beer, and Wally the coffee. . . .

[1] Mrs. Alec-Tweedie.

Give my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Muspratt and believe me, dear Edmund,

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. J. Rolfe

Wallingford, 24 December, 1900

MY DEAR ROLFE: No fairer Christmas present could you have sent me than this photograph of your lovely daughter-in-law and her little one. 'Tis charming, albeit you are exactly right in saying that it does not do her justice. Do give her my love and an old man's blessing. . . .

As to the notice in "The Critic" — it is flawless. I liked it much when I read it, and I like it more now, since you are the author of it. What is the use of describing a book that has been before the public for twenty-five years? I read it by the merest chance. As a rule, I never read a word of the notices of my volumes. Lippincott makes a collection of them, I believe. Some years ago he told me he had a pile of notices for me to see. "For the love of Heaven," I replied, "keep them all for yourself — I never wish to see one of them." How on earth can a critic of a day know anything of the labour of years? You, me boy, are the only one who has been through such labour — and your opinion I always esteem as valuable — But where will you find a second to you?

It will be some time yet before I decide on my next play. I am going to try a two-horse act, and work

at a couple of plays at the same time. My choice will fall on two of the following three: — Love's Lab. Lost; Julius Cæs. and Ant. and Cleop. At present I incline to the first and the last. The last has always been one of my greatest favourites. I think I turn to it oftener than to any of the others.

When this reaches you, Christmas will be over, and I know you will be as grateful therefor as I am. Time cannot dull the exquisite pain of these anniversaries. Their only comfort is that by each one, the number fate has in store is diminished. With all sympathy and affection, dear Rolfe, I am

Yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 30 December, 1900

I CANNOT, dear Wright, let a century pass without writing to you. I shall never be so remiss as to do it again.

I do so want to know how you are. Are you aware how many years and years it is since you wrote to me? 'Twas in the misty eld, when you had just taken to type-writing. Well go thy ways — I knew 'twould be so. You care not a jot for the tears which your neglect causes, which well up in my eyes and splash down on my paper. (Confound it! I "calculated" to sprinkle some drops of water here, but Charles has forgotten to bring my evening ice-water. Oh, but your heart was to have been wrung!)

For you, dear soul, who told me you wished "to stick here" as long as you could, I wish a whole century of bran-new, happy, happy years — you deserve them if any man ever did.

That terrible rheumatism does not relax its clutch on my poor sister, who suffers frightfully, but abates not one atom her gay interest in everything and everybody. She is still exactly the same charming woman whom you remember — but she can neither walk nor move as briskly as then. In two or three weeks I'm going to Boston, to read for some Charities and she and I are going to make a lark of it. We have great times when we go off together. I don't much like this public reading, but if people are such fools as to be willing to give their money to hear me, I'm delighted to contribute a thousand dollars to some Charity, by one evening's work. I shall read five times in six days, and expect to be that limp, when I'm through, that you can hang me over a clothesline. But Nannie and I will have a good time anyhow.

I've finished *Twelfth Night* and am already enmeshed by the printers. And I'm tired and half inclined to say I'll work no more, but play through my remnant of days. I want to go to Brazil and to Ceylon, and finish up with Greenland's icy mountains.

Good-bye, dear Wright, Heaven bless you!

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

Do you ever see Lord Acton reading any of those

twenty volumes I sent him? I shan't send him *Twelfth Night* when it's out. Catch me!

To W. J. Rolfe

Wallingford, 17 *January*, 1901

My dear Rolfe, you couldn't have done a kinder act than to give me a chance to grasp your hand, after the Reading 'tother day. I'm more than pleased that you enjoyed the reading. "Praise from Sir Rupert Stanley is praise indeed!"

You could have knocked me down with a feather when I read in your letter that the fair blooming damsel at your side was the mother of your grandchild. God bless my soul, I thought she was only seventeen!

Thou sayst true — grandchildren are an excellent institution — I have four, one taller than I am — which isn't saying much, — but it's a good deal for a grandchild.

You're perfectly right — I thoroughly approve of Werder's theory in re Hamlet and hold Goethe's to be utterly wrong. I was puzzled to imagine how your friend could have supposed that I upheld Goethe, until I remembered that in my introductory remarks I spoke of our trials being similar to Hamlet's, such as the mystery of sin and sorrow, of death and immortality, and of having burdens *too grievous to be borne* — this must have been the phrase which caught her attention, but I had no thought of Goethe in my mind. I'll avoid the phrase in future, if I ever read "Hamlet" again.

I read it this time only on compulsion. My dear friend Mary Dewey (for whose sake alone, I read at all — I care very little for the one little, two little, three little Indians) — Mary Dewey, I say, was insistent because it always "draws." I do not like to read tragedies — they always tear me to shreds, especially "Cymbeline." I'm always in terror, lest I should blubber outright. I came near it 'tother night in the scene where Pisanio has orders to kill Imogen. I can't read it here in my library without shedding tears by the bucketfull.

I thank you infinitely for saying that I "cut" it judiciously. No one but yourself can know how excessively difficult the task is. I have been immensely aided therein by the copy from which my dear and honoured friend, Mrs. Kemble, read, which she gave to me — but her "cutting" is not mine.

Heaven bless you, dear Rolfe.

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Miss Agnes Repplier

Wallingford, Jan. 17, 1901

DEAR AGNES: If you didn't hear, over the dozen miles that divide us, my screams of laughter at the "Celebrity Alphabet," you're deafer than I am, for I heard 'em distinctly.

How lovely is Washington's liking Wagner's plots "in spots" where the inference is inevitable that it was the most objectionable spots which awakened the patriot's partiality.

And then the infinitely deft way in which the artist has given to the face of Cain the features of Hall Caine. And Carlyle! *And* Darwin! The very first picture wins your heart for the rest of the book, to wit: Aphrodite's sweet, innocent expression betokening utter unconsciousness of her condition, and then the coy feet tucked under her chair!

Every picture is a gem, and the whole book, with your precious card in it, will be a joy forever.

I enclose a newspaper cutting, which, if you have seen, toss it in the waste-basket. If you have not read it, and do not now ripple with laughter over it — our friendship ends here and now, — and I wouldn't have a child named Agnes, — not to save it from its grave (à la Fanny Squeers).

A happy, happy new year to you! Lo, this is the prayer of

Your humble and grateful slave

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 27 April, 1901

DEAREST WRIGHT, do you know how long it is since I heard from you? Well, it's just a hundred and three years come Michaelmas. I warrant I think far oftener of you than you do of me. Have I not been jogging along at your side all through *Twelfth Night?* And looking up at you with admiration, and wondering at myself for attempting to glean in a field which you have har-

vested so thoroughly? However, fools press on where angels have already trod.

And now Twelfth Night is practically finished — a fortnight longer, and I should wash my hands of it forever; but I must take a vacation, and this vacation must be a-fishing, and fishing can take place only early in May. So I have broken with the printers in the middle of the Appendix, and start next Thursday, oh heavens! for Florida — the land of flowers, azure skies, perfumed breezes and washed by waters full of mighty tarpon. I take my oldest boy, Walter, and my youngest, Dr. Willie, whom you remember, and we live in a "Floating Hotel," anchored off shore. What days! What nights! I am never there that I do not feel that man's final aim in this life is fishing, and I swear I'll cut loose from civilization and pass the remnant of my days floating about those heavenly lagoons where the mangroves dip their very leaves in the shining water. The sight of them gars your heart loup richt up intil heaven. Willie protests that Ceylon is nigher bliss, and vows he'll hale me there next summer. Well, an he does, we must pass through England and auld Clootie catch me if I don't rush to Cambridge just to say Hallelujah to you.

I send you herewith our last Bill of Fare — which is not bad. Let me know if it makes you smile. The quotation for capons — "a fellow that hath had losses" — made me snort outright. I'll send copies to Skeat and Sandys, but sorra a one will I send to Lord A.

What wouldn't I give for a sight of your dear face this night!

Yours affectionately
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 7 July, 1901

INDEED 'tis good of you to finger away at that old type-writer just to gratify me. When I sent you that Bill of Fare, did I add no word to it? I keep no record of my letters, but I have a strong impression that I told you that I had been in Florida after Tarpons. I had a royal time, caught a giant tarpon, and eke a sea bass (now brace yourself for a fish story) which weighed three hundred and twelve pounds, and was six feet three inches long. Its name is Jew-fish and when I got it to the beach (it would have swamped my boat), I proudly placed my foot on it and exclaimed, "so perish all the enemies of the Church!" I was fully aware that should I announce, without proof, that I had caught such a monster with a rod and reel, every tongue would be thrust in every cheek. So I had the circumcised fish stuffed and gave it to my daughter, and its skin is alive at this day to prove the truth of my story. One day I caught a whip-ray (whipperee, the men there call it), or, as you would put it, the whip-ray caught me and towed me two miles out in the Gulf of Mexico. I was awfully sorry to part with him; his skin makes a beautiful table-cover, but there was no help for it.

I had to cut my line, defeated but not disgraced. Ah, all this is sport. I came home bearing the shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun. Would that you had been with me. It is far from rivalling the Bowling Green, but still it's mighty pleasant.

Peccavi, peccavi! mea culpa! mea maxima culpa! 'tother day an old friend and classmate of mine wrote to me that his daughter was going to England to consult libraries in the matter of Elizabethan music and asked me for letters of introduction. I gave the damsel, whom I have never seen, a note to you. Bear in mind that all is required is to commend her to your librarian. Do not, I beg you, for her, for me, for any one, disturb an hour of "philosophic calm."

"Twelfth Night" is entirely off my hands. I believe it is all printed. Lippincott, however, for financial reasons says it must be held back until the summer is over. Drat his financial reasons. If I didn't lose all interest in a volume the minute it is finished, I'd puff his financial reasons to the winds. I'm busy now putting my books in order and re-cataloguing some of them. When it is finished, do you know what I am going to do? I'll give you ten thousand chances to guess the book I'm going to read, or rather re-read for the second time. Do you give it up? — "Clarissa Harlowe" — one of the very greatest novels ever written, I think. And I'm going to have a real good cry over Clarissa's death — just as I had forty years ago. "Ah, c'etait le beau temps;

j'étais si malheureuse!" as Sophie Arnould said. After "Clarissa Harlowe" I'll read the next greatest novelist, Jane Austen, from beginning to end. "Pride and Prejudice" won't take me long, I know it almost by heart. Then (like Charles Lamb's "Mrs. Battles") I'm going to "unbend my mind" over Shakespeare. Ah, how good, how true is your aphorism about "conjectural emendations." Your way of putting it is far better than mine; in some note or other, I haven't an idea where, I said "that those who know most, conjecture least." . . . I have been unable to write for some minutes. I was hurrahing over your taking up Milton. It is delightful, albeit I wouldn't give up "Comus" or "Lycidas" for ten Paradises Lost or regained. I hope, too, that this means a slackening of your zeal over Burton — a vulgar old file with whom I don't want your worship to soil your fingers.

I visit my sister next week at her lovely summer home on the coast of Maine, and in August I am here again, but where'er I am, dear Wright, I am

Yours most affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Wallingford, 11 *August*, 1901

DEAR ONE, 'tis Tuesday, an unintermitting, pelting rain has been beating against the windows all day. I have said "Thank you!" to Charles as he has helped me at meal-time, but uttered no word to another human being, and feel like scribbling to

you for a few minutes before I lay me down to sleep — more expressly as I want to rehearse an interview to you before I forget it.

As I was reading "The Spectator" yesterday, in the Ridge Avenue cars, I lifted my eyes, and whom should my peepers remark, on the opposite seat, but J. M.! — A cheery recognition passed and he came over and sat by my side. "How well," I said, "and how young you are looking. The happiness in this world will be continued to you, I trust, in the next." "I haven't a doubt of it," he replied, "not a shadow of doubt of it. It's forty years since I became perfectly sure of going to Heaven!" "You happy man!" I rejoined; "some people find it hard to obey the Law of righteousness so completely." "I don't," he answered, "the Law wasn't made for me. It was made for sinners. I've not committed a sin these forty years. Every command of God I obey, so of course I'm absolutely certain of going to Heaven." "Well, now, Joseph," I said, "at times, I lead the devil's own life, but I tell you what, — I expect you, when I am howling in flames, to reach down and pull me up, won't you?" "Well, I'll try. But I won't promise to be successful." . . . So far had I written, dear one, when I toddled off to bed wondering, before I dropped off to sleep, what kind of a heaven Joseph expected and regretting that I didn't ask him. And now 'tis Sunday evening. I've wound the household for another week and Willie is reading the last No. of Blackwood. I'm surprised that 'e's been at it for so long, — 'tis

an unusually stupid No. I've no news. On Friday, Horrie came hither for work and caught me at breakfast at 10.30 — I wasn't a bit ashamed, for the clock had struck 3 A.M. before I turned out my light. We had a delightful time together, going over his MS. of *Macbeth*, then at two P.M. Lou arrived and we had a most pleasant chat until 4.30 when they both returned to town.

To his Sister

18 *August*, 1901

Oh, my dear, again a rainy, turbulent Sunday, — a pelting storm against the windows always, always reminds me of that grand tempest of snow and sleet which you and I watched together, — do you remember? — but of course you do, how we tried window after window for a different view and could never satisfy our souls with gazing. Is it not strange that the older I grow, and advance further into those "years which bring the philosophic calm," I take a keener delight in wild and terrific storms, and the spouting of hurricanoes? I droop with disappointment when a threatening cloud, a black rolling monster big with thunderbolts, passes harmlessly over after a few contemptuous puffs. But what twaddle! 'Tis not strange that I am growing senile. . . .

And now, I have been revelling in the delight of having Walter here. To be sure 'tis only o' nights — but that's a great gain, and our dinners are charming. He is full of interest in everything and

we discuss and we discuss. He is so gentle and forbearing with the wild vagaries of his flighty old pa. (What an intolerable word that is for *father!* There's a tombstone at Laurel Hill inscribed "Our Pa" & I never see it that I don't say — "damn him! I'm glad he's dead and one less pa in the world!") After dinner the blessed boy and I smoke our cigars out on the terrace and watch the evening star gleam through the magnolia tree, just as our Father and I used to sit years ago.

And when are you going to return? Give me a written date, an oral one I can forget. I want to count the days and let "Hope enchanted smile and wave her golden hair." And how good to check off days — so give me this pleasure. Of news, I am as dry as a limeburner's wig. David Bispham most kindly sent me both the libretto and the score of the recent opera of "Much Ado about Nothing," wherein with great success he acted Benedick and Marie Brema, Beatrice. D'ye mind that I told you about a Mr. & Mrs. Turner-Turner, Britishers, whom we met in Florida last Spring? They are incorrigible hunters & lived for two years the life of trappers in Alaska. I have just received from them a charming book of photographs of their winter's life — one picture of their cabin is where the snow has drifted in through every crevice — the stove is red-hot & the mercury outside at 38° below zero! No, thank you. Not just now. This is all foolish gabble, dear, but the surface of my mind (and it is all surface) bears only sticks and straws

and drowned candlebugs. I said it was all surface; this is not so, for down deep lies my love for your own dear blessed self, and 'i faith, you know it well.

Always, always thine

H. H. F.

To Miss Agnes Repplier

Wallingford, Oct. 19, 1901

Dear Agnes: After reading your exquisite, exquisite Preface last evening, I breathed a holy vow that Agrippina's[1] resting-place should be incontinently marked by a headstone, diminutive but proportionate. Is the simple name carved therein sufficient? or will you send me the years of her birth and death?

Had she any love of humour beyond the resources of her tail, whereby she would relish the addition of "Requies-cat"? Not for worlds would I cause that shade a shade of annoyance. I withdraw the suggestion and would tear up this note, were it not that I haven't a blessed minute to spare.

Do you remember in which direction, North or South, her poor dear little head rests? Our house faces due South.

Always yours in feelin' bonds

H. H. F.

[1] The name of Miss Repplier's cat, which was buried at "Lindenshade."

CHAPTER IX

1902–1905

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 16 January, 1902

My dear Wright: I am grown worried about you. 'Tis so long, so long since I have heard from you. I have been buoyed up week after week with the hope of a letter, and now I can stand it no longer. Do type-write one line to me. "E'en at the cost of thine, give me repose."

The winter is passing for me in absolute laziness. I have been cataloguing my library, sending books to be bound and ordering new ones. An intolerable aversion to any respectable work has clawed me in its clutch, and I haven't even cleared off the duties which I said should stand between me and Clarissa Harlowe. I am just longing for that abandoned flood of tears over her death.

My dearest sister has been suffering so intolerably from her old friend, the enemy, rheumatic gout, that she has resolved to try in the Spring whether or not Aix-les-Bains will do her any good. She is anxious to have me go with her, but I reluct unless there were a chance that I could be of any real service to her. An inducement would be, I admit, a flying visit to you and another cigar in the Bowling Green. Ah, that pleasant, pleasant time!

Again, dear Wright, do not rest, but let me hear

from you — never mind whether winds give benefit or convoys are assistant, only say a word or two to

Yours with deep affection
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Dr. Mary Augusta Scott

Wallingford, 2 February, 1902

DEAR DR. SCOTT: . . . You must give me up as hopeless. Pity me; you see I'm too old. I cannot relinquish one jot of my belief in Shakespeare's illimitable originality. Any hint that the divine Williams was indebted (this very word irks me) to this or that source congeals me. The real nursing mother of Beatrice was Rosaline or Catherine (the names are interchangeable) in *Love's Labours Lost.* Just as you'll find that the gradual evolution of "O Lord, sir" into an answer that suits every possible question is to be traced through Moth and Costard to the Clown in *All's Well.*

I am so glad that you liked "Everyman," and I am sorry that you did not meet Mrs. Kennedy, who I think is one of the very greatest of actresses. There are tones in her voice that would force iron tears down Pluto's cheek. I never saw at any performance such unabashed weeping. Although I couldn't, through deafness, hear a word she said, I cried for dear life. But what filled me with awe is the genius of Arthur (?) Poel, who could build up such a living form of beauty and tragic power from the utterly wearisome and withered bones of the

original Morality. The company returns here in April and I hope Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy will be my honoured guests.

I haven't yet grappled with the text of "Venegia, Venegia!" I'll tell you my conclusions when I reach them. In the meantime & ever after I am, dear Dr. Scott,

Yours to command

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. J. Rolfe

Wallingford, February, 1902

MY DEAR ROLFE: Your "Life" of Shaxberd (how much we should forgive Cunningham for, in giving us this lovely name) came this P.M. and I congratulate you heartily on its august proportions.

Lo, here it stands, a perennial refutation of the maxim, ex nihilo nihil fit.

I do not question that it will prove to be the very best life of "the bard" that ever has been, or that ever can be written, and I shall read and examine it for your sake, not for its subject's. You know I am a heretic of the vilest description in regard to all records of Shakespeare's mortal life and wish to know nothing of it. About his royal hand I wish to have no smell of mortality. It irks me to imagine him as a man, and looking at his bust I shudder to know from the length of his upper lip that he must have revealed when he smiled either inordinately longnteeth or an intolerable amount of gum. I wish the writer of those plays to be both

as real and as unreal as the characters in them. And as for the Sonnets, Shakespeare (as I think) no more unlocked his heart in them than he unlocked my fireproof.

But I'll read your book with admiring interest. 'Tis clear enough that there's an incalculable amount of solid work in it — this alone will never let it die. Happy man! . . .

Your yokefellow

H. H. F.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 5 April, 1902

Again, dear Norton, you gladden my very soul with this fresh proof of your remembrance and affection.

I devoted last evening to the most leisurely cutting of the leaves of the three volumes [of Dante's Divine Comedy]. And, "oh, time! what times!"

I read and read, lost in wonder at the poet, lost in even deeper wonder at the translator. . . . And I like the added spilth of your notes at the foot of the page. They are far better there than at the end of the volume. . . .

Heigho, dear Norton, I 'gin to be aweary of the sun, and yet it isn't of the sun as much as of the clouds and darkness.

What wouldn't I give for such implicit, unquestioning faith as breathes in your father's fine hymn: "My God, I thank thee! May no thought," etc., or as that which animated every hour of my fa-

ther's life. Isn't there enough Faith to go round? A grain of Mustard-seed is a Pelion on Ossa compared to mine.

But all the same, dear Norton, I am
Yours, while this machine is to him
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Wallingford

. . . LET me see, what did I do yesterday, after scribbling the few lines at the beginning of this letter? Oh, I remember, I fell to my cataloguing again which is very slow work, inasmuch as it is not the mere writing down of titles and dates, but "I take the opportunity to scratch" up my knowledge of the contents, and sometimes an hour goes by before I lay a volume aside after adding another patch to my crazy quilt of a mind. My philosophic calm was several times invaded by hilarious incursions of the children, who were busy moving thither from Sub Rosa by instalments; every doll and its belongings demanded a separate journey and vociferous announcement. . . .

After a procession of big trunks had filed through the entries, Carrie herself appeared at about five o'clock. Willie soon after in his automobile, and then Horace [Jayne], and we sat down at half-past six to dinner and my changed life was launched. Of course you and your surroundings were our constant theme. We sat for a while after dinner in your parlour, and then to the library where

the evening was passed in unlimited cats-cradle. They even induced me, with my gnarled fingers, to try to make one of the figures merely by following one of Horace's written directions. They wished to test the cleverness of the exposition, and fell into peals of inextinguishable laughter over my clumsy efforts and uncouth contortions in which my whole body shared. Clearly I am not made for a savage. This morning we had breakfast at half past nine and soon after took our Sunday morning stroll, which was circumscribed. The sun shone brilliantly, but there was an eager and a nipping air. So we contented ourselves with seeing which was the fattest hog in Epicure's stye. . . .

To his Sister

Punta Gorda, 25 May, 1902

. . . Well, a whole week has flown in this enchanting spot. (Can you call a boat on the water a "spot"?) The sport has been superb, satisfying even the insatiate souls of the boys. In past years, ill-luck has always claimed Walter for her own. And he has borne it like a cherub, never repining, always smiling and rejoicing in the good fortune of others. This year nous avons changé tout cela. Yesterday Walter caught seven tarpons, and his week's record amounts to nineteen. Willie is a little ahead of him, — but then Willie went out twice at night. Never have I seen Walter in better spirits — active, alert, keen for every proposal — and an appetite that eats with zest the unmentionable

food set before us. (One day the roast beef by some unlucky manœuvre dropped overboard, — it was gaffed up and duly served.) You know the old saw: "A blind man eats many a fly." Willie made me laugh consumedly 'tother day by recalling Carrie's attempt to quote it, when she was a very little girl: "Many blind men eat flies." Old age has clawed me in its clutch, and I am now content to look calmly on at the prowess of youth. I go out on the water no longer for a whole day, but only of an afternoon or a morning. I have, however, caught the weightiest fish ever landed, — two hundred and forty-six pounds. But I had no notion of its majestic weight, had no witness, except my boatman, of its measurements, and so must forego the immortality. The fame would have been a proud legacy to leave to my children, but kismet! We have had a North East storm, and as this hotel is moored in an angle the waves and breakers were grand to behold, and they thwacked the sides of the boat with a thump which shook my bed exactly as Charles does when he awakens me — which was homelike, but inconvenient. I awoke with a start thinking it was eight o'clock and Wallingford, every time. One day we started out after saw-fish, but the water was too rough, so we fell to examining an Indian mound, and exhumed many bones and two skulls, but found no pottery. So you see we have other resources beside tarpon . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 4 June, 1902

WELL, dearest sister o' mine, here I am again at the same old stand; after a full fortnight's tarpon fishing we hied us to our homes, — infinitely grateful to reach edible food, dazzling napery, and linen sheets. A winter's thaw may dim the impression of the universal discomfort of life which we had to endure at Boca Grande, but with the recollection vivid and fresh in mind I am ready to register an oath in heaven that never again will I expose myself to such sordid distasteful conditions. I talk thus bravely now, but I suppose when the season again comes round, and the boys are eager to go, I shall follow them as meekly as heretofore.

Never did the boys enjoy the sport more keenly, and never probably will there be again such a profusion of fish. In one day Walter caught seven tarpons and in another eight. During the fortnight he caught forty-four & Willie caught forty-three. I was content with a dozen. But then I omitted two or three days, and fished only in the forenoon. I had to respect my years and the lessening strength of old age. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 15 *June,* 1902

WHAT is it to waste time? Walter Besant in his Autobiography regards with exultation the thought that he has never wasted his time in "pottering over a garden." Doesn't all the mischief lie in

that possessive "his"? Such pottering would have wasted *his* time, but does it waste mine? What though we can read only a very, very little in Nature's infinite book of secrecy, is n't that little quite as elevating as poring over a novel that will live its little life and then be heard of no more? However, whatsoever it be, wasting or hoarding, pottering is what I've been doing all this morning. . . .

I see clearly that again this year my goldfish are destined to enter largely into my daily life. Again I have so tamed them that at the sight of me they all flock to me from the uttermost confines of the stream, and mind my hand thrust down among them no more than a twig. I feed them constantly and, please God, I'll get them so fat they can't wiggle. . . .

Heigho, dearest Nannie, I've grown very old. Don't you note my shaky handwriting? As Bros. Bellows said of Mr. Giles's steel pen, but a sturdy conscience whispers "senility." I want you at home again to read everything, digest, and then enlighten me. I read "Kim" when I was in Florida. If criticised in a petty spirit there is much to find fault with, — but regarded broadly, it strikes me as a fine work. The character of the old priest is unparalleled in literature and noble in conception. The conclusion seems irresistible that Kipling is enamoured with the Buddhist doctrine, and gadzooks, it does have much to recommend it, in these latter days when Christianity seems a failure. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 12 June, 1902

. . . All my activity in any direction is departed. I try to force up a little out of doors, but it's hard work. As I told you 'tother day, I've grown old, very old. I doubt that I'll ever do any more work. I shall probably dawdle the rest of my life away. At present an exposition of intense laziness is upon me, and to potter is the utmost stretch of my powers. I am rejoiced that you saw London in its unrestrained antics over Peace. And how uncouth and uncivilised its antics are. Verily, the sub-strata of all large cities are vile, and the lowest class in London seems to me to be the vilest of all, — not so cruel as in Paris, but more barbarous. When you come to think of it, 'tis only the literary class in England with which we have any sympathy. I'm so glad that A. Lang came promptly to see you. I had a letter from Lang a day or two ago congratulating on the tarpon & speaking of the pleasure he had in seeing you. Also that he had a copy of his Queen Mary for you, but he didn't know where to send it (it weighs 246 lbs. he said). I'll tell him to send it to Quaritch who'll forward it. I long to have you tell me about him. By the way, have you seen that Lord Acton is just dead. I'm sorry you didn't see Aldis Wright — but the journey to London is not unformidable at his age, coupled with the uncertainty of finding you at home. . . .

Am I not fondly thine own?

H. H. F.

To his Sister

Wallingford, 20 July, 1902

HURRAH, hurrah, avoid the way of the industrious Chylde! My dear, I have actually begun to work again, after the longest season of inaction (and its consequent depression) these fifteen years. Whatever the cause, be it the reaction accumulated during a lifetime, or be it old age, certain it is that ever since you went away I have had an aversion, amounting to nausea, to all qualities of the work to which my life has been devoted. I didn't want to read Shakespeare, or about him, or to hear a drama mentioned. I didn't want to read, or to look, or to think, or to be. I didn't want to eat, or to sleep, or to go to bed, or to get up. I wanted merely to scramble through the days and to be able to check them off. My life was over and it had been a failure. Although this latter opinion I have not shaken off and never shall shake off, yet I know that to sit with folded hands would not tend to improve it, and that it would infallibly lead to repulsive senility. So about ten days ago, I arranged all my books for the work of collation, drew my breath, set my nostrils wide, and bent up every power to its full height, and actually collated the first few lines of *Love's Labour's Lost.* The exertion was so severe that I had to rest for two or three days — Then another heave-yeo and I snapt the spell that bound me. For the last four or five days I have worked with all the old ardour, — should I not say, young ardour? — and really surprising

myself with a capacity to carry sixty lines of text through thirty editions and detect the variation of a comma, or a letter in any one of them. The old truism that nothing succeeds like success may be modified into nothing encourages like encouragement; so I am now working away and shall so continue while the fit is on.

Throughout the past depressing season, one thing in myself surprised me. I found that what most interested and aroused me was money-getting. I wanted to rush into the stock market and speculate. I gloated over my own small gains of past years. I wanted to make a "pile." But this is all over now and I am now content with a modest income which suffices for all reasonable needs — ah, that word "needs," I never use it without recalling those sublime words of Lear: "oh, reason, not the need," etc. . . .

To Mrs. Edward H. Coates

Wallingford, September, 1902

Do you not remember, dear Mrs. Coates, how Hop o' my Thumb strewed pebbles by the way that he might find his way back again?

And did you not understand why I, for lack of pebbles, left my handkerchief at your feet? Alas you have thwarted my plans, but I am not cast down — I know that the same sweet tenderness which returned the handkerchief will accept the love and gratitude of the owner, who is proud to sign himself

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To William Henry Furness, 3rd.

Wallingford, 14 December, 1902

Oh, Willie dear, how we miss you! Never before, I think, have I missed you so much. It is a cruel abuse that you are not here to smile and smirk over the pleasant things that are daily said about your book.[1] One result surely follows from all this applause: — You are bound to write another as charming! Though in one respect I'm afraid 'twill be almost impossible: — unless you live for a time among your savage friends, your account of them will lack the personal charm. But after all I'll trust you to make any account most attractive.

On Friday evening I read "Julius Cæsar," at Archbishop Ryan's request, for a Catholic charity. It was a stormy night, and I anticipated a slim audience and small gains — especially as I had seen no advertising. But the Roman Catholics have means of advertising, unknown to Protestants. Before the Reading began I had a few minutes' talk with Father Turner, who said we should have a good audience and that he had already received about four hundred dollars and that he felt sure of making six hundred. And so it proved to be in spite of the rain and sleet, the lower floor of the Hall (Association Hall) was full, & there was a number in the Gallery. So thorough had been the advertising that I found it had reached our Kitchen; the Cook and Chambermaid both went to the Reading!

[1] "The Home Life of Borneo Headhunters; its Festivals and Folklore," published (Lippincott) 1902.

Did you see "Everyman" in London? It has been acting here, during the past week; at first to very slim audiences. I wrote a short letter to the Ledger urging every one to see it. I think this signed letter possibly turned the tide in favour of the play. The audiences afterward were fairly crowded, nay jammed, & Ben Greet wrote me a note of warm thanks. If my letter did good, I am heartily glad. I saw the play yesterday for the first and only time, and although I could hear no word I was mightily moved. Mrs. Kennedy is certainly one of the greatest of actresses. There are tragic tones in her voice that reach the very seat of tears. One lesson at least the play taught; — the deplorable mistake made by the Church when it placed itself in opposition to the Stage. . . .

To W. H. F. 3rd

Wallingford, 8 March, 1903

Oh, joy! joy! dear Willie, your telegram from Hong Kong came yesterday at 9.30 A.M. It tells of your safe arrival at Yap on the 24 February, only nine days ago! . . .

On Wednesday occurred the "epoch-machende" event, of your Aunt Nannie's arrival here to settle down with me for the home stretch. She has moved from Pine Street hither every piece of furniture or picture or china that had any association with our father or mother or with our childhood. Three heavily loaded furniture cars deposited a mountain of articles on the front porch. How we got

them into the house is mysterious, how they were absorbed into the rooms was more mysterious still. But it was accomplished, and your Aunt Nannie's room in good order for her when she came at five o'clock. Since then she has been shut up in measureless content and busy as a hive of bees arranging and disposing. In moving from 1426 and in bringing away all her belongings, — she has cut loose from her former life, every vestige of it, and cast anchor here. Heaven lend me grace to suffer no cloud to rise upon her life. The parlour is to be where she receives and keeps all her friends, and she is arranging it to suit her fancy. Of course I am wedded to the old arrangement, but then — . . .

Did I tell you that Haddon had written a truly delightful notice in the "Geographical Journal" of your book? And W. R. Thayer has ditto in the Harv. Graduates Magazine. Indeed, and indeed, that book has been a great success. If all goes well, I'm confident you'll make another out of Yap. It is the home-life of Savages which appeals powerfully to all readers. Facial angles, and cranial diameters are all very well for science, but to discern a human heart beating in squalid breasts is what interests nous autres. And this with your sympathetic nature you can reveal to us. Every incident of Mungo Park's travels is utterly forgotten by the public, except the tenderness with which he was nursed by an old negress, and that will long survive. . . .

To W. H. F. 3rd

Wallingford, 11 *April*, 1903

Dearest Willie, this is Saturday night, and I am now writing because tomorrow is a day calculated to make a lion put his tail between his legs and 'owl with hanguish; in prospect not a minute of it shall I be able to call my own. Thornton Lothrop (Lizzie Homans's brother) and his wife are coming on your Aunt Nannie's invitation to spend, apparently, the whole day. While they are here, of course I can't be writing letters; and after they have left, I shall be a slavering idiot. I shall then creep to "bed and forget it all."

Well, the week is come and gone, and the letter which the Captain was to mail me at Hong Kong has not yet appeared. My hopes are now centered on next week.

Horace, Carrie, and the little ones moved out on Wednesday — "Oh, frabjous day" — and the house has been a changed place ever since. The print of muddy little feet on the hall carpet is an entrancing sight. Although the weather has been somewhat chilly & wet, the children are out all day long, intensely interested in a thousand things and madly excited over every novel sight. Never were there more interesting children. At table I can look at nothing else, and forget to eat. Yesterday they realized for the first time that your Aunt Nannie is my sister; they are devoted to her. Today at dinner Kate, who sits at my left, said to me, "When I hear the sweet voice of your sister, I think

I am in a dream." Again, some reference was made to Horrie's resemblance to me. "I don't see it at all," said Kate. "Why," said her mother, "his nose is exactly like your Grandfather's." "Yes," replied Kate, "a Jewish nose, I call it.". . .

Walter and his household are in vigorous health. He has already written to Roach of Useppa (Florida) to secure quarters for us in the first week of May. I have had three letters from Hughes, hoping that we are to sojourn with him, — but Walter's gorge rises at the thought of going again to the Floating Hotel. Your Aunt Nannie professes to be happier than ever before in her life. The freedom from responsibility has an infinite charm for her, and, I sincerely believe, will conduce to better health. The only real damage that the late bitter cold has done is that it seems to have woefully smitten your hardy Jap. orchids. The transition from your Aunt to orchids may seem abrupt, but it has a thread of connection in the intense interest which she takes in the flowers. John O'Brien rolls her chair (with her in it, of course) in and out, among the flowers every day, and she becomes excited over the unfolding of Spring.

Well, dear, you see I had nothing to say, and I have said it. I may add a few words tomorrow night. But 'tis not likely. I doubt that the knowledge of the art of writing will survive the trials of the day.

Heaven guard you!

Your devoted old

FATHER

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 12 May, 1903

My dear Wright: I am a 'Ebrew Jew to have left so long unacknowledged your dear delightful letter of hoary eld. But my days and nights have been distracted by a thousand petty duties which when accomplished leave no sign of any advancement in a life worth living. Is my remnant of days to be ever thus passed? Am I never to lead my ideal life, when I do just whatever I sweet please? What an enviable life is yours! Do you know what a neglected duty means? Did ever, in your life, a thorn in your pillow make you squirm? It's a mighty uncomfortable thing, let me tell you.

First, let me say that my sister starts next Saturday for Liverpool on her way to Aix. About eight days thereafter she intends to stay for a week in London. Her hostelry will be "The Greenslade Hotel," 39 and 40 Clarges St. and 11 & 12 Half Moon St. At one time I intended to accompany her. And wouldn't I have just rushed off to Cambridge to see you! But my eldest son has been severely ill, and I must go down to Florida with him, and after our annual catch of tarpon we shall coast about Cuba, and perhaps visit stricken Martinique, where the present tremendous tragedy, which haunts my thoughts every hour, quite obliterates the shore where lay Virginia's drowned form. But our plans are unmade as yet, and I don't intend to encounter any volcanoes or sich.

I considered my apothegm good, that those

who know the most emend the least, but yours far outshines it, and 'tis gospel truth, too, that "Ignorance and Conceit are the fruitful source of emendations." Please, please let me quote it some time. 'Tis sweet and a joy for ever. I rejoice in your silence over "Dame Trot" et id genus omne. Keep it up. Oxen & wainropes shall not hale a squeak from me. How impatiently I am looking forward to your "Milton." When you next write (be it soon!) pray tell me just how you are. I care more for this item than anything else. For am I not, dear friend and brother,

Affectionately yours

H. H. F.?

To Dr. Mary Augusta Scott

Wallingford, 17 May, 1903

Ah, dear Gossip, what induces you to jingle such junketing in my ears! What wouldn't I give to accept your invitation for the week-end on June 20th. But if winds give benefit and convoy is assistant I shall be on that date at Aransas Pass, in Texas, casting my line for the wary tarpon. That is, if present arrangements hold. I never count on more than two days ahead.

'Tis the only outing of my year, and I adore fishing. Besides, these fishing trips assume, with me, the guise of religion. I go into retreat, at these times, and in the long silent hours, when I am sitting in my boat beneath the "azured vault," I review the actions of my past life and return much

chastened, except when I have had an unusual run of good luck. I find that I am depressed only when the fish won't bite. Thank you infinitely for thinking of me, and do extend my thanks to Miss Bodman also. You think to allure me by a reference to "pretty girls." Ah, I am grown so old that mere youth is beautiful — I ask no charm beyond that — and the sight of it brings all my mother to my eyes.

Most sincerely and gratefully
Yours
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To William Everett

Wallingford

DEAR MR. EVERETT: Et tu, Brute! are you in the conspiracy to unearth local and contemporary references on Shakespeare's every page? And must I have a stab from you! I prefer "Strachy," [1] with its scope for imagination, to all the hypothetical explanations that can be devised.

Doubtless there were dozens of instances, familiar to all, of unequal matches, — of Queens even who stooped to look at Henry the Fifth's widow.

Ah, no, I read the plays for the sheer delight they give in every scene. Who cares for the truth of history in them? (If you do — they're d——d lies.) The characters live in Shakespeare's pages, and who cares whether or not they live or have lived anywhere else?

And I don't even care who wrote the plays. If I

[1] See the Variorum *Twelfth Night*, page 322.

care about it at all — it is to rejoice that we know so little about the divine Williams. I dislike to reflect even upon Shakespeare's looks. . . . I like to think of him only as one of the very happiest men who ever lived — in the joy of creation, possibly one of the highest joys, he lived every hour when at work. To me, it is a degradation to suppose that he cabined the children of his imagination in the beggarly flesh and blood of the every-day life about him.

Despise me as a shallow fool, but accept me as very truly and cordially yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. J. Rolfe

Wallingford, September, 1903

DEAR ROLFE: I shall certainly read every word you say in "Poet Lore" about Touchstone, and I am ready to promise beforehand that you'll convert me. . . .

I am, very naturally, much interested in my boy's Revised ed. of "Macbeth," which will be out before Christmas. He will prove a far better editor than I am. This "Macbeth" is his apprenticeship. Thereafter he will strike out for himself on one of the Historical Plays.

"Love's Labours Lost" is advancing as fast as many distractions will permit. I feel in my bones that 'twill be my last unless I can bring out *Ant. and Cleop.* at the same time. In fact, I'm tired and I want to travel. My annual outing after tar-

pon makes me yearn for the tropics — Europe has no charms.

You must come on soon to see John, which means that you'll come here. I am always

Affectionately

H. H. F.

To Edmund K. Muspratt

Wallingford, 13 September, 1903

My dear Edmund: It is delightful to see once more your familiar handwriting and recall the memories of lang syne. Lord, do you "realise" that nigh a half-century has passed since that Jugend-fröhlichkeit in Munich? I think that you, and Blight, possibly Johnson of Yale, and myself are the sole survivors of that united bond. Within the twelvemonth Ogden Rood — you remember he married Fräulein Prunner — has died, after having received an Honorary Degree from Yale from which he had been expelled in disgrace in his youth. Eheu! fugaces, etc., as Horace sings.

You flatter me much by asking for that Address with the high-sounding name of "Oration," and of which Sir Edward Russell gave a far too complimental notice. But the rosy halo of his recent marriage tempers all his views. Nathless, I must say that the "Oration" seems to have struck a note to which there has been a surprising response. Dr. Remsen of The Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, has asked me to deliver one of "like tenor" at the University's Commencement in Feb-

ruary. 'Tis a fine thing that Liverpool is to have its own University & I congratulate it in having you as President of its Council. The impression which you will stamp on it will be broad and deep. Do keep me advised of all your doings and sayings.

My children & Grandchildren are all flourishing. My sister, Mrs. Wister, is come to live with me; I shall not be, therefore, quite as lonely as I have been for the last ten years since my daughter was married. But I'm lonely enough at best.

Give my regards to Mrs. Muspratt, to your sister & to Ethel Tweedie. Always, dear boy,

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Mrs. Morris Jastrow, Jr.

Wallingford, 26 December, 1903

THE cake is come and looks so good
It cannot be but angel's food.
Howe'er this be, an angel sent it,
And she, I hope, will ne'er repent it, —
Although she sends it to a sinner
Who'll have it at his Christmas dinner.
Though warm, such love, it cannot burn us
So take the thanks of

H. H. FURNESS

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 3 April, 1904

DEAREST NORTON: It is so long since I have heard of or from you that I am fairly aching for a word.

You would hardly credit it, were I to say how often, how very, very often I think of you. Do you find that as you grow older, the little group, that composes each man's world, gathers closer and closer around your heart? 'Tis so with me — and you are one of the closest. You have always been to me, ever since my college days, one of the shining ones, one of the "happy warriors that every man in arms would wish to be," — one who "because right is right would follow right in scorn of consequence."

I've not heard from you for "eleven years come Michaelmas" — not since I thanked you for that charming Gray book, and I'm afraid you're not well. *What* shall I do for you? What *shall* I do for you? Shall I come on and read to you? I'll do it in a minute if you'd like it. Shall it be "Twelfth Night" or "Henry the Fifth"?

Scratch me a line to let me know how you are and relieve the feelin' 'eart of

Yours in secula seculorum

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 8 April, 1904

COME? dearest Norton, to be sure I'll come. And I'd go fifty times the distance to give you an hour's pleasure.

"Let's see for means." My only free days this month are the 19th, 20th, and 21st. Will the 20th suit you? I must be home on the 21st. If

you have the tiniest bit of an engagement on the 20th, don't hesitate to say so, and we'll fix a day in May.

I know well enough that you are on hospitable thoughts intent, but woe's me, I must crush them all. You must imagine that I live next door and have just dropped in for the evening. I'll appear at "Shady Hill" at about half-past seven and my carriage will bear me away at half-past ten. Speak not to me of tea or refreshment — I never touch a morsel before Reading. And I must perforce leave Boston by the earliest morning train. I'll not, of course, restrict your hospitality in other quarters; you may invite what audience you please; but let it sink into your heart that I come to read to you and to your daughters, and of you and them alone I shall think.

I cannot express to you, mon cher, how keen is my delight at the thought of giving you pleasure.

Let the play be "Henry the Fifth." You've heard me read it. But can we ever hear any of these plays too often? I enjoy them over and over again. Never yet have I read one without discovering some novel charm, never before noticed.

My sister sends her love to you and to your daughters, but a journey, as hurried as mine must be, is somewhat too formidable in this uncertain month.

And so I rest, dearest Norton,

Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 22 April, 1904

DEAREST NORTON: With my head full of memories, most pleasant memories, I reached home safe and sound last evening.

My train to Philadelphia was on time to the minute, and there were nine minutes to spare, wherein to catch a train to Wallingford. So I reached here at seven o'clock, and as I walked up to my house I was met by my cat, who (I didn't call her "which") marched ahead of me with her tail erect and straight. She, which her name is "Romeo," constantly thus meets me when I come from town. When I am absent my sister always dines with my daughter Caroline, whose house stands at the end of my garden, so after a bath and dinner I went thither and learned all was well around the family horizon.

On the forenoon of the day I read for you, my sister read some charming selections from Scotch and Irish stories for a Charity, and in the evening, my boy Willie lectured on the Caroline Islands before a large audience. (His lectures are extremely interesting. By a biograph he shows the savage dances, and at the same time by a phonograph we hear their savage songs.)

Then I fell to work and corrected proof-sheets merrily till two A.M. Before I glided into sleep I exulted in the thought that I had once again looked into your dear eyes and felt the warm pressure of your hand.

Give my love to your daughters and to your sister, and never swerve from the belief, dearest Norton, that I am

Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

To W. J. Rolfe

Wallingford, 22 June, 1904

DEAR ROLFE: The "Romeo and Juliet" came to me, safe and sound, yesterday. Ever so many thanks. 'Tis very kind in you thus to remember me. I shall examine it with interest, in my first leisure moment, though when that blessed moment will come, Heaven alone knows. Just at this present I am working night and day to finish *L. L. L.* before I take my vacation which has been postponed and postponed from the middle of June to the 5th of July, on which date I *must* leave for Texas. This year I take my son and grandson with me. I want to see three generations, all fishing for tarpon at the same time on the dancing waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

Next Tuesday evening I start for Cambridge to meet on Wednesday the remnants of my class on the fiftieth anniversary of our graduation. There's about a dozen of us left. I shall return the next day, so the chance of seeing you is of the slimmest.

"L. L. L." has given me no end of trouble, partly because old age has clawed me in its clutch, and the drudgery wearies me inexpressibly. I hope to

send you a copy in September. 'Tis too hard that you have been unable to get here this spring or summer, but let's hope for the autumn — You can come and be as quiet as you please. My sister is come to live with me, and our humdrum lives will send you sound asleep in no time.

My devoted love to the fair Josephine, and heaps for yourself from

Yours ever affectionately

H. H. F.

To Caroline F. Jayne and Horace Jayne

Tarpon, Texas, 16 July, 1904

Oh, for a magic carpet, just to transport you and yours to this delicious region of cool breezes! Lo, here I sit with the paper-weights on every article on the table that can fly or flutter, and with my hoary locks caught up and waved hither & thither like Arctic streamers on a winter's night. This little Inn is humble enough, — the beds are clean, water is abundant (there is a tiny bath house), and the food, all served in Canary birds' bath-tubs, is palateable. It's a low, two-story, clap-boarded building divided in the middle by a wide passage-way, where the breeze is always blowing free. The second story has a piazza as wide as that of the first, and at one end a most luxuriant trumpet honey-suckle, with masses of gay orange blossoms, has enclosed the porch, and trails on the roof. The ceilings are all low, and in the main hall & parlour hung round with sportsman's trophies and cheap

"chromos." The waiters are all coloured; one of them we had last year at Sport. The chambermaids are all Mexican, olive-tinted, with long braids of coarse jet-black hair hanging down their backs, short and stocky in figure, with white teeth and ready smile. Tarpon, the town, contains about fifteen houses, all frame, unpainted, and two churches, a Protestant and a Catholic, each about the size of Jolly boys Hall. In front stretches Aransas Pass, with our Club-house at Sport, deserted and forlorn, a couple of miles away; opposite to it is the Lighthouse. In the rear, the tawdry sand-dunes stretch to the horizon, many covered with coarse grass, whereon pasture cows, mules, horses, and sheep. There you have the skeleton of my surroundings. You can fill in the details at will. I wrote to you, dear children, both, last Sunday P.M. just after our arrival. Walter and Fairman had gone out fishing. Had I written an hour later, I might have attempted to describe Fairman's exultant face when he returned with the proud news of having landed an 85 lb tarpon! Never was there a prouder or happier fellow. And his crowning glory is that this tarpon the only one that the three of us have caught! He is the dearest boy, so eager to bear away the marks of his visit that yesterday he rolled up his sleeves so that his arms might be well sun burned. He succeeded . . .

Was there ever really such a place as Wallingford? Ah, well, time will show. Our two weeks will be finished on the 23rd. Then to St. Louis, & then

to hum, where you'll find me waiting, waiting for you.

Always your doting, devoted

FATHER

To C. F. J.

Wallingford, 21 *July*, 1904

WELL, dearest Carrie, I want to make you ache all over with homesickness. I know you're pretty well smitten with it already, but a little extra twinge will do you no harm, especially since the hour of your return is so near.

Just after breakfast, I strolled down to Sub Rosa. The lawn looks lovely (nice alliteration!); the respectable colored man was beating a rug, and inside the house there seemed to be an air of bustling and preparation. I entered; sweeping and dusting were going on vigorously. One of your maids came forward smiling and bright with the prospect of your return next Monday forenoon (I sent your message to 'em last night). . . .

Well, our Texas trip may now be pronounced a perfect success. Not a cloud dimmed the mortal sky. The last day we were out fishing, the grandfather, father, and son, — each caught a tarpon. This was my crowning glory, and what I had vehemently desired. The presence of Fairman took me back to middle age, and Walter to his youth. We reached St. Louis Saturday morning, passed the whole day at the Fair, gaped at everything until our jaws ached — saw every earthly thing

we wished to, and left the city on Sunday. In the train I was greeted with "Hullo, Cousin Horace," by Will Rogers, and entered Broad St. Station exactly on time, and in time enough to send a telegram to your Aunt N.

Your doting old

FATHER

To W. J. Rolfe

Wallingford, 18 September, 1904

MY DEAR ROLFE: Your letter of 23rd July came while I was in Texas, and since my return I have been working day and night to finish up L. L. L.

It is now done, and I can turn to pleasanter pleasures and write to you. Don't fling any of your mud at me because I'm dethroned, and recommend me to try an ambitious flight toward supremacy in angling for Tarpon. You merely display your ignorance. Two years ago, I reached the highest pinnacle of Tarpon fame when I landed the largest fish that had been caught up to that date. I enclose a proof thereof, in print — and 'twas noticed in the London Athenæum — There now! Hide your humbled head!

This year I took my son and grandson and broke the record in having three generations all catching tarpons at the same time, in sight of each other. Indeed 'twas really a pleasant experience. I sat often idly in my boat and watched my son and his son, eager in the sport. And what a state Texas is! As large as France and England com-

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bined! And the climate! We were within the Trade Winds and a strong breeze blew day and night. Of course there was not a fly or mosquito. Talk of your Maine Coast! Give me Texas, and the Gulf of Mexico.

Think of me always as

Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Lindenshade, Wallingford,
14 *December*, 1904

DEAREST NORTON: I have just finished from beginning to end your two volumes of Ruskin's Letters, and I feel like shrieking Woe! woe! woe! over such a tragedy from first to last. Goethe's solution of the mystery of Hamlet (though false as to Hamlet) would have been true of Ruskin. The fiery energy of his mind ruined his life, his happiness, his usefulness, and shattered his career. And how inexpressibly sorrowful for you, as you noted the stages with their inevitable ending. I think I shouldn't have minded one straw all his bitter words about our War, not because they might be deemed ravings, but because it was utterly impossible for him to take an all-embracing view of anything. His eyes were not human, observing but one object at a time, but an insect's with a hundred facets, each facet conveying a different object. And what humour there is, at times! Can anything be more comic than finding a

soothing comfort in penguins! I shook with laughter over it.

I have read no biography of him. Surely, there can be none to surpass these Letters, which reveal the man to us as much as Boswell revealed Johnson. And yet, in spite of his openheartedness, there is a feeling that in his heart of hearts there lurked a sorrow which he himself hardly dared face.

Indeed and indeed, you have conferred a lasting and inestimable blessing on Literature in giving to the world this history of a soul, one of the brightest among the sons of men.

Thanks, again, dearest Norton, for sending it to me.

May your Christmas be passed in unruffled serenity! I'd give a good deal to look again into your dear eyes.

Yours indeed

H. H. F.

As I read over these almost incoherent words, I seem to have lost sight (but I do not) of the inestimable lesson he has bequeathed us in his inextinguishable love of truth. Therein he stands out in sublime proportions.

As I said in my last letter I feel more than ever the need of your letters to Ruskin — Are they in existence?

To Miss Agnes Repplier

Wallingford, 24 Dec. 1904

Dear Agnes: I come before you empty-handed, but full-hearted. The little thingembob that I had

planned out so carefully in my little mind, weeks ago, evanished in smoke at the fire at Walnut & Tenth Sts.

"Ochone! the pride of Albion's race is o'er!" I cannot perceive the slightest appropriateness of this quotation, but it came into my mind as a sort of a, kind of a Celtic wail, which fits my mood, — and no quilt was ever as crazy as my mind is this morning. My sole coherent thought is that I wish you and Mary endless fair thoughts and happy hours at this Christmas-tide and beg you to remember that I am

Yours indeed

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

The little thingembob is only delayed. 'Twill come eventually.

To Mr. and Mrs. Morris Jastrow, Jr.

Wallingford, 25 December, 1904

HA! ha! ha! I never saw anything funnier! 'Tis a work of downright genius, placing its maker alongside of Praxiteles.

Accept, therefore, dear Morris and Helen, all the thanks my mouth can articulate for laughing. And for the cake, too! I intend to devour the whole of it myself, and then die of gluttony, — a pleasant death, and although I lose my soul for it, content thus to lose it.

Yours (ha! ha! ha!)

Affectionately (he! he! he!)

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

(ho! ho! ho!)

Later, 9 o'clock P.M. It is to be added with somewhat of regret that Horace Howard Furness died at about 8 P.M. It is believed that the immediate cause of his death was a most delicious cake, sent to him (whether or not with criminal intent the coroner must decide) by a certain Dr. Jastrow and his wife. His end was peaceful, nay ecstatic.

Please omit flowers.

The reason why our regret is qualified is that if he had lived longer he would have eaten more.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 31 December, 1904

DEAREST NORTON: . . . Ruskin's Letters sent me to your "Studies of Church Building" which I read when you most kindly sent to me twenty years ago. I cannot refrain from telling you how keenly I have now enjoyed every word of it from beginning to end. Nowhere do I know any comparable revelation of the civic, political, religious, and æsthetic influences whereunder grew these wonderful Italian churches. . . . And all is told in such pure and dignified language, conscious of the solemnity of the theme. You are a born historian, and I gnash my teeth that you have not blest us with more work of this nature. Nathless, thanks, deep and abiding, for what you have given us in these "Studies." Ah, dearest Norton, for "all at Shady Hill" I pray "fair thoughts and happy hours" during the coming year.

Yours affectionately in deed and word

H. H. F.

To his Sister

Wallingford, 31 December, 1904

. . . I WILL begin with one of those glorious pens which arrived on the secular Christmas morning, the twenty-sixth. Had I been fifty years younger I should have performed a dance over the package, so expressive of ecstasy that the joy of a Fiji Islander over a hatchet would have been as demure as a Quaker meeting. How did you come to think of sending me this treasure? The pens are the best I have ever had. As soon as my brain had recovered from its ecstatic aberration I piously said, "Soul, take thine ease and be merry, for thou hast many pens laid up for many years." Of course, dear, this is not a present, but you must let me pay for them. D'ye mind? It has got to be. I have said it. I must not be contradicted or thwarted in my seventy-first year.

I think it is since you left that Willie said to me one day, very calmly, that he had received word from a dealer in England, of whom he had made enquiries, that he had a pair of Siamese kittens for sale, "and so," concluded Willie, "I ordered them at once, and sent a draft for them." Yesterday, they came. The very prettiest little pieces of feline creation you ever saw: black ears, black noses, black feet, and black tail, all the rest of creamy white. They are thin but apparently in perfect health, and overflowing with fun, frolic, and affection. They have usurped the library as their headquarters, and if alarmed, flee to it, as yet, for

safety. I have begun their education at once, by not suffering them to climb to my table — fifteen times, I think, since I began this letter have I lifted them gently down. At last one of them settled itself very quietly on my shoulder and went peacefully to sleep. (I have just removed it — the fur tickled my ear.) Such pleasing tropical warmth of affection after years of Romeo's Siberian coldness is not only astonishing but gratifying. After breakfast this morning, I wasted full twenty minutes watching their infinitely varied play with each other. . . .

To Miss Agnes Repplier

Wallingford, 7 January, 1905

Fairest Agnes: I am longing to show you the pride of my heart and the joy of my soul: — two Siamese Kittens!

I did not dare to ask you to come and see them until now.

After an ocean voyage, during which they had never been taken out of their box, I couldn't diagnose the state of their health with sufficient assurance to venture to exhibit them. But now I believe them to be so far convalescent that their bewitching antics would fascinate the soul of a Danish Wolf-hound. Of their effect on your tender heart I dare not think.

Friday and Saturday (the 13th & 14th) of next week are my only free days. Of the following week, Friday and Saturday (the 20th & 21st) are my

only engaged ones. Choose your own day and come — of course I mean to dinner, at 6.30.

I am a little selfish in my wishes that the kittens may show off before you in their best style, because if they are sluggish I shall have to perform their antics myself, and I'm a little stiffish in the joints for playing with a cork and a string. But I'll do my best, though it is a little rough on my dress coat when I have to lie on my back and claw the cork with my legs.

Ever thine

H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 14 *January*, 1905

Dearest Wright: If "Daddy" Wordsworth's heart leaped up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky, what was the leap mine took when I beheld your handwriting on the letter which came just before Christmas; by my halidom, I struck the stars with my sublime head. It was the hurly-burly of Christmas that left me no chance, till now, to tell you of my pleasure. And haven't I had from my sister glowing accounts of her delight in seeing you again — of how she met you just as you were leaving your rooms, and of your looking so well? And haven't I gnawed my lips in envy ever since? She swears she's going to force me to come over to fetch her home next summer, but I doubt. The unnumbered smiles of the Gulf of Mexico haunt my vision and 'tis only when I think of seeing you

and of another hour in that bowling-green that I waver. Oh, Heavens, that was an hour! Hardly conscious was I of it at the time, but I find that it has left the deepest impression of my Cambridge visit.

I am shut up in measureless content when I read the expressions of your admiration for my sister. Indeed she is one of the most charming and fascinating of women. All her life she has lived in an atmosphere of adoration, and she is as unspoiled by it as a child. I had no idea of her carrying to you that photograph of my library. There is a far better one taken by an amateur photographer recently, which I'll send you and you can destroy the first.

As for the cigars, a shiver comes over me when I think that they may not turn out as well as they ought. A box from the same invoice did not fulfil its promise; some were superlative (as they should be) and some were decidedly inferior. But 'tis ever thus — "I never nursed a young gazelle," etc.

As to printing by the ear — if you will turn to page xii of my Preface of "Mid. Night's Dream" you'll find in a footnote my authority for the belief that the copy was read aloud to the compositors. And more to the same effect will be found in De Vinne's "Invention of Printing," p. 524 (my copy is the 2nd Edition, London, 1877). 'Tis certainly a puzzling subject. De Vinne refers to a French work by J. P. A. Madden which I have not seen, but shall try to get, wherein the question is

conclusively proved as regards the German printer, Zell, so says De Vinne. And I say that Zell or no Zell, reader or no reader, I am and always shall be, dear Wright,

Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

To his Sister

Wallingford, 22 January, 1905

Dearest sister o' mine, the one noteworthy event of the week has been your dear letter which reached me yesterday afternoon, — all the days before it were a blank — day unto day uttered no speech and night unto night showed pure ignorance — so it seems in the retrospect. But let me see. Yes, on Monday, Agnes Repplier came hither to dinner — solely to see the Siamese kittens. And her enthusiasm was entirely satisfactory. The minute she entered your parlour, where I was seated, with the little creatures skurrying hither and thither, she seated herself on the floor and gathered the kittens into her bosom, and exclaiming with delight over their affectionate purrings. It must be a stoney heart, fit only for stratagems and spoils, that can resist them. They are never so content as when snuggled in your arms, with their heads resting in your neck. And their gambols and antics! I am sure no monkey could be more mischievous. No height is inaccessible to them and their curiosity is insatiable. I think Agnes was a wee tiny bit disappointed in their colour. She said she had seen,

in some French château, some Siamese cats having black ears and tail and a blue body; and evidently believed this to be the true colour. Willie, however, is positive that they were mongrel, having been crossed with maltese. The only genuine kind have creamy white bodies as ours have. To my regret, I have been obliged to break them of the practice of jumping up in my lap. Their sharp little claws have almost ruined a pair of my pantaloons. To remove them gently takes too much time. 'Tother day I put one down sixteen times before it grasped the idea that 'twas not wanted. Well, you know I can't keep that up all the time, so now, when they clamber into my lap, I gently blow tobacco smoke in a cloud about them. They can stand more smoke than any animal I ever saw, but finally they have to yield. Agnes bewailed Romeo's outcast state, and insisted on having him brought to her from the kitchen. He submitted to her caresses without remonstrance, as usual; but the instant he was released, he stalked with dignity from the room, and ever since has continued his sulks in the kitchen. Agnes was in excellent spirits, which were by no means lessened when she learned from the menu that we were to have "*it.*" I think I told you that this is her euphemism for terrapins. After dinner she told me much of her introduction of Henry James at the Contemporary Club. As she memorised it at the time, she repeated it to me, almost word for word, and, my faith! it was charming, sparkling with most felici-

tous phrases. Indeed, from what I have heard of the evening, her speech eclipsed Henry James's lecture, whereof the delivery was almost irredeemably bad. What is the reason that people will not talk naturally when they speak to an audience? You and I have never found the smallest difficulty therein. It must be because from our very earliest childhood we have listened to our Father in the pulpit. Henry James I have not met. . . .

Your last letter interested me intensely. You were full of the excitement, which has here somewhat subsided, over the fall of Port Arthur. At this present instant, we are waiting with feverish anxiety for news from St. Petersburg. It will not be the first time that the square in front of the Winter Palace has been filled with a revolutionary mob. It happened in the days (so I was told in Germany) of the first Nicholas, who insisted on having his carriage, unguarded, drive into the centre of the huge throng, and then alighting (he was nearly seven feet tall) he stretched out his arms, and cried, "On your knees, my children!" and instantly every knee was bowed. He then told them that their needs would be attended to and to disperse, which they did. This was told me as a chapter in the unwritten history of Russia. I don't know how true it is. I don't know the parties. What if the troops of to-day fraternise with the people! and we have another "abysmal inversion of the centre of gravity to which all human solecisms are liable," as Carlyle says. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 5 February, 1905

O NANNIE, NANNIE, I was a fool not to go away with you! We should have gone together hand in hand. Though it is true enough that "cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt" yet the "animum" can be much more serene under one sky than under another. . . .

You can, no, you can't imagine what a miserable time I had with my Reading at the Academy on Wednesday evening. The room was crowded and the audience sympathetic. Of the many who spoke to me afterwards there was not one whose second question was not, "and what do you hear from Mrs. Wister?" But hold, Agnes Repplier was an exception (she knew how you were); her second question was, "how are the kittens?" Hech, but I was tired afterwards! I was forced to take the 11.43 train & reach here after midnight. The faithful Charles sat up for me and was at the train with a lantern. And in the dining-room I had some refreshing hot soup — *and* the kittens, whose antics are always diverting. The next day I had a kind note from Sam. Dickson, wherein he said I ought "not to be so chary of my Readings." Lord! I verily believe people think I read those plays as they read their newspapers. Mrs. Frazier sent me word that my Reading for her "Day Nursery" had netted $530.75, which gives me genuine pleasure.

Horace & Caroline are intensely interested in the forthcoming volume on Cat's Cradle which will

be a sumptuous affair. In allusion thereto and to Horace's book on the Anatomy of the Cat, Willie said that Horace was studying the Cat from the cradle to the grave. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 19 *Feb.* 1905

Dearest Nannie: My news budget this week is as lean as that man (what *was* his name?) our Mother used to refer to as so lean that a fever left him and went to a spit that hung behind the door. Do you remember? The man lived at Knockus (?) Hole. Dear me, shall we leave behind us as many odd sayings as our Mother left? Whenever we are together again (Heaven speed the day!) let us write down as many as we can remember of these "jewels five words long" with which our Mother's memory seemed stored. . . .

This coming week I shall need undisturbed leisure and the prayers of the congregation. How woefully I need you here, to protect me from appeals for charity and courtesy, by your stern uncompromising "no!" I cannot say it. On Thursday p.m. at the Century Drawing Room I read, of all plays the hardest, "Hamlet," for the Rush Hospital — a most admirable charity. How can I refuse, when, by a comparatively trifling inconvenience, I can contribute over $500 to its funds! I shall finish reading at about 5.30 o'clock, as limp as (to use Dr. Hering's happy simile) an old newspaper in the gutter — and having fasted since

breakfast. Then at seven o'clock there is to be a grand dinner at the Academy of Fine Arts, with representatives from New York & Boston, and I am to speak. Heaven forgive me for the curses I have invoked on my own head for my folly in ever consenting. But, you see, Edward Coates, whom personally I have always liked (he brought me Garrick's cane from London), came hither and conjured me by the memory of our Father to stand where he had once stood and let my voice be heard as a lover of Art. All were desirous, he said, that two generations should stand on record. This appeal I could not resist. Although I do not approve of the present management, no more did our Father when he spoke. 'Twas then under the Presidency of Caleb Cope, a hide-bound Quaker! And managements pass away, but the Academy remains. Coates said they would be grateful for only twenty words, etc., etc. So, after stipulating for 24 hours deliberation (during which, as is my wont, I wrote out all I had to say), I consented, having utterly forgotten that I had to read Hamlet in the P.M. Woe! woe! when I recalled it, I begged to be let off — but the programme was already printed with my name on't. Kismet! So I bowed low before the blast in sullen, deep disdain. When Coates had asked me, what title he should give to my remarks, I replied "Twaddle" — absolutely nothing else. After 'twas all settled, Coates told me, very honourably — that it might bear no taint of bribery, — that the Academy was anxious

to form a gallery of Portraits, and asked it as a favour that I would sit for mine — the Academy to bear the expense. 'Tis abhorrent, but how can I refuse? My consolation is that it will probably turn out to be some life-size photograph by Gutekunst, or some water-colour sketch, or some other darn'd thing or other.

The Siamese kittens still prove admirable companions. Their antics and pranks are inexhaustible, — but no monkeys could be more mischievous. I have had to have the legs of Mrs. Kemble's table swathed in linen. They were their favourite resorts for sharpening. . . .

To William Roscoe Thayer

Wallingford, 25 February, 1905

My dear Thayer: . . . No, don't you ever look for "chunks of philosophy or of wisdom" anywhere in *the* plays except when they are appropriate, and there you'll find 'em big enough and solid enough. Above all follow no German in his theories of tendenz-dramas. I have long ago relinquished the practice of saying Shakespeare meant this or that; he meant what we find. Do we dare to say that Nature means this or that? Who hath eyes to see, let him see.

I am at work on "Anthony & Cleopatra." Heavens! what a play! I am almost ready to swear 'tis the greatest of all — assuredly 'tis the most wonderful.

I read "Hamlet" yesterday afternoon for a Con-

sumptive Hospital, and in the eve'g had to make a speech at a great dinner in the Academy of Fine Arts. And have only enough strength now to say that I am, dear Thayer,

Yours most cordially
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Wallingford, 26 February, 1905

. . . WELL, this week is over — "Allah ackbar, cries the stranger." What with the intense anxiety about Annis, and the general hurly-burly, I'm infinitely glad to be relieved of it. I think I told you that I was to read for the Rush Hospital, and also to speak at a great dinner at the Academy of Fine Arts. But I hardly realised until the day drew near the full enormity of the task. Of all plays, the play was to be "Hamlet," and in the afternoon; and the speech was to follow it in the evening. A tour de force rather pleases, but this tour pleased me most too much. . . .

At the Reading, I greeted the Ghost in clear tones, and did not cough in his face as I had feared I should. The audience was sympathetic, and the New Century Drawing Room, Gallery and all, was filled. After the Reading I was reduced to a pulp, and I hied me to Caroline's to pass the hour and a half before I had to go to the Academy. The dear blessed girl anticipated her dinner hour, and I had time for a refreshing bite and sup. Thus fortified I went at seven o'clock to the Academy dinner,

with the most lamentable string of commonplaces in my pocket, by way of a speech, that you can imagine. I am growing, indeed have grown, extremely philosophic. Failures possess no terrors for me. I take things as they come and as they go, Lord forbid. 'Twas a brilliant scene at the Academy. The tables were set in the main gallery, flowers and greenery were everywhere, the lights were brilliant, pictures covered the walls; the guests numbered, I believe, about three hundred. I sat alongside of the President, Edward Coates, with Weir on my right. Rag that I was, the sight of my companions inspired me. The dinner itself, like all public dinners, was detestable, albeit there were lashin's of terrapin and champagne, and I was glad of my damper at Caroline's. The speech? — well, when Coates had asked me by what title it should be called on the printed Bill of Fare I had replied "Twaddle" and twaddle it was. It makes me blush to think how it was received. I will tell you an unvarnished tale and in your secret ear confess I was never in my life, in such matters, more surprised. Two or three times I was interrupted by applause, and at the close, when I sat down, such a clapping and clattering, and, even calling, arose, and continued, that Coates said to me, "You must get up and make a bow," which I had to do, grinning the while like a chessy cat. I finished at 10.10 and, as I had to catch the 10.32 train, had to scuttle. When I reached my library, utterly "tuckered-eout" as I was, I knew 'twould be folly

to go to bed and lie broad awake, so I sat down to my regular work and pegged away till half-past two, awoke the next morning with our Father's Monday-feeling over me in fullest force; for the rest of the day I dawdled over the English Magazines. By Saturday I was as brisk as a septuageranium can be and accomplished a brave day's work, over *Anthony & Cleopatra* which as I advance interests me far more than *L.L.L.* or even Twelfth Night. An interpretation of the play has dawned on me which, if I find holds good to the end, I'll tell you all about it. . . .

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 12 March, 1905

DEAREST NORTON: "Communiter bona profundere deorum est," and verily you are crowned with this divinity in thus sending me a photograph of your most interesting Chaucer portrait. "Interesting," quotha; come, that's a silly word. It's fascinating, and I'll swear it's a perfect likeness — though I don't suppose one of Chaucer's friends said it looked like — friends never do. There is a gentleness and dreaminess in the eyes that could see how douce is the marguerite, and no moustache can hide the smile that lurks about the mouth, and there is a sensitiveness about the nostril that would quiver and dilate with every emotion. I'll be supposed upon a book that it's aut Chaucer aut diabolus. . . .

Scratch me a line, prithee, to let me know how

you are enduring this obdurate winter — which they say is due to the sun. Well, I never had much respect for that orb ever since I learned that it was not much more than an old black flaming pitch-ball. And now that it goes and has spots on it like the measles, and we have to suffer for it, I have still less.

Thanks again, dear Norton, from

Your devoted old unworthy

H. H. F.

To his Sister

Wallingford, 26 March, 1905

On Wednesday P.M. I read "As You Like It" in Association Hall for the College Settlement, and had a striking illustration of the effect of good management. "Hamlet," the most popular play by far, produced for the "Consumers' League" a little over $400 (not as much as the Reading in Media yielded). Dr. Horatio Wood wrote to me yesterday that "As You Like It" will bring in over $700. — Nannie, dear, I do not think I am vainglorious when I say that I fervently thank heaven that it lies in my power to do this much for charity. It does warm my heart that at my age I possess a something for which people will give money, and that I am enabled to contribute by my own exertion over two thousand dollars to alleviate distress, in many a shape. I don't see what it is, that makes people want to hear me, any one of whom could do just the same if the trial were made!

The audience in Association Hall was really delightful. The Hall was very full, many were in the topmost gallery, and yet they say, the Reading was not adequately advertised, & that many failed to get tickets. If I read again next winter, I trust the managers of the various charities will take the lesson to heart. In "Macbeth" I think I read the murder scene better than ever before. I know my blood ran cold & I shivered from head to foot, and at one time I could scarcely breathe. The thought that I should choke brought me to my senses. Two ideas flashed on me in that Reading which I never realised before, after all my years of study. You know Lady Macbeth says of the grooms guarding Duncan, "That which hath made them drunk has made me bold," and endless attempts to excuse this false courage imparted by drink have been made. The subject was so humiliating that in my edition I slurred over the whole question. But I think now that we have been utterly wrong. It was not drinking that she referred to, but the feeling of security. I'll not rehearse the arguments; think it over and they will suggest themselves to you. The second point is that both in the air-drawn dagger, and in Banquo's ghost, as soon as Macbeth's mind gained the mastery of his imagination, the vision vanishes. The instant that he says of the dagger, "there's *no such thing*," etc., the dagger is gone — and when he says to Banquo's ghost, "*hence unreal mockery*," that, too, vanished. As long as he believed in the dagger &

tried to clutch it, it remained, and of the ghost, as long as he addressed it, it shook its gory locks, but as soon as reason returned the visions vanished. Neither of these two points has ever been noticed.

Did I mention that a lady in Brooklyn, one Mrs. Merritt, wrote to me for the dates of the Readings that she might come hither to one? I had a prompting of the spirit that it would be but courteous to ask her to remain over night. She replied that she would come on Thursday to dinner and accept the night's hospitality. She came, and proved truly delightful. A most enthusiastic and judicious student of Shakespeare, — so well read up that she asked me why, in "As You Like it," I said, "nearer to his revenue" instead of "nearer to his reverence." Years ago, she had been a patient of Weir's, and to him she said she owed her life and robust health, and from him she had received the great desire to hear me read. I really had a very pleasant evening with her; she was sympathetic in botany and a devoted student of ferns which she and her husband annually search for in the Adirondacks, where they have found some of the very rarest. With her pride in her seventeen-year-old son she swells visibly, & brought on his photograph to show me. To complete her attractions she is a zealous Unitarian, a member of our dear lost Chadwick's congregation. I think she intends to come on with her husband to hear me read "Henry V" on the twentieth of April, when I shall probably ask both of them to come here. . . .

To his Sister

Wallingford, 9th April, 1905

Oh, my dear, my dear, — talk of your coliseums and your Pincian Hills, and all your other Roman tag-rag and bobtail, what are they all to the forty clumps of crocuses on your terrace, blazing back into the sun's face all his golden glory! Every bone in my body, including two dozen teeth, ached this morning for your presence as I stood gazing in bewilderment at their beauty. And from your frames, what bunches could be gathered of violets, sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes; — some are of pale purple with heavy scent, and others are great sturdy fellows insolent in their size and deep hue, and all are rejoicing that no hand of John o' the Brien is to sever them from their fair roots for ever and for ever. Forgive, forgive this attempt to make you homesick. Now is my chance to make you swear you'll never run away from me again. Moreover out of the abundance, etc., and the memory is strong of my matutinal walk after breakfast, when, alack, the Grand jury consisted solely of me and my cats. Solitary as the Round was, I think I never laughed so heartily. The stream in the Japanese garden is full, preparatory to putting in the gold fish. Chang and Eng had never before seen any water, and they walked straight into it — and you never saw such hops and leaps and alarm. My lungs did crow like chanticleer. And one experience did not teach them. After dancing a fandango in a shallow place,

Chang deliberately walked into the deepest water under the tea-house. Of course the struggle was instantaneous to regain the bank, and then you should have seen him, while shaking his paws franticly, turn around and look at the pesky miracle. And yet this lesson was not learned; when I went with them to Gan Eden, they went straight into the water of the iris beds, and instead of turning, rushed and splashed wildly to the opposite bank, with tails like bottle-washers and every hair on their backs upright with terror. You must forgive me for talking so much about my cats, — but remember how much they enter into my daily life. Throughout the evening and long into the night one or both sleep on my table at my left hand, where clouds of smoke, unless puffed directly at them, cause no annoyance. . . .

To Miss Agnes Repplier

Wallingford, April 16th, 1905

Oh, Agnes, when I saw that box the other day containing those over-shoes, I swounded dead away, and when I came to, I tore out all my poor white hair so that I am now as bald as a billiard ball. Then I flew to throttle Marjorie who had promised me to call at 1900 for them the very next day after you were here. And the perfigious wretch disarmed me by saying that she had called there exactly as she promised, but that you were not in and she couldn't get them. Nothing therefore was left me but to gibber like an idiot as I have done ever since without intermission day and night.

Isn't your spirit soothed by the picture of mental wreck?

If the present were a lucid interval I shouldn't send you these tickets — but as I am still a-gibbering as hard as ever I can, I enclose 'em.

Your fond idiot

H. H. F.

To W. H. F. 3rd

Wallingford, 16 April, 1905

You dear blessed boy, the perfume of your "ambergris" (received yesterday) has not yet ceased to "pervade throughout." Thank you over and over again for the promptitude! and for the relief your message brings! I have been much worried over the effects which your Aunt Nannie's anxiety may have caused. And yesterday, too, came your dear letter of 2nd April from Paris, written when all your plans were "aglee'd" and Pratt loomed lurid from the welkin. I long to hear the details. You're a dear good boy to write to me o' Sundays. Keep up the good practice.

There are dozens of items in your letter that I want to ask about, but by the time you receive this they will be all so stale to you that I should merely bore you by the asking.

Carrie, Horace & the children moved out last Tuesday. The first ever so much better — like her old self, in every way, except in the strict diet she has to live by. The children have already gained in colour. And the delight of all of them in the cats

would satisfy even your proud heart. Carrie & Horace, between them, proposed that the cats' names should be Bankok and Banshee, which are excellent in theory, but in practice they will be forever merely "Pussie."

The Hilprecht scandal is approaching an acute stage. I'll send you this morning's papers with the notice of yesterday's meeting of the Committee, together with a clever caricature of Hilprecht and Peters pelting each other with Nippur tablets.

Horace has shown me the MS. of *the* book [1] and I am overwhelmed with the prodigious amount of clear-headed work. It cannot but be highly prized by all ethnologists. What is apparently a mere pastime is hereby elevated into the dignity of a department worthy of study & respect.

I shall cable to your Aunt Nannie the name and date of the steamer whereon I start, and I trust she will communicate with you, so that we may all meet. And yet, I doubt I shall see you. Are you not coming home so as to start with Caroline and Horace on their splendid journey to Portland? At all events I am always your devoted old

FATHER

To Mrs. Merritt

Wallingford, 25 April, 1905

DEAR MRS. MERRITT: I have just given my hands a prolonged and most vigorous scrubbing (by my

[1] *String Figures; a study of the Cat's Cradle*, by Caroline Furness Jayne, published (Scribner) 1905.

halidom! how penetrating that black soil is!) after planting the Woodwardia — do you think I'd entrust it to any gardener's rough paws? — and taken a beautiful fresh pen to tell you how deeply grateful I am to you and to the poor martyr, your husband, for your gracious solicitude for my pleasure.

The box arrived yesterday morning — I was busy all day in town and could not even open it. But this morning the starry Pynxie greeted my delighted eyes — every blossom was intact and beaming with beauty. 'Tis one of my very choicest favourites. I buy it every year from coloured women who bring it from their New Jersey homes, but never have I had enough roots or soil with it to encourage me to plant it. Thanks, therefore, for the generous soil. I have planted it tenderly in the edge of a Japanese Iris bed, which is always partially submerged. There, too, I softly bedded the precious Woodwardia above its layer of slag. If it will grow only one year, I'll bless it and you. Thanks, again: more is your due than more than all can pay.

I start for England a fortnight from next Saturday. When I return in the autumn, do let me have the pleasure of a visit from you and Mr. Merritt, to whom pray give a separate regret from me for every cat-briar scratch, and believe me, dear Mrs. Merritt,

Very cordially yours

Horace Howard Furness

To his Sister

Wallingford, 30 April, 1905

On Monday night we had our annual Shakespeare dinner. Merciful heavens, to think that I have attended forty-seven! Glory be, there can't be many more. This dinner was much like the rest. Wayne MacVeagh sat at my right, Sam. Dickson on my left. MacVeagh has been living in Washington during the winter. When I asked him what was the deepest impression that a winter's life in the best circles left on him, I was both surprised and pleased to hear him say that what struck him the most was that in all companies and gatherings that he had attended, be they high diplomatic functions or simple sociabilities of ordinary life, he had never heard wealth or money discussed or references made to merely rich men. Furthermore, that the men, whether in the Senate or in the House, who wielded the greatest influence were really poor men beyond their salaries, like Hoar, of Mass., Platt of Conn., McCollom of Georgia, & many others. The statement really sent a thrill of patriotism through me, and this is the best pleasure I derived from the dinner, except the ever-present, exquisite pride I took in seeing the dear face of my blessed boy [H. H. Furness, Jr.] opposite to me, and of reflecting that he, too, was destined to find his intellectual life in the study of what is highest and best in literature. . . .

This brings me naturally to say that I have asked Hogan to secure berths for me & Patrick on "The

Etruria" which sails on Saturday, the 27th of May — the anniversary of our trip in 1899. I expect to receive his confirmation tomorrow, and then I shall feel fairly started and live in a fever of excitement till my foot is on the steamer's deck, and I watch the withdrawal of the gangplank, — always the moment when the insane fit comes over you to rush on shore. . . .

To Harrison S. Morris

Wallingford, 5 May, 1905

VILE wretch that you are, dearest Morris, to flutter before the eyes of an old limpet such azure visions of Mertensia! acres of 'em!

Never mind, I have thirty plants of them all blooming fit to split.

These and a bed of creeping Valerian are my hourly joys.

Does it not seem that blue is the predominant tint of spring flowers, and yellow of autumn?

Happy man that I am to be associated in your thoughts with flowers.

Always, dear Morris

Yours cordially

H. H. F.

To his Sister

Wallingford, 14 May, 1905

. . . THE same day that Annis moved hither, Agnes & Mary Repplier, Marie & Joe Fraley dined here, of course with Joe, Caroline & Horace, and all

seemed in merry pin. You know how universally I am derided for my heated house. In this connection Agnes made me laugh. I felt a draught from the pantry which I feared was blowing on her back and asked if she so felt it. Her reply was instant, and hearty: "I thank God, I do!" And Joe Fraley told of a German who extolled the life of a dog above that of man: "You see," said the German, "a dog turns arount two or three times and then lays down and he sleeps. Now I have to lock oop the house, make oop the furnace fire, and get a scolding from my wife. Then when a dog dies, he dies and there's an end of it. But I, when I die I haf to go to hell yet!" This may not tickle you as it did me. I laughed consumedly over it, especially that closing "yet." . . .

'Tis a blessing beyond words that Horace Jayne can lose himself in this book on "Cat's Cradle"; under the distraction he is fast regaining his wonted spirits, which when he first moved from town were certainly depressed. The unexpected and genuine interest which Scribner showed in it has immensely heartened both Caroline and Horace. Scribner foresees, so he says, an unusual popularity for the book, which, trust to Horace, is to be exhaustive and brought out in resplendent style. I wish you could see the photograph of little Horrie making one of the figures which they intend to have as a frontispiece to show that even children can learn the game. Happy thought! I'll bring one to you. . . .

This is my penultimate letter — my ultimate letter next Sunday will be brief. Out of the very luxury of seeing you so soon, I shall have very little to say, or, rather, I shall say very little, and this little will be probably incoherent.

Just to fill up a little of this space, let me say that for two days during this last week I read Goethe's "Faust," which I have not read through these thirty years, and I am amazed at its inequality, and at times its puerility. Until the tragedy overwhelms Gretchen, her character is mawkish and artificial. There is no hint of any self-sacrifice in yielding to Faust, no word of a preference for lawful love in marriage. She is the counterpart of the character which Goethe attributed to Ophelia: — she was ripe for man's beguiling and needed but the opportunity. I was shocked and really distressed, for the image which springs to the mind at the thought of Gretchen is connected with "Meine Ruh' ist hin," and tears almost sprang unbidden. But as I found her this last week, she was, up to this hour of plaintive song, an unqualified minx. . . .

To W. J. Rolfe

Wallingford, 26 May, 1905

My dear Rolfe: I have read the proofs of your Preface to *Macbeth* with great interest, as usual with whatever you write, and like it all. From your position that Mac and Lady Mac have not plotted the murder before the play opens, I think it would

be difficult to dislodge you. At the same time I think we should always bear in mind how unflinchingly Shakespeare wrote for the present ear. In our closets we can study out a character weaving back and forth, at the end turning back to the beginning. This we cannot do when in the theatre, and we are the slaves of what we hear at the moment, and impressions, light as air and swift as thought, may be made which are almost at variance with a final summing up, but have, nevertheless, heightened our interest at the time and given to the passing event a vraisemblance (beg pardon for the French) which may be eventually erroneous. I'm not sure that Shakespeare did not put in that phrase about Mac's former courage just to give us an idea at the moment of Mac's vacillating character — not that this vacillation should be permanent, but as an instance of the valour in chastisement of Lady M.'s tongue. This doesn't mean that you are not perfectly right, but you can hardly deny that her words: — "Nor time nor place did then adhere," give an impression of a previous consultation — and if so, then Shakespeare meant to give it. Subsequent events may disprove it. Nevertheless, it is there, and helps us to form an estimate of Mac's character as we go along. D'ye see my "pint"? . . .

Toujours à toi

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

London, 12 *June*, 1905
(This is the answer to yours of 11 June, 1905)

DEAREST WRIGHT: Sh— Sh— not a word! I never imagined that you would divine my secret. I am *in hiding*. Don't tell, but I have just murdered Furnivall! and left him in his gore. I bribed his servant to conceal the body for three days, and by that time I shall be on the ocean and safe.

This is the reason why I have given you no address.

Overlook this little peccadillo and believe me
Yours with devoted affection
H——e H——d F——ss

For obvious reasons I sign only initials.

To W. Aldis Wright

Hôtel de France et Choiseul
13 *July*, 1905

THE main purpose, my dear Wright, which brought me across the vast of ocean was to bring home my sister, who had an escort only as far as England.

The second purpose was inspired by the hope of seeing you. And when I missed you in June, I did not despair; August was in reserve.

But now this hope has faded. My sister's rheumatism is become so outrageous and rampant, and she, in consequence, so helpless, that my only safest course seems to be to get her away as soon as possible from this hampered and dolorous life in hotels to my home, where, with every possible creature-

comfort supplied, she can have some chance to recuperate in an atmosphere of complete rest and peace. Accordingly we shall sail on the steamer which leaves on the 22nd of this month. We shall leave here on Saturday in my boy's automobile, travel by easy stages, and reach the Brunswick Hotel, in Jermyn St. on Monday or Tuesday. This gives us three or four days before we sail. If I can by any possibility eke out the time, I'll still make a frantic struggle to rush to Cambridge to see you, my earliest and dearest friend in England. But if I fail, I'll look forward to another chance before I become sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

And now this morning comes a letter from my "Junior," telling me how infinitely kind you have been to him and to his little company. The two young lassies, he says, have irredeemably lost their hearts to you. Are you not ashamed to hurl about your dazzling spells so freely? Both cannot win you, and one or other of the two must let concealment feed on her damask cheek. But men are deceivers ever, and, I fear me, you're one of the worst. 'Tis not the first time that your misdeeds, in this fashion, have come to my ears.

If this note is to catch the mail, I must stop at once, and only add the superfluous adjuration to remember, dear Wright, that I am for ever

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 12 October, 1905

My dear Norton: "My heart leaps up when I behold" — so far Wordsworth and I are at one, but thereafter we diverge; the cause of his heart's leap is a "rainbow in the sky"; mine is the sight of your handwriting. And with your note is come the exquisitely dainty volume of "Donne's Love Poems." How heartily do I thank you for always remembering me.

I am especially grateful for this volume. It gives me the chance to revise my opinion of Donne, which, I dare say, I formed greenly on insufficient ground. I read his Poems, years ago, when Grosart's edition came out. His occasional coarseness, coupled with his connection with the odious Somerset, and still more odious James, was so offensive that I have never opened him since.

Now I am prepared to fall in love with him.

But what has Gosse been doing? You see, how I am falling into arrears. I have always found him a most loveable and charming companion. I am always grateful to a man who will browse in rich foreign pastures and then permit himself, as Lowell said of Goethe's learned friends, "to be got in a corner and milked."

Thanks again, dear Norton, for your note and your book.

My love to your daughters.

Yours indeed, and indeed

H. H. F.

To Charles Eliot Norton

4 *December*, 1905

My dear Norton: . . . I have just met with bitter disappointment. Give me your sympathy and let me sob on your breast. The Great Bed of Ware is at Rye House, neglected, broken down, and crumbling under the weight of four hundred years. For the last three months my solicitor in London has been trying to buy it for me.[1] I hope I'll retain your respect when I tell you I offered a thousand pounds for it. But in vain; there are legal complications and a letter yesterday tells me that a sale is impossible. Boo! hoo! Boo! hoo!

Ever thine, dear Norton

H. H. F.

[1] H. H. F.'s interest in this historic bed centered about *Sir Toby's* allusion to it in *Twelfth Night*, III, ii.—"the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England."

CHAPTER X

1906–1909

To Miss Agnes Repplier

Wallingford, March 8th, 1906

DEAR AGNES: Four little strangers [1] were welcomed yesterday into this feline and unfeeling world, but one immediately departed this life without waiting for his allotted other eight.

Of the three survivors one is as black as my hat, — possibly blacker seeing that this article was purchased last summer in London, — and the other two are one mottle all over. Pray God, the mother has been honest!

I knew you'd want to have the earliest news.

Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

To Miss Agnes Repplier

Wallingford, March 12th, 1906

DEAR AGNES: Come every day to see Nannie, but don't expect to see the cherubic kittens or their ma, just yet. The latter has caused me some anxiety; I feared she was feverish, and she was certainly greatly excited. So I have enjoined the strictest seclusion, which is to last until the little ones are well on their way to sturdy health, and can be brought upstairs to see company.

[1] The kittens of the Siamese cat.

After providing a most luxurious bed for the future mother — the very kind of a bed I should have chosen for myself, — what does she do but select an old box with five straws in it, in the darkest corner of the cellar!

If you have any sympathy which is going to waste, bestow it on the woebegone pa, who is literally heart-broken over the inexplicable disappearance of his idol — or is it that he sniffs kittens in the wind and would like to have a go at the toothsome dainties? After the experience of the old box, cats' nature is somewhat of a problem.

When the kittens are presentable, their fond mother will not be as proud to show them to you as will be

Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 28 March, 1906

Goodness gracious! my dear Wright, what an age it is since I have heard either from you or of you! And now 'tis like a ghost writing to a ghost. Much of my time has been taken up with looking after my sister, whose recovery is very, very slow — but 'tis certain she is not going backward. I have what you call a "lift" and we an "elevator," so that she descends without difficulty every day at about noon and stays to dine with me in the evening, and then I read an hour to her before she goes to bed. "Und so fliegen meine Tage." Spring,

I am sure, will revive her interest in flowers. I have set apart a plot of ground wherein she reigns supreme, and whereon the heavens rain when they feel like it.

In the course of a week or so, I'll send you another book wherein I take illimitable pride. When your neighbour, Haddon, was here he taught my daughter some cat's-cradle figures which he had learned at Torres Straits. From this beginning she has advanced until she has gathered patterns from over the whole world. These she has described and has now published. It has been a source of great entertainment to her and the book is curious and really handsome. You shall see it.

I am working away at "Anthony and Cleopatra" — one of the most fascinating of all plays. To my horror it threatens to make two volumes, but I shall excise with a ruthless scalpel before that shall take place. I hope I shall finish it, printing and all, before Christmas.

Good-bye, dear boy — think now and then of

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 9 July, 1906

YOU once gave me, dearest Wright, a photograph of your pretty Beccles home, and I love to picture you there in this delightful summer weather, surrounded by gay flowers and with mavises singing to you all day long. Here, too, in Wallingford are

fair flowers and singing birds, where every tree and shrub has its separate history from the day we planted it forty years ago. Eheu fugaces, etc. And yet, I purpose to leave it all next week, and trail three thousand miles to Arizona, the land of the Grand Canyon, where is, I suppose, the most stupendous scenery to be found on this planet. Imagine a canyon over two hundred miles long, with a mighty river rushing along at the bottom a mile below, and with sides at the top a dozen miles apart, and eroded and gashed into every conceivable shape and of every conceivable colour. We shall travel leisurely homeward, stopping at many a town in this region of the oldest civilisation in the United States — Santa Fe was settled in 1605. And we shall visit the petrified forest, of about a hundred square miles in extent, with trunks of trees ten and twenty feet long and two or three feet in diameter turned into marvellous variegated agate. We shall visit the Zuñis, the Apaches, and the Pueblos, most interesting folk dwelling in cliffs and crannies. This region is very little known; I have certainly never met more than three or four persons who have visited it. The Grand Canyon was only really discovered in 1869, and only twice have bold men succeeded in going down the Colorado river through it. The attempt has cost very many lives.

We shall travel in luxurious style. Next Saturday a car with five bedrooms, a parlour, kitchen, etc., will be on the Railroad siding here at Walling-

ford, and we shall leisurely board it with all our "duds" and belongings, and in this car we shall live until it restores us to Wallingford three or four weeks hence. The cook is said to be the best in the service. "We" consists of my daughter, her husband (Dr. Horace Jayne), their two children of nine and eleven, a valued friend — an eminent physician, — Dr. Willie (whom you remember), and myself. Ah, dear Wright, how delightful it would be if you were only coming with us! What times we'd have!

When your last letter reached me, I was in a most uncomfortable turmoil. There was to be a great Franklin celebration held by the Philosophical Society (of which you are a member), and on the chiefest day, when our Government presented a medal to the French Government, there were to be three speakers, President Eliot of Harvard College, Choate (late ambassador to you folks), and myself. In general I don't in the least mind speaking in public, — I am "manured" to it as Mrs. Partington said, — but to be pitted, as it were, against two such men as Eliot and Choate — well, it was the devil and all. I had no real peace till the dratted thing was off my mind. Had it not been for this I should have answered your delightful letter long ago. In that letter you talked about yourself — wherein I greatly joyed, — and told me to talk about myself. You see I have obeyed. You asked after my sister, — she has been very, very slowly gaining, and steadily, and at times she

looks her old self with her brilliant eyes and features all irradiated with sympathy. Intellectually she is as alert and eager as ever. It is only locomotion that is denied her. She finds intense interest in her flowers and from her rolling chair directs the gardener. A devoted friend is coming to stay with her while I am gone. Else I should never have thought of such a trip.

My oldest son, Walter by name, with his wife and boy, is now on his way to your shores, and when he reaches there, purposes to wander here and there wheresoever his boy wishes to go. If by any chance he should go to Cambridge, I have commanded him to pay his respects to you. I should like to have you see all three, especially my grandson of whom I am extremely proud; he's about eighteen or nineteen and as good and pure as he is handsome which is saying much.

There! I think you've had enough of this homespun gossip. Remember only that I am, dear Wright, always

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Private Car Columbia
Grand Canyon, Friday
20 *July*, 1906

DEAREST LITTLE SISTER, verily the Magic Carpet is outdone! On Saturday at Wallingford, on Tuesday at breakfast in Colorado with prairie dogs

on every hand, and on Wednesday evening in Arizona on the brink of the Grand Canyon. Ah, this Grand Canyon! Work your fancy to the utmost, aided by Doré's pictures, and your imagination will halt far behind the reality. Awe is the first and last feeling that holds you, silent, reverential awe. There is no tender beauty to attract, there is no smile of the great spirit, but it is the closing scene of a vast unearthly tragedy. But I'll not attempt to describe what to all mortal pens is indescribable. Suffice it to say that I have laid up materials for first-class nightmares for my remnant of days.

We live in the very height of luxury, and, at times, during our journey, of heat, and dust, and cinders. The children are the bravest of little travellers, always alert, always full of fun. Kate, with her quaint speech, is my constant joy. Just after leaving Philadelphia there was a sudden stop. "There!" said Kate, "that's an accident! I'm going inside, I don't propose to see the *mingled* remains of a child!" . . . This is only a bulletin, dear, to let you know we are all well after all these years that have passed since we left you. . . .

To his Sister

Private Car Columbia
Laguna, New Mexico,
not far from Albuquerque,
27 *July*, 1906

DEAREST LITTLE SISTER, this is a little wayside station, with a pueblo village directly at hand, with

its square adobe houses and flat roofs. We were made keenly conscious of its proximity this morning, when we assembled for breakfast, by a group of ten or twelve women and girls in red blankets and shawls, with trays and trays of uncouth pottery for sale. Kate and Horrie were as busy as bees in their purchases. . . . We are resting this forenoon (which gives me the chance to write) after our trip of two days in visiting the Zuñis (Cushing's friends). It takes a drive of over forty miles over the prairie to get there, and all day, from beginning to end, it was a disillusionment. We were escorted over the village by the Missionary of the Dutch Ref. Church, Rev. Van der Wagen, and in answer to my questions he acknowledged that in ten years he could count on only two converts, & that he had found the natives utterly lacking in truthfulness, honesty, and morality — of the squalor of their lives our own eyes had proofs eno'. Their faith in their own religion is invincible — as Van der Wagen said. The Catholics tried to convert them for two hundred years, the Presbyterians for thirty-five, & his own denomination for ten, with absolutely fruitless results in genuine conversion — as for mere baptism, added the worthy missionary with a candour I admired, "I could easily have baptised the whole village."

I do desire never to hear of the Zuñis again as types of any kind of civilisation in this country. What charm Frank Cushing could have found in them is a mystery. I hardly dare write the words,

but truthfulness compels me to say that in the Petrified Forest, the Grand Canyon, on the score of interest, has a rival. Before we started I confided to Horace my very sad belief that we should find it a mockery and a snare; to my pleasure he confided to me that he, too, so believed. Words utterly fail to tell the marvels of the reality. For sixteen miles a strip of six miles wide the ground is strewn with fragments of jasper & chalcedony of every tint from red to yellow and of every size from small chips to trunks of prostrate trees fifty or sixty feet long & four feet in diameter. In one place a trunk of solid jasper spans like a bridge a washout forty-eight feet wide. I do verily believe that every one of the sixty millions of American citizens could carry off as much chalcedony as he could lift, and make hardly an appreciable impression on the mass. For one thing I know we did our share.

Tonight we go to Albuquerque, further I know nothing. Our journey is as uncertain as the flight of a butterfly. All is left to Horace and I ask no questions. . . .

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 17 February, 1907

My dear Wright: Your heartsome letter gives me true delight. You have been constantly in my thoughts of late, while I have been fretting over circumstances which I was powerless to control. Don't you poke any fun at Arizona, Sir, or next you'll be speaking "disrespectfully of the equa-

tor." While I was in that land of wonders, where Nature performed her primeval high-jinks, I picked up some fragments of petrified wood, chips in the Petrified Forest, brought them away, and from one of them (I thought of you when I picked it up) I have had made a pair of sleeve-links, which I send you herewith by registered post. They're very insignificant in themselves, but may be invested with some charm for the old giver's sake. What has fretted me is this long delay. I depended on these as a Christmas present to you. No sooner had the agate been taken in charge by the lapidary, than his whole establishment, even to the polishing wheels, was seized with the grippe. And the upshot was that these sleeve-links came home only a day or two ago.

Don't say I don't like Burton. I dote on him and should be rejoiced to see him edited, as you alone of all men, can edit him. But he is at times such a foul-mouthed old dog, that I dislike to connect with such repulsive stuff your pure clean hands.

I am in the throes of "Ant. & Cleop." I think 'twill be published in June. I have today reached the midline in the printing. Its length is appalling. As to the "ductus litterarums" being affected by having the copy read aloud to the compositors, I shall say, in the Preface, plump and square, that I was utterly wrong. I do not expect to get through without a nervous breakdown, so that when you next hear from me I shall be a slavering idiot.

Locomotion is now utterly denied my dearest sister, but her bright and sunny temperament finds manifold delights in the society of her friends, who gather about her every day. Your message greatly pleased her.

Come what may, idiot or not, I remain, dear Wright,

Your unalterably affectionate friend

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 26 June, 1907

MY DEAR CHARLES: Your dear, precious letter prompts me to reply at once. Our "silence" has been indeed too long, but then how very, very often have you been in my thoughts! — and I have longed for an undistracted moment to write to you. I have been busier than a whole hive of busy bees, seeing "Anthony and Cleopatra" through the press, — an appallingly ponderous volume of over six hundred pages.

All that remains is the Index and this cannot be completed till the last page is stereotyped, — all I can do at present is "to fold my hands and wait." After the plates are delivered to Lippincott, about six weeks elapse before the book is issued, so I have dated the Preface "August." Your copy will be among the very, very first to be sent forth.

This printing has cheated me out of my annual trip to the Gulf of Mexico after tarpon, so I shall stay here at home among my flowers, with no

"barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world." A friend of mine instructed his decorator to illuminate a certain motto on the cornice of his dining-room, which, when finished, he read to his amazement, "East and West Ham is best" — appropriate but doubtful.

I haven't a copy of the 1644 Saxo Grammaticus and shall be delighted to receive it — but, dear Charles, if you sent me the loose cover of an old book, with your love, it would be welcomed with the fondest regard by

Your devoted and loving old friend
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 29 June, 1907

MY DEAR, DEAR WRIGHT: It was solely out of love for you that I held my hand after receiving your last letter, from Beccles, wherein every line went straight to my heart. I gave your message to the "dear Lady" whose bright eyes sparkled brighter with delight. She is still a sufferer, but is so much improved that she has decided to pass the month of August on the coast of Maine, where her married grand-daughter has a cottage (so we call all our sea-side homes).

"The long day's task is done," or will be by the time you get this, and I shall have finished with "Anthony and Cleopatra" for ever — possibly with editing any more plays. I think I've done enough and I'm tired. The present is a turr'ble

book — over 600 pages; I think the public will cry, "hold enough!" Mind, I don't wish you any harm, but I shall be exceeding glad when a copy is on its way to you.

I'm glad the little sleeve-links pleased you. I thought of you with a glow of love when I picked up the agate in Arizona.

This is a very lean Roland to send in exchange for your fat Oliver, but I'll send you one more obese next time.

With unwavering affection, dear Wright, I am ever

Yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 5 July, 1907

DEAREST CHARLES: . . . This is my first hour of freedom. Since the middle of last December, seven weary months, the air has been thick with proof-sheets. Today I returned the last pages of the "Index." In about six weeks a copy ought to be wending its way to you. Shall I send it to "Shady Hill" or to your summer retreat?

I hope, dear Charles, You'll approve of my labour. In the case of no play have I thought that the field was more thoughtfully gleaned. And I do hope you'll approve of the view I take of Cleopatra, in the Preface. If you don't I shall hang my head in sorrow.

The various versions, in German, French, and

Italian, have interested me much and I have given a good deal of space to them. I think the proof thereby afforded of the deep hold the story has taken on the minds of men will prove a surprise to many.

But I am gabbling like a tinker when I meant merely to thank you over and over again for this fresh proof you have given of the love you bear to

Yours devotedly

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Wallingford, 11 August, 1907

YOUR rule, dearest little Sister, is good, namely, of destroying letters after they are read (possibly before they are read, might be substituted with advantage) and duly answered. Yet at the same time, such is the treachery of human memory, a great portion of your life goes out with them. Now, here have I been, all this week, going over innumerable old dust-grimed letters, awakening as innumerable forgotten memories, which were once a vivid part of my life, and are certainly amusing to revive. In the main, Shakespearean questions are the most entertaining. The cry for a short cut to knowledge is universal. A plaintive woman in Grand Rapids has Hudson's and Rolfe's editions of Shakespeare, but wants one that will give her more expeditious knowledge. I replied, with those two and the text itself she had enough to fill her life. But 'twas the old, old story: "If the prophet had bid thee

do some great thing woulds't thou not have done it?" My simple reply so angered the excellent dame that she returned my letter with vitriolic acidity. An editor in Georgia wished to write an essay on Shakespeare's references to dogs. I referred him to a Concordance, which so enraged him that his reply of bitter scorn emitted the smell of gun powder. These and dozens of other similar tidbits would have been lost and forgotten, had they been destroyed on the spot. For my remnant of days I think I'll remain the magpie I was born. . . .

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 17 September, 1907

My dear Charles: It cuts me to the brains to hear you speak of a diminished stock of vitality. God he knows neither you nor I desire any addition, but pray do keep what you already have. Just think what a candle of the world will be lost, should anything befall you. We both of us know only too bitterly what it is to say in the morning, "Would God it were night," and at night, "Would God it were morning," and when every breath is a pain, but I cannot bear to have you say that your strength is growing less.

To me, also, the summer has been unkind, with insomnia, and loss of appetite, and a hand so shaky that I could hardly write. But all cleared up when "Anthony and Cleopatra" was published, — to my sorrow; I thought and hoped it was the beginning of the end. This too-too solid flesh will

not melt yet. And, dearest Charles, don't let yours.

While this machine is to him

Your devoted friend

H. H. F.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 13 October, 1907

DEAREST CHARLES: I cannot express to you the delight it gives me to know that you find pleasure in the "Anthony and Cleopatra" volume. I cannot think of any one whose praise comes closer to my heart than yours, or gives me stouter encouragement. . . . Oh, do tell me what you think of "an Anthonie it was, that grew the more by reaping." And what of the Versions in the Appendix? — especially of Prince George of Prussia's. By the way, who in the world is the gentleman? I know nothing of him. Royalty is not wont to burst into poetry.

Pray don't imagine that these questions impose on you any necessity of answering them. When the spirit prompts, write me a line, just to let me know how you are. I care more for your health than for a whole pyramid of Cleopatras.

But 'tis halfpast midnight, time kid and I were home an hour and a half ago, and so, dearest Charles,

Yours with devoted affection

H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 20 November, 1907

DEAREST WRIGHT: When you wish to say that you *pine* or *whine* after any thing, do you, in England, say you *hone* after it? Well, we do here, especially in the nursery and among children.

Wherefore, now entering on my second childhood, I say that I am honing for a letter from you. I haven't heard from you since heaven knows when, and have had to resort to imaginary scenes of your calm idyllic life at Beccles. But these are unsubstantial, and I want some solid facts. Moreover, you have left your summer home by this time, and are again within those cloistered walls, with the immortal bowling green. Ah, that time! what times!

My summer has been uneventful, but not altogether calm. I have had no Arizona nor Petrified Forest nor Zuñi Indians, but remained rooted here like one of my own trees. In sooth, I couldn't go away. My sister, dear Lady, took it into her head that, although she is now so crippled that she cannot walk, she would like to pay a visit to a favorite retreat on the coast of Maine, five hundred miles from here, where during the Summer many of her dearest friends congregate. Of course I said no word of opposition. You know a lady's *verily* is (more) potent than a lord's. And so by the help of my Patrick and her John she was most safely transported thither, passed six delightful weeks as the centre of an adoring circle, and came safely

home to me, chokeful of memories whereof the telling is not even yet exhausted. Do you remember a certain Mrs. Sarah Wister, a daughter of Mrs. Kemble? Well, she remembers you and half lost her heart to you. (Stop simpering!) Her only son is the Owen Wister whose novel "Lady Baltimore" has proved so great a success and was so highly praised in a recent speech by Lord Rosebery. Sarah W. comes here frequently — do send her some encouraging message that your fond heart, etc., still retains &c.

Of course *you* know that I sent you the first copy of "Antony & Cleopatra" that crossed the ocean. And *I* know that you fretted and fumed and growled and grumbled *and* scolded over the Preface ever since. Cry aloud and spare not. Some innocents scape not the lightning.

I have loads more to talk about, but time and paper are up. Dear boy, "call me Daphne, call me Chloris, call me Lalage or Doris — call me, call me only thine."

H. H. F.

To J. J. Jusserand

Wallingford, 24 November, 1907

My dear Mons. Jusserand: (I do not like titles in the Republic of Letters; if you will drop all to me, I'll do the same to you.) Hardly was I satiated with reading over and over your delightful letter of Nov. 17th before there came this bright, learned, sparkling, witty "Introduction to the Winter's Tale." It is charming, full of learned

interest in quarters where no one had ever looked for interest before — without the remotest hint of a Dryasdust. Verily it is "witty without affectation, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy," — and, for all time, makes all other Introductions to that exquisite tragi-comedy superfluous.

And ah! the charming words in its last paragraph, — undeserved, 'tis true, but, on that very account, all the more agreeable.

Of course, Shakespeare's Cleopatra is not History's. But who cares for history? Of this be assured, that if you had lived with her as I have, night and day, for two years, you would adore her as deeply as I do.

Do your duties never call you to Philadelphia? Wallingford is but ten miles away from it, with trains every hour. My sister (who reciprocates your every kind wish, she bids me say) and I lead here our humble lives all alone. If you, and, shall I not have the honour of adding Mrs. Jusserand? will come at any time for a week-end, or even for a single night, or even for a single meal, or even for a single minute, you will make very, very glad the heart of

Yours cordially

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 28 December, 1907

DEAREST CHARLES: Can I give you an idea of the multitudinous duties which have beset me since

Christmas day better than by telling you that this hour ('tis now half-past midnight) is the very first I have had wherein to read your notes on "Ant. and Cleop."

The dear precious note which accompanied them, I read of course on the spot, but the Notes themselves demanded quiet and calm meditation. I have just read them and pondered over every line.

First of all, a truce for ever and ever to all apologies (I cannot bear to write the word) and expressions of "diffidence" (this is damnable — that's one of the pretty oaths that's not dangerous). Never, never, an thou lov'st me, let me hear such phrases from your lips again. I have sat at your feet all my life, and 'tis too late a day to shift my position.

Every word that you say in vindication of Cleopatra, every deeper vision you discern in her devotion to Antony, I cheer to the echo, and whether I can discern it, also, or not, I read it with delight, and know that at any rate to you it is true, and if true Shakespeare put it there and left it to some keen, sympathetic eyes to find it out. You give me pause in your criticism of my interpretation of "Where hast thou bin, my heart." I always dislike a man's apostrophising himself. To be sure Benedick says, "Oh, my little heart!" but this is jocose. "My heart," "My hearts," "Sweet Heart!" etc., are such common modes of address that it never occurred to me that the present could have any other meaning. What

you say, however, is forceful and I'll think it over.

I hoped against hope that you'd be a convert to "an Anthonie it was" — but I shall cling to it till death. It is almost impossible to use "reap" (when not used figuratively, as Liddell used it) in any connection but with grain. Have we not "mowers" *and* "reapers"? You ask a farmer to put his "mowing machine" into his wheat, or cut his timothy with a "reaper," and see how he'll look at you. Mowing is done with a scythe, never with a sickle. Reaping is done with a sickle, never with a scythe. And no grain that is ripe and is reaped ever grows again. Sometime I'll look up every instance where Shakespeare uses "reap," and a kingdom to a beggarly denier he'll use it solely with reference to harvest and grain — of course, all figurativeness, such as "reaping the fruits of victory," etc., are excluded. And, I think, we all feel this distinction. Don't you remember "there is a *reaper*, his name is Death, and with his *sickle* keen," etc.? That can't be changed to "mower." And then, in "Rejected Addresses": "Since all flesh is grass ere 'tis hay, Oh may I in clover lie snug, And when old time mows me away, Be packed with defunct Lady Mugg."

But I must stop. I have other letters (drat 'em!) which I *must* write before I lay me down to sleep. I hate to stop scribbling to you. But your nature is so tender, good, and gentle that I impose on it.

Furnivall affects to be outraged at my defence of

Cleopatra and says he's going to collect all the bad adjectives in the play applied to her. Excellent! 'Tis exactly what Shakespeare designed.

But, dearest Charles, good-night! Forgive this imposition.

Toujours à toi

H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 8th January, 1908

My dear young Friend (I will not in any circumstances or in any event, or in any connection, couple you with "old"): I am going to play you as shabby a trick as an even Christian can play another. When you have had a letter (or a book) lying on your table for hundreds of years unanswered (or unacknowledged), appealing to you with its eloquent eyes, century after century, for an answer, and then in a moment of wild desperation you do the deed and breathe a heart-easing sigh, can your correspondent do you a more low-down, dirty trick than to answer you by the return of post? and thus thrust you back into the old slough of Despond? Sir Walter Scott boasted that he always answered letters the day he received them — Such a boast would wash the balm from an anointed King, and I feel like applying to Sir Walter his own Capt. Knockdunder's phrase and ejaculate, "Cot tam him!"

Well, here's your letter received only a day or two ago, and here's my shabby trick in answering

it at once. You ask what evidence I have that "copy" was read aloud to the compositors. I had always shared your belief that a certain class of errors was due to the mental ear of the compositor until I read in De Vinne's "History of Printing" the extract given in a footnote on p. xii of my Preface to "Mid. N. Dream." Then again, in the Preface to "Much Ado," pp. xi, xii, I returned to the subject and there gave examples of a slavish adherence to the Qto by compositors of the Folio, and yet with a difference of spelling, etc. which could not have happened, as I think, had the compositors read the "copy" — they must, I think, have heard it, and with no mental ear.

Your dry, caustic wit always sets me on a roar. "Whether he lied or not we have no means of knowing. He was afterwards a bishop and may have done so." Beside me, Chanticleer is here inaudible. Heaven bless you, dear Wright, and through the coming year give you the desire of your heart. Thus prays

Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

To Edmund K. Muspratt

Wallingford, 14 *January,* 1908

My dear Edmund: You do not feel one throb of affection for me that I do not feel for you.

Ah, those Munich days! How often they recur to me in memory! Do you remember our dinners at Allgaier's? & how invariably you called for the

Beilage of the Augsburger Zeitung, until old Joseph, or Sepperl, the waiter, dubbed you yourself the "Beilage"? And do you remember old Wally Maier's where we used to learn to dance? (Johnson called her Old Wallow in the Mire.) And the Prater theatre? O Edmund, Edmund, wouldn't it be good if you and Blight and I could meet there once more? Couldn't we for one brief hour renew our youth? Alack! no! sie kehrt nicht wieder die goldene zeit.

Blight's eldest daughter, Alice, is married to Sir Gerald Lowther — did you know it? — a very happy match. He is brother to your Speaker & is the British Resident at Tangiers. Blight himself is just the same dear sweet fellow — greyer and balder, but otherwise the same. He lives in Newport and New York and comes about once a month to see me & stays over night. Ah, if you could only make a third! I think we'd join hands and sing the Landesvater. All that I can do, here and now, is to sign myself, dear Edmund,

Very affectionately yours
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

Your photograph, in Academic gown, hangs, framed, here in my library constantly in sight.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, January 29th, 1908

DEAREST CHARLES: . . . In reference to the Phi Beta oration, I am completely at a loss for an an-

swer. Self-commiseration is one of the easiest and commonest pitfalls spread for the feet of man, and, with me, it pleads for mercy from my fellow citizens, for whom I have worked labouriously for forty years and, without stint, shared all the treasures of my Library. Can I not now, in my old age, be allowed to sit quietly at ease, exempt from all appeals which would "annoy my little finger"?

Verily, dear Charles, I do feel old age creeping upon me — no, not creeping, but stalking upon me in long strides.

At times a yearning for a change of scene comes over me so strongly, that I then resent all thoughts of any engagement that may hamper my free movements.

So much for the selfish aspect of the question.

On the other hand, there are certain things about Shakespeare and his plays which I should like to utter as my last, dying speech before "shuffling off this mortal coil"; but I mistrust my power of concentration and persistence in setting them forth and, above all, whether I could so set them forth, that any human being would care to listen to them.

All of yesterday was occupied in a sad journey to Burlington, to attend the funeral of the wife of my classmate, William Binney. You must have known some of his family in Boston. I have hardly had time, therefore, to give to your letter — which came the day before — all the consideration which anything that you say always receives at my

hands. I, therefore, send you today merely my first thoughts.

So I'll not detain you longer, but add, superfluously, that I am

Yours most affectionately

H. H. F.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 10 *February,* 1908

Dearest Charles: I have written to Prof. Palmer this evening, bowing to the potency of his voice and yours, and promised to be on hand in Cambridge on the 26th of June. (God help me the while!)

I have told him plumply and fairly that I can deliver no "oration" (the very word makes me gasp), but must be a chartered libertine to wander here and there as I please.

Give me your thoughts. Do you think it allowable to quote about half a page from my Preface to "Much Ado about Nothing"? where I rehearse what Shakespeare accomplished during 1585–1592, the years when we know absolutely nothing about him?

Most probably not ten persons who may listen to me on that June day ever read it and, if they have read it, is it any great matter? . . .

Heaven's benison be on you, dear Charles. Good-night.

Yours most affectionately

H. H. F.

To William Roscoe Thayer

Wallingford, 2 March, 1908

My dear Thayer: Please do not call the Phi Beta thing an oration. I told Professor Palmer that I was no orator, and should not attempt an oration.

The word had frightened me off when they asked me, two or three years ago, to deliver it.

I think, on the present occasion, "gossip" would be the more appropriate term. I shall make it absolutely informal, and ramble on as I please.

If, after hearing my twaddle, you think it fit to go into the Harvard Magazine, it is freely yours. I am very sure I shall never want to see it again.

Now, mind you, this is not the "Pride that apes humility," because I think that pretty much all talk about Shakespeare is twaddle, especially all analysis or eulogy. . . .

Always, my dear Thayer,
Faithfully yours
Horace Howard Furness

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, March 9th, 1908

Dear Charles: I received t'other day a photograph of my library, taken by one of my friends when I was sitting in it unconscious of the moment when he took it. I know how you look in your library, and am bold enough to think that you may possibly wish to see me in mine?

I will have a little frame put about one of these

photographs, and send it to you, so that when it comes, you may know what it is. It is very easily removed from the frame and put in the waste-basket, and the frame will do nicely for some other picture.

I think before a fortnight is over I shall pay you a visit. I will come on (after full and ample notice to you, be sure) and pass a quiet hour with you in the afternoon, and return that same night.

I think I shall have finished the Phi Beta "thing" by that time, and I would like to read it to you so far betimes, that I can write it all over again after you have torn it to fragments.

Always thine H. H. F.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, March 12, 1908

Dearest Charles: For the very first time in my life I was sorry to get a letter from you this morning. I had hoped that I should anticipate, by this present note, your reply to my last letter.

Within the past twenty-four hours it has dawned on me how extremely selfish I was in proposing to make you a victim to my Phi Beta "thing." It was too thoughtless in me, but I had some financial business calling me to Boston, and it occurred to me that I could finish that in the forenoon, then rush out and see you, and return to Philadelphia, in the evening, and so, with what is probably my last spurt of youthful energy, I wrote my note to you and proposed to victimize you.

DR. FURNESS IN HIS LIBRARY AT LINDENSHADE

And here comes your kind letter this morning, and I am covered with confusion and shame.

Let me answer it in detail. I don't want anyone to hear it but you. It is wretched, wretched stuff, and the ignominy of reading it to you is as much as I can bear.

Thanks, more than would fill this sheet, for your hospitable intentions, but it is many, many years since I formed a resolution to sit at no table but my own. I am so deaf, that I must either wholly listen, or wholly eat, and the attempt to divide the two always causes embarrassment to my host and to me, and since Nature has thus instructed me to remain in the background, I take the hint and obey her behest.

I cannot tell now the exact day when I must go to Boston, but as soon as the date is fixed, I will give you notice a week beforehand, of my visit to you in the afternoon, and I will bring on my manuscript if my courage doesn't ooze out.

Always with enduring affection

Yours

H. H. F.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, Sunday, April 5, 1908

DEAREST CHARLES: I was so elated at the sight of you and so excited that [as] I now recall the visit, it seems as though I gabbled through the "thing" as fast as I could and never paused a moment for your criticisms, an object of my visit. The only

criticism I remember is the impropriety of casting any slur on the commentators, which is exactly true, and every word of that section shall be changed.

At the conclusion of the reading, I never once asked you whether or not the whole "thing" were worthless and unfit for the dignity of the occasion, or free from reflection on my sponsors. Was I mad that I so neglected the opportunity? And now I must try to retrieve the loss. Argal, dear Charles, tell me — I know you love me too well not to do so frankly — if the "thing" is worth the delivery, and whether or not you will blush for me on the 26th of June, even though you be as far removed as Ashfield. As I now recall the screed of "words, words, words" that I read to you, I look upon myself with astonishment for having been so temerarious as to have accepted the task.

One word more and I have done: In speaking of editors and commentators, would it not be kind to say a word or two about Mark Liddell, not mentioning him by name but that there is now preparing an edition, in a town not far from Cambridge, which all true scholars are anticipating with interest? — and also a word or two for Rolfe?

To S. A. Tannenbaum

Wallingford, 25 May, 1908

My dear Doctor: Pray don't make excuses for asking about Hamlet. One touch of Shakespeare makes the whole world kin. Pray do not imagine

that I know every thing about him. I have been able to lift only a little corner of the veil, and there is many and many a man can peer under it farther than I.

It is so with your questions. They are all of them ingenious and searching, and I can only recommend you to pour on them your own ingenuity; and your answers, though they may not suit everybody, will at least suit you, which is the main thing, and you can then humbly say, with Touchstone, "A poor thing, sir, but my own."

As for the "bird of dawning," I think the opinion of the majority is right. I think any keeper of poultry will assure you that the cock-crow precedes any song of the lark. The cock has been already referred to as the "trumpet of the morn"; and in the speech of Marcellus, the "bird of dawning" sings all through Christmas Eve — a legend which has never been attributed to the lark, as far as I know.

I remain, my dear Doctor,

Yours respectfully

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, June 9, 1908

DEAREST CHARLES, your hospitable letter came this morning with its alluring invitation for the days of the "thing," and there is in it no phrase kinder than that whatever my decision you will hold it for the best.

I am not morbid about my deafness; of this I have never been accused; I laugh and joke about it, and make light of it. But I know the limitations it imposes, and twenty years ago I relinquished for ever the cheer of visiting in the homes of my friends; even the strain of the temptation you hold out of staying under your dear roof must not make me break my record or my vow. None the less, however, do I thank you from the depths of my heart. . . .

'Tis a barbarous custom, — this of expecting the orator of the day to make another speech at dinner; I have written to Dr. Huntington that I'll none of it. My gorge rises, too, at the thought of a public dinner, where I have to sit in a silence so profound as that of the heart of eternal pyramids. I'm going to pay you a visit of a few minutes instead.

Always, dear Charles, with abiding love

Yours

H. H. F.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, July 6th, 1908

Dearest Charles: Say to your fair young Sara that an she have any affection for me, — and she once said she would have it *aeì* — she will write me a line to let me know how you are standing this hot, sizzling weather. You are constantly in my thoughts. I hope that your temperament resembles mine so far as to enjoy this torrid heat.

It is my season for work. I have consequently begun, what I thought I never would begin again, a new play, and am making out a list of works on "Cymbeline" which I shall at once import from England and Germany. While my agents are gathering them I am going to take my oldest and my youngest boy under my arm and sail down to the Windward Islands, especially Santa Cruz, sanctified to me by holy memories, thence sail on summer seas for a month and be here again by the 1st of September, eager and sharp-set for Posthumus and Imogen. . . .

And now, dearest Charles, don't forget my message to Sara, and let me hear how you are by return mail.

Thine for ever and a day

H. H. F.

The darned old "thing" is become to me now as remote as Cheops.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, July 16, 1908

DEAREST CHARLES: There is no danger that "Sally" will *use up* our friendship which will last as long as we are breathers of this world.

As to the Spanish Main, — we start from New York on the 30th by the steamer "Guiana," and then to St. Kitts, Santa Cruz, Antigua, Dominica, Martinique, and Barbadoes, — our utmost seamark. Then turn homeward. We shall linger on

the way, at our own sweet will, probably staying longest in Santa Cruz, — whither I have struggled to go, for the last twenty years. Be sure, my thoughts will wander to you very, very often.

What you say about the wretchedness and squalor in the slums is only too true. For years I have maintained that the suffering there, is far greater in summer than in winter. About a week ago, on one of the hottest days, I had to visit a patient in a hospital in a Southern section of the city, and walked home through the lowest Italian quarter. Such scenes of sickening misery, filth, and utter wretchedness! Such noisome smells! It was, possibly, all the more painful to me because it was voiceless misery: I could hear no sound. Involuntarily the words of the old hymn sprang to my lips: — "Shall I be wafted to the skies, On beds of flowery ease? While others fought to win the prize, Or sailed through bloody seas?"

The Mayor has ordered the Police to turn on all the fire-plugs, twice a day for fifteen minutes. And this sight, which I luckily saw, was the solitary brightness. Boys and girls, all in their rags, plunged into the furious rush of cool, sparkling water, which knocked them down, dashed them about, sent them heels over head, amid, I inferred, shrieks of laughter. Ah, well! Franklin's reflection is always a cheap refuge. You remember that when he witnessed an accident in the street, he said to himself that "if God didn't care, who could have prevented it, why should he care, who couldn't have pre-

vented it." When you say that there is no romance on this side of the world, do you not forget slavery? The depths of that romance have hardly yet been sounded, it seems to me. As to Treherne, I am prejudiced against him. I did not like the Brobdignagian flourishes with which his discoverer heralded him. I marvel that Bertram Dobell was not christened "Ding, Dong." Treherne is on my shelves, but I have not looked into it. Weir Mitchell told me he could make nothing of him.

And so, dear Charles, peace be for ever on thee and thine.

Yours devotedly

H. H. F.

To Dr. Mary Augusta Scott

Wallingford, 21 July, 1908

DEAREST GOSSIP, — you're the only one; the superlative is not misplaced, — No need of apologies for silence to one in whose mouth such apologies must be more familiar than household words. Wherefore, I haven't written because I haven't written.

And now, I cannot leave on my summer's vacation without a word of farewell. I never needed a rest as sorely as at present. I am nigh the "dead point" in physics. James T. Fields (did you ever know this charming man?) once told me that his middle initial stood for "Tuckered-eout." I haven't the initial, but I have the complaint.

And next week, with two of my sons, I am going

right straight down to the islands of the Spanish Main, — Santa Cruz, Antigua, the Barbadoes, & Co. — the land of pineapples and scorpions, and of centipedes and cocoanuts. Merrily, merrily, shall I live now under the mango that hangs on the bough.

All my life I've longed to see the tropics. My time is growing so short that now's my only chance. The steamer's itinerary brings us again to New York on the last day of August. . . .

I hope you'll have a most pleasant and refreshing summer, and that smooth success will be everywhere strewed before your feet.

And so, dear Gossip,

thine hastilie

H. H. F.

To William Everett

Wallingford, August, 1908

How on earth, my dear Willy, do you expect me to respond to a low-down ruffian who makes wicked and base parodies on Tennyson, and says, moreover, that he hates him? Have you no music in yourself or your soul or your pocket that you can't appreciate the blessed Mesopotamia of his melody?

> "Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control —
> These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
> Yet not for power, — power of herself
> Would come uncalled for, — but to live by law
> Acting the law we live by without fear.
> And, because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Match that, if you can, in any poet, I don't care where. No, I'll recall "match" and say *surpass*.

But I'll not quarrel with ye. Ach weh! lass ruh'd die Todten, as poor Leonora says.

I'm glad you were not at Phi Betie (I suppose you'll deny that the Yankees so pronounce it). I uttered such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff that Heaven grew drowsy, and the audience snored.

I'm off Wednesday for a month on the Spanish Main to meet, by appointment, Drake, Raleigh, and Captain Kidd, as he sailed, as he sailed. The last wrote poetry. Please don't hate him.

And so, my dear Willy Everett, á dios (my Spanish already stirs within me).

Yours cordially

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To his Sister

Steamship Guiana,
Sunday, 2 August, 1908

'TIS the very first hour since leaving New York last Thursday noon, that writing would have been possible without standing on my head and writing on the ceiling, between whiles. Such a game of pitch and toss as we have played since dropping our pilot would break the back of man and heart of monster. And it isn't the fault of the boat either. In crossing the ferry in New York we passed the piers wherein, almost side by side, lay a gigantic Cunarder and our present craft, which with its

single funnel and pigmy size (I mistrust the spelling of pygmy) looked like a half ground-nut shell, and my heart sank when I thought of encountering the water spouts and hurricanes of the tropics in that frail and diminutive cockle-shell. When we boarded it, however, the next day, all mistrust vanished. I know nothing of length, breadth, or tonnage, but I am sure that the "Guiana" is as full in all dimensions as the Cunarder, "America" in which I crossed the ocean fifty-four years ago, and far more comfortable, with its steam heating, good-sized staterooms, electric lights and electric fans. We were on board two hours before sailing, and, under the soothing influence of a knowledge that our trunks were all safely stowed in our respective staterooms, could yield ourselves to the wild excitement of watching the leave-takings between parents and children, brothers and sisters, and, in one instance between lovers, — ah, how, the world forgetting, they clung to each other! . . .

This is not the season for travellers of pleasure: the number of passengers is of course very small — about seven or eight men, and about as many women. . . . The Captain, Carey by name, and evidently a New Yorker or a New Englander, is an agreeable fellow, who has sailed these southern waters for many years, and has his wife and little daughter of eleven "summers" on board. He was the first Captain who brought the news direct from Martinique after the horror of Mt. Pelée, in 1902. On Friday morning we awoke to a stiff breeze,

which steadily increased in stiffness until it fully satisfied any abnormal appetite for a storm; I have seen worse storms of a short duration, but none that lasted for sixty hours in full vigour. (Here Willie interrupts, and insists on luncheon, which the invigorating sea air sadly forces me to take.) Walter and Willie could sleep soundly amid the pudder of the elements, but not so their old father. The dignity of his years forbids him to sleep, first on his head, and anon on his heels, while being furiously rolled from one side to the other. Very few appeared at breakfast, which no turbulence could to us deprive of its attraction, and we all stuffed and stuffed. There are ten or twelve mules aboard, patiently ranged side by side under the protection of the forward main top gallant sail (I know not a ship's vocabulary; so chose the longest word I can think of), but the end mule was exposed to the heavy seas which broke over the bulwarks nearest to him. He was an object of compassion to the whole ship. 'Tis perfectly certain that while the storm lasted he could not have had a wink of sleep. He was tied fast, and had to stand the bludgeoning of fate, like Henley with head unbowed. . . .

Tuesday, August 4. Yesterday was the ideal day. We were floating on the summer sea of the tropics, with no waves higher than the ripples of unnumbered smiles. And such colour! I never dreamed of such a deep blue. There is no tint that art can make which will reproduce it. I have always held the blue of the Mediterranean to be the deepest and

richest in the world. Memory cannot deceive me. Never, I am sure, was there such a ravishing hue, and it reaches fathoms downward; near the surface the ship churns it into every gradation of azure until it becomes a dazzling white. I could not look at it enough, and found myself believing that it had never been so before, and that I was the first mortal who had ever beheld it. . . .

'Tis not likely that I shall have a chance to write much more — the solitary inkstand here in the saloon is a good deal in demand. There is a good deal of motion; and writing by fits and dabs is irksome. I send this letter to you, me little sister, and beg you to dispatch it, as soon as read, to Caroline. I doubt that I shall write another as long as this. At Santa Cruz there can be no such hours of enforced leisure.

My love to Annis and Joe, and all that you can dispose of conveniently to yourself. When you get this my trip will be half over.

Forever your devoted old brother,

H. H. F.

To Miss Sara Norton

Wallingford, 26 August, 1908

Dear Sara: I had scratched off a most hurried note to your Father today, when the evening's mail brought yours of yesterday.

I cannot express how grievously your words smite upon my heart. Sometimes acute attacks are followed by seasons of prolonged relief. Let us

pray and hope without ceasing that this may now prove to be the case.

What can I do for him? What *can* I do for him? There is nothing human that I would not do for him. Give him my dearest, deepest love, and the assurance that my thoughts are at his bedside every hour.

With ever so much love, dear Sara, for yourself, affectionately yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, Aug. 29, 1908

WHAT wouldn't I give, dearest Charles, to know just how you are at this very moment. I must believe that the pain is lessening, I will not think that it is more acute. Your, dear, sweet Sara's Thursday evening's letter reached me just now, wherein she hopes for you a "comfortable night." How fervently I pray that her hope proved true. Ah, if we only had a wishing carpet that you might be transported in the twinkling of an eye to those balmy shores, washed by an azure sea, that I have just left. The morning air there has all the crisp invigoration of an October dawn here at the North; it inspires energy and you want to run, ride, fly; it exhales the salt of the sea and the spice of the land, and cools every cheek. Though the sun be hot, very hot, at noon there is no viciousness in its rays, — sunstroke is unknown; it is beneficent and fulfils merely its duty in ripening all the delicious

fruits converting the pale starch of the North into luscious spicy sugar. It is now the mango season and the people live on it. All day long, and at every minute, you see men, women, and children munching the delicious fruit, the rind is thrown to the donkeys, and ducks nibble the stones. And how genial the people are, — the blacks, I mean, — always ready to smile and show unbroken rows of shining ivory teeth, whereof the snowy whiteness is due, they say, to their living on sugar-cane when the mangoes are out of season. The women carry every sort of burden on their heads, — I once met a woman, with hands hanging listlessly at her side, carrying an empty bottle on her head. This practise results in imparting a suppleness of figure and an erect carriage which are really grand; every woman walks like a Juno, and, at rest, is statuesque. And this grand carriage lasts into old age. Many a time, I have supposed a woman, walking majestically ahead of me, must be young and in full prime, but on passing her she proved to be wrinkled, grey, and old. If I had a thousand daughters, the first thing I would insist on should be the carrying of bundles on her head. And the flowers! and the trees! Nature is in her most rollicking mood, full of jokes and uproarious fun. She lets a huge tree bear calabashes as big as small watermelons, with a flower emerging from the bare trunk. Trees many feet in diameter, have no rough bark, but merely a thin skin which you can cut with a pen knife, and the tree bleeds. For color, there is a tree,

about as large as our Catalpa, which bears a bloom that exceeds in brilliancy any flower I know. It is the *Poinciana regia*, and its orange-red color flames for half a mile. I do not exaggerate. The bloom is dense, and the tree when well grown seems a solid mass, which catches your eye even in a distant landscape.

I took two of my boys with me, and bought tickets for Barbados, stopping at many islands on the way. After we had started, however, I changed my mind and decided that as Santa Cruz was our main end and object, it would be far better to remain there and see it pretty thoroughly than to take a mere nibble at half a dozen other places, so there we stayed until the steamer took us up again on its return trip.

Our first drive was bewildering. Not a leaf, not a flower, not a wayside weed reminded us of home. Here and there a blade of straggling grass looked familiar. Everything else was strange. We walked and let the carriage follow. At every step, we exclaimed at some novelty, or some unaccountable curiosity, wonderful flowers, marvellous beetles, strange butterflies, centipedes, millipedes, lizards, etc., etc. At the end of over two hours, we got into the carriage to return, and reached our hotel door in seventeen minutes.

But, dearest Charles, I'll not bore you any longer. To enumerate the ships that went to Troy is a light task compared to unfolding all the wonders and experiences we have seen and lived

through. The only shadow, and it is a grievous one, is the news of your illness which greeted my return. But "this too will pass away," and I shall soon again have more of your dear and delightful letters. My love to your household, especially the dear faithful Sara.

Yours, dearest Charles, with abiding love

H. H. F.

To Samuel Chew

Wallingford, Sept. 3, 1908

My dear Sam: It gives me genuine delight to receive a letter from you, and one so cheery and full of the high hopes of youth.

Your mention of Tours reminds me that when I was there, two or three years ago, I was regarded, in the fine hotel there (I have forgotten its name), as a venerable curiosity, because I remembered the great historic inundation in 1856, when I sailed in a boat through the streets and saw the bakers in boats delivering bread into the second-story windows, and remembered the Emperor when he came down personally to cheer the inhabitants.

What a delightful country Touraine is, and, indeed, all France. After travelling there for a while, we learn that Paris is not France and does not in the least represent it. I respect England, but I love France, where there is a geniality in the atmosphere which the fogs of England chill.

What you say about loving Shakespeare is exactly true. "The play's the thing wherein to

catch the conscience" of us all, and no learning or erudition is necessary to appreciate them.

Wherever you see any words in reference to Shakespeare by Professor A. C. Bradley, don't pass them by, but read and inwardly digest. In the Shakespearean world, at present, I hear no voice but his. . . .

Thank you heartily for remembering me, and add to that memory that I am always

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, Sept. 14, 1908

DEAREST CHARLES: Have I not been exemplary for a whole week? Not a forenoon, afternoon, or night has passed that I have not been on the point of writing, so eager have I been to know just how you are.

I resolutely controlled myself, however, and firmly determined that no news should be good news. Ask your sweet Sara to reward my forebearance by just a line that wont cost a minute's time.

As for my wretched self, who have no right to be in health when my betters are suffering, I writhe and struggle, and squirm to evade the old grooves of daily life so pernicious have been the charms of care-less idleness. I long for the azure sea, the cloudless sky, and the infinite grace of the palms waving ceaselessly in the sun-lit air. Conceive my cha-

grin: — I vehemently desired to see, or rather, to assist at, a hurricane. (My boys wouldn't sympathise with me, — they had been in a typhoon on the Pacific.) And lo! no sooner am I safe at home when the papers report a fine, brisk one, as raging over the islands. I cannot decide whether this foolhardy wish of mine is the last quiver of youth or the first of second childhood. At all events, it was sincere. The pudder of the elements always has possessed a fascination for me. Moreover, I wanted to know what becomes of the chickens. The air must be comically full of them. Oh, dear, and I missed it all!

'Tis long past midnight. I cannot lay me down to sleep without at least asking how you are. And so, dearest Charles, good-night.

Your ever loving

H. H. F.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, 29 September, 1908

Dearest Charles: Did mortal man ever write a sentence more contradictory than that with which you began your last letter to me?

You said I had never received a letter so delightful as that which you had intended to write, but did not. Whereupon you incontinently veered round and proceeded to do that which you said you had not done.

First, the mere length of four typewritten pages was in itself the surest proof that you were gaining

a little strength; and, secondly, through every line there were signs of your own, old, dear self. I longed to answer it on the spot, and should have done so, had you not asked for those photographs. Those that appeared in the "Ledger," I have already asked the photographer for, and have not yet received any; and my daughter reported that she had but one, which I immediately condemned as unworthy; thereupon she promised that she would have one taken. It was these little lets and hindrances that kept me from writing.

I have no drastic news to report, having been busily occupied in patching up my old body for heaven, or, if not my body, my belongings. I do not wish that my children, after my death, should echo the remark of the man who said he had such trouble in settling his brother's estate, that he was *almost* sorry his brother had died.

There has been, however, one bright gleam during the week, and thereby hangs a tale. For the last forty years I have been more or less a farmer, and a good deal of the less during the last twenty years. Now you know that the accumulation of ashes is always a problem to be faced in the country, especially when you have four large furnaces at work throughout the winter. A year or two ago, the thought occurred to me that the finely sifted ashes might be made to imitate the sand of New Jersey in cultivating watermelons and sweet potatoes. Consequently I had a strip of ground, about a quarter of an acre in extent, covered with

these fine ashes, to the depth of a foot and a half to two feet, and in it I planted the watermelons and the sweet potatoes.

The preparation of the ashes was begun too late to allow the watermelons to ripen, but I had an excellent crop of green ones overtaken by the frost, and a respectable amount of sweet potatoes — quite enough of both to encourage me to continue the experiment.

This year the ground was prepared in time; but, in plowing it to get rid of the luxuriant weeds, a good deal of common soil became unavoidably mixed with the ashes; so to be honest, I cannot say that the ashes were unadulterated, but at least, 80 per cent was the unmixed article, and my crop has been eminently satisfactory. We have had seven or eight watermelons, the largest weighing twenty-four pounds, and the rest averaging fifteen or sixteen. And the sweet potatoes bid fair to be phenomenal. My man brought me in, last week, several of them, the largest of which weighed two pounds and an ounce, and the rest not much smaller.

"Now is not that a pretty tale?
I swear it is, by jingo!"

The second event is really of some importance. I discovered some letters of Mr. Emerson to my father, the earliest dated 1837. In all there are fifty-two in number.

In looking over them I cannot but believe that they are rather more than of passing interest.

They seem to me to show a side of Mr. Emerson's character which he revealed to but few of his correspondents. There is an affectionate, even loving tone, which is eminently attractive, and then there is a full account of the indefatigable way in which Mr. Emerson worked and toiled for Carlyle. Do you think it would be advisable to publish them? I think I shall assuredly print them, and privately, but I am ready to publish them on maturer reflection and if you counsel it.

They are all typewritten, and if it would not weary you, I could send you on some, or all, to read over at odd times.

I must break off here now, for my secretary is an enthusiastic tennis player, and she is wanted to make up a game with my son and daughter. So, dearest Charles, with infinite blessings on your frosty pow, not as frosty as mine, I must stop for today. Dear love to your sweet Sara.

Toujours à toi, and devotedly

H. H. F.

To Charles Eliot Norton

Wallingford, October 16th, 1908

DEAREST CHARLES: Sometime ago I mentioned to you that I had just found about thirty or forty letters of Mr. Emerson to my father and was deliberating over the propriety of printing them, publicly or privately. I hailed them with joy as a new discovery.

Now mark with what hasty strides I am enter-

ing on a second childishness, and mere oblivion. I gave the letters to my secretary to be typewritten; hardly had she begun the second letter before she exclaimed, "why, I copied all these letters more than a year ago!" Alas! alas! it was even so. For the rest of the day I addressed her with deep humility.

When I think of publishing these precious memorials of a life-long friendship, the ghost of what I said in my Phi Beta "thing" about printing private letters shakes its gory locks at me and I tremble. But don't you think it allowable to print letters privately? It is perfectly allowable to show them to your private friends and wherein does this differ from printing them privately? I think I'll do it; the tribute to the character of both men is so very fine.

How strange are the "anfractuosities" of the human mind! After more than forty years of persistent work in one direction, when one would conclude that the channel was worn as deep as the Grand Canon of Arizona, here am I utterly averse to continuing in the same course. I insist on turning aside into a hundred diverse directions and reluct vehemently at pursuing the direct forthright. I have gathered about me ever so many books on "Cymbeline," and am fully prepared to start at once. But a strange distaste of them all comes over me and overcomes me. I even started with the Four Folios before me, and collated more than fifty lines, and there I halted. I could not go on.

The fire was cold and dead. I longed to read "Faust," I pined for Horace, and I yearned for Milton. I closed the books and returned them to their shelves. This was a week ago; I haven't opened them since. I must await the spirit. In the meantime and all the time, every third thought is yours, dearest Charles, and I am as always your loving

H. H. F.

To Miss Sara Norton[1]

Wallingford, 24 October, 1908

My dear Sara: There was not an hour yesterday wherein you were not in my heart of heart.

Although I could hear no syllable of the ceremonies, yet I could feel the atmosphere of deep, tender, reverential sympathy that pervaded the large assemblage, and therein I found balm. On every face there were the traces of sorrow for a personal loss. Ah, how heavy.

And now, dear child, you will find it inexpressibly hard to resume life's burdens when he whom you loved dearest has laid them down. But they are inexorable. In the meantime, will not a change of scene, if only for a week or ten days, be very helpful? Not only for you, but for your two sisters? I beg of you all three to come hither at once — there is a room for each of you. You shall be as quiet as the silent hours which pass over this house. You need see no one but my sister, Mrs. Wister,

[1] Written after Charles Eliot Norton's funeral; he died October 21st.

my honoured and dear guest as long as we live, and Mrs. Bartol, who is our guest for a few weeks. My youngest son, Dr. Willie, has rooms in town, but is as often here as there. This is all my household. My daughter, Mrs. Jayne, lives with her husband and little girl and boy on one side, and my grand-daughter, Mrs. Thompson, lives with her husband and little son, my great-grandson, on the other. Of these you shall see as much or as little as you please, or even not at all. Indeed, dear, you shall be just as secluded as you care to be. And if Rupert on his way to or from Baltimore will stop over here, there is a room ready for him too. Think it over, and if the faintest inclination to come rises in your three hearts, obey it and come.

Remember how close is the tie which now binds you all to

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Dr. Mary Augusta Scott

Wallingford, November 5th, 1908

MY DEAR GOSSIP: For a whole month I have been straining my eyes to see a leisure moment wherein I could snatch the pleasure of replying to your last letter.

And now at last a moment of enforced idleness is upon me, but it gives me no pleasure and I must postpone my real answer to your letter until some happier hour.

My sister, Mrs. Wister, is very, very ill, and my

years give me no claim to the prerogative of youth, hope.

At some less distracted time I will try to tell you of the islands in summer seas, and congratulate you on your triumph over the "abhorred Jew," but if that hour is unconscionably postponed, don't wait for me, but as winds give benefit and convoy is assistant, let me hear from you, and be assured that I still remain

Your faithful gossip

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 15 November, 1908
Sunday

DEAREST, DEAREST WRIGHT: For a second time a great light has gone out of my life. The dear and gracious lady whom you admired (but not one whit more than she admired you) slipped from my arms in the early hours of this morning and has left me stumbling in disastrous night.

I would give much at this moment for a silent grasp of your hand and the look of sympathy from your dear kind eyes.

But "this too will pass away," and I must magnify the sacred memories by which I must hereafter live.

Always yours with affectionate devotion

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 26 December, 1908

My dear, very dear Wright: It's now a month since you wrote to me your precious words. I haven't had the heart to answer, and I knew you would understand my silence.

If sympathy can avail anything, I have it in fullest measure. More than two hundred notes have poured in to me, full of deepest love for her and tenderness for me. And I mention this rather cold arithmetic merely to tell into your private ear that your letter is the only one that refers to the shattering of my life just twenty-five years ago. How did you come to remember the date so exactly? This touched me infinitely. I had no idea that any one on earth, except my motherless children, bore it in mind. Heaven bless you for it!

You wonder that I did not warn you of her rapid decline. I couldn't. You told me in your last letter to answer it in October; when October came the shadow grew so suddenly dark that I could live only from day to day, and begrudged every minute from her side. . . .

I have been led on to tell you, unconsciously, all these sorrowful details, I know not why. Yes, I do. It is because you loved her so truly, and you have never had an admirer more ardent than she was. The irrepressible twinkle of your eye, when you said something witty, your cordiality, the charm of your manner, — these she constantly dwelt on when your name was mentioned.

I have been expecting every day some photographs taken in the year when you saw her first. Shall I send you one? Indeed I'll do it without waiting for your answer.

Thanks again, dearest Wright, for your letter to

Yours, with abiding affection

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Henry C. Folger

Wallingford, March 19, 1909

MY DEAR HENRY: You suppose that I take and read the New York Tribune regularly, do you? Well, by the blessing of God, I never see it. I've as much as I can do to master my own twenty-five or thirty periodicals and journals which hurtle in the air and crowd up my library to such an extent that I can't walk without tumbling over them and breaking my head.

Read the New York Tribune, quotha! Nor do I see the Evening Post to which I did not write that letter, but to The Nation, which I suppose is but another pocket in the same coat. I am, therefore, much obliged to you for Willie Winter's criticism on "King John," which I read with great pleasure, of which the largest, by far the largest share is the proof which it affords that my dear old friend is intellectually as bright as ever.

There is, however, in all criticism of Shakespearean actors an oblivion to the fact — and Willie Winter is as much guilty of this as any other critic — that the words are Shakespeare's, and have in

them so much inherent music and charm that, after they are pronounced, their dramatic power and their loveliness cannot be lost, and are apt when they are decently spoken to attribute to the actor that which is due to Shakespeare. Have you in your library "Sixteen Portraits of Charles Kemble," by R. M. Lane, — a large folio? It was given to me by Mrs. Kemble, and is among my treasures, not on account of its rarity, but for old associations with the giver. If you have this book, pray turn to the portrait of Faulconbridge. There you will have my sublimated ideal of how that charming fellow must have looked. The next best picture in the series is "Othello." If Othello resembled it, Desdemona was amply justified in falling in love with him. Edwin Booth was greatly enamoured of it, and said to me once, with great emphasis, "That is precisely the colour that I always try to put on in the character, and I don't think I ever succeed."

Forgive this typewriting, but I am so overwhelmed with letters, and so anxious always to write to you, that unless I use the nimble fingers of my secretary you would not hear from me for a month.

Give my love to Emily. It just this instant occurs to me that if you have not this "Sixteen Portraits of Charles Kemble," it is an admirable excuse for you and her to come on here and look at them, and it will take you a whole night to do so. Believe me, my dear Henry,

Yours and hers affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Miss Sara Norton

Wallingford, 26 April, 1909

Ah, dear Sara, what a pleasure it is to see your handwriting, even on the envelope of your letter! I can call back yesterday and bid time return. I like to hold it for a while before opening it, and when it is opened I do not wish to read it too easily; I rather like an obscure hand; it makes you sip the words, and prolongs the pleasure.

What a truly charming whiff of Paris you give me! The loafing through the streets, the lounging on the bridges, the search for treasures on the dust-heaps of books in the quais — how many hours and days have I not thus passed! And how unutterably dirty and grimy and squalid I felt at the close of them, — a price I always paid for loafing!

Your wish to be a man for the nonce in a foreign city was expressed in those identical words by Mary Quincy, who afterward married Ben Gould — You don't remember her — she died years ago. We were in Paris at the same time fifty years ago, and looking on at the "fêtes Napoléon" on the Champ de Mars. Innumerable hot-air balloons ballasted with sugar-plums were sent up, and as the air cooled they descended on the heads of the crowd that fiercely scrambled for them. "What wouldn't I give to be a man for an hour!" she exclaimed. What else could I do thus challenged? Wilder Dwight was also there — so reckless of life and limb I plunged after the nearest balloon, trampling down men, women, and children, and by

an inconceivable stroke of luck grasped the bonbons and brought them to her. Well, well. That was possible "consule Planco"; no rôle of Count de Lorge for my seventy-five years, now. . . .

Never were children happier or healthier than the four[1] have been during the three weeks they have been here. They are an unending delight to me. The oldest, Marina, aged nine, has written an Opera, both words, in German, and music. I was invited to a performance. I couldn't hear a sound. I could interpret only the pantomime. A princess and a prince were deeply in love. Cruel parents forced them to fly to a deep forest horribly haunted by a bear and a turtle. The youngest, Willie, was the bear, under a rug so heavy that he could move only with assistance. The turtle was Fan, who appeared on all fours swathed in brown paper for a shell and with a gold eyeglass which was continually dropping out, when the turtle would as continually stop to replace it in her eye. The struggles to conceal my laughter prevented me from more closely following the story. I only know that the prince dispatched the bear, who seemed extremely comfortable under his gigantic rug, and the turtle was put to as fast a flight as her eyeglass would permit. The happy pair then sang a duet — ah, how pretty it was to see them holding each other's hands, looking into each other's faces, and singing. The dramatis personæ did not include the cruel parents — so this was the end, and it must also be the end of this scribbling.

[1] The two sons and two daughters of Owen Wister.

My heart doth joy to think of you as basking under sunny skies, accompanied with memories unutterably sad and unutterably pleasant.

The grace of heaven before, behind, and on every side enwheel you round, dear Sara, and, when the spirit prompts, write again to him whose affection for you will last *αεὶ* and the day after.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 27 June, 1909

DEAREST WRIGHT: Give me your sympathy as you once did twenty-six painful years ago. I have lost my only daughter, the light of my eyes and the idol of my heart. After a struggle for four weeks, . . . she succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever — and I am left dazed and broken-hearted.

God help us all!

Yours with enduring love

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

CHAPTER XI

1909–1912

To Miss Sara Norton

Wallingford, 12 September, 1909

My dear Sara, it always gives me especial pleasure to see your handwriting. Do keep on writing, even if I should sometimes fail to answer immediately.

You would hardly believe me, for even yet I can hardly realise it myself, how closely, in recent years, my inner life was intertwined with your father's. Even now, not a day passes that I do not find myself involuntarily referring to him whatever happens in my intellectual life, and even — yes, even my sorrows. Indeed, indeed, eye shall not look upon his like again.

How I deeply grieve that you never knew my daughter. In my eyes she was flawless, and for my old age how firmly I had set my rest on her kind nursery. My sole comfort now is that my days of torture cannot be long protracted, they must end soon. At the most, it cannot be many years before I am changed and become like those who have already gone. If they live, I shall live. If they have ceased to live, I shall cease to live, and this "Dull deep pain and constant anguish of patience" will also cease. Until the dawn of that blest morning which is to be my last, I'll keep a

brave front and try to believe that your father and I are wrong in supposing that this life ends all.

Help thou my unbelief, dear Sara, by writing to yours *aeì* and *aeì* most

Affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Miss Sara Norton

Wallingford, 24 October, 1909

DEAR SARA: It is only on this raw, gloomy Sunday morning, in the yellow light, reflected from the autumnal leaves of the Chestnuts outside, that I have at last been able to read composedly Carrington's account of la belle Eusapia.[1] Throughout the reading I tried to preserve a befitting mental attitude, which should be, I think, entire readiness to accept the account, if I can detect no possible loophole for fraud. In the present case, I found, however, so many of these loopholes that I am utterly sceptical of the whole narrative. It's the same old story: -- an attempt to describe a juggler's trick. No one can do it truthfully. The very point of it is omitted, because not seen. It would be no trick if it could be seen. Carrington speaks of having his foot on Eusapia's foot, his hand holding her hand, etc. That he had his foot on something, that his hand rested on something, I do not doubt. He mentions her volubility, and long delay

[1] Eusapia Palladino, an Italian medium, who, until she was discredited a few years ago, had a large circle of believers in her mediumistic powers.

before any manifestations began. Very suspicious. He says that she was left-handed. Two pages later on, he notes as a fact that the manifestations were better on her left than on her right side. He speaks of his extended experience with mediums: and then considers the bulging out of the curtains as noteworthy. 'Tis one of the commonest of the common manifestations. I was once permitted by Caffray to be present during a lesson he was giving to a young woman in the art of becoming a medium, and the way the curtain of the cabinet bulged until it flapped was a caution. Of course it was the work of spirits, not Caffray and his pupil. I held my peace. He told her, however, that she shouldn't let the spirits be too violent, that they ought to work sideways, not up and down.

And now Lombroso is giving, from beyond the grave, unlimited license to Eusapia to pour forth a flood of stuff and nonsense. Ah, well, populus vult decipi, and then must follow the stern conclusion, decipiatur!

I am glad you laughed over the Seybert Report. How the mediums gnashed their teeth over it! One Spiritualist paper called me "the Seybert buffoon"; and whenever and wherever they noticed the "Report," I was always the target of their sneers — Hæc fabula docet that ridicule is their deadliest foe, and they know it. If I were twenty years younger I'd go to Naples and sittings with Eusapia. . . .

Do not fail, dear Sara, to write whenever the spirit prompts, and know me always as

Yours with enduring affection

H. H. F.

To Barr Ferree[1]

Wallingford, 23 November, 1909

DEAR MR. FERREE: Your letter of yesterday has overwhelmed me with bewildering surprise, and — how can I avoid adding? — with unfeigned gratitude.

I must, however, manfully brave the imputation of "a pride which apes humility" when I say outright that I do not deem myself worthy of the great honour which your Society proposes to bestow on me. It has not searched the Pennsylvania heavens with sufficient care. There is many a star there that far outshines my farthing candle.

Whether or not they err, however, I cannot but be deeply touched by their remembrance, and if they will not yield to second thoughts, but remain headstrong in their present decision, then I will be present in your city on the eleventh of December to receive at their hands one of the very highest honours ever conferred on,

Theirs and Yours, profoundly grateful & obliged Fellow-Pennsylvanian

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

[1] Written in answer to a letter from Mr. Ferree, in which he announced that The Pennsylvania Society of New York had chosen H. H. F. to be the recipient of the Society's first gold medal, bestowed for "Distinguished Achievement."

To J. J. Jusserand

Wallingford, 19 February, 1910

Dear Mons. Jusserand: You have, indeed, the happiest art in choosing the phrases for the presentation copies of your truly admirable theses! Do I need a "forget-me-not" to remind me of you whose volume containing the Age of Elizabeth is my constant companion on my library table? — and will there remain until I have gone through it page by page.

I have just read with delight your reply to Prof. Manly — poor fellow! smart though he must, I can imagine that he may find some pleasure in having been the cause of calling forth a response so witty, so learned, and so brilliant. Your very first sentence with its four "refutations" starts the smile, which, while sometimes broadening into a laugh, does not leave the face down to the last line on the last page.

The proofs that you adduce, of the omission by eminent writers of exquisite passages of their own composition, are, as is natural, drawn from your native literature.

We have, however, a notable instance in Gray's "Elegy," where the poet omitted stanzas of exquisite beauty which had appeared in several preceding editions. It is almost proverbial that a poet revises his poetry for the worse. As a recent instance, take Fitzgerald's 3rd edition of his "Omar Khayyam" and compare it with his 2nd; meo judicio, there is hardly a change for the better.

I have been so shattered by the blows of Fate that I doubt you'll ever again receive a printed "forget-me-not" from me. But Fate has no power to expel the respect and admiration for you, dear Jusserand, that abides in

Yours heartily

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

Are we never to meet? The hinges of my doors are rusted in standing wide open for you!

To Richard Ashhurst

Wallingford, March 23, 1910

DEAREST RICHARD: . . . You may possibly remember that for years past I have made myself thoroughly obnoxious to the Society, by my cuckoo cry for cheaper annual dinners, maintaining that the law in physics, that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, is equally true of the finances of the Shakespeare Society, and that no purse was longer than the shortest in the Society.

Don't you remember that when we were in the third story of a house in Fourth Street, we had an annual dinner consisting of the usual salad and bread and cheese?

I enjoyed it very much, and I remember that we had Bandman, the actor, there, and he enjoyed it very much; but the memory, and the disgust never faded from Fish's [1] mind. I think it embittered his deathbed. His denunciations and fiery anathemas

[1] A. I. Fish, first Dean of The Shakspere Society of Philadelphia.

SALEM COLLEGE LIBRARY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

were so terrifying, that no voice was ever afterwards raised opposing any unlimited expense that he suggested.

These arguments need not, however, have any weight with us now that Fish is feasting in the fields of asphodel with his "venerable sir."

On one point I think we should all be agreed, and that is, that the 23rd of April should never pass by unnoticed by the oldest Shakespeare Society in existence; and if it be necessary to keep up the continuity, that there should be bills of fare; I think it would be possible to print a bill for an imaginary dinner. 'Tis not unknown in history that we have had imaginary dishes for exceedingly happy quotations — for instance, a larded hare was never known on our table, but we had the quotation: "My anointed body was by thee punched full of deadly holes."

Fourteenthly and lastly, the plea that "The Tempest" will not yield a bill of fare for a second time, should be whistled down the wind. I stand by Krauth's apothegm that there is material in any play for a thousand bills of fare.

I would come to your meeting on Friday, if I could hear a God's blessed word of what is said, but my deafness is an insuperable barrier to any seat at any council table.

Always,

Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

To Mrs. M. T. L. Gannett

Wallingford, April 1st, 1910

My dear May: Let me at once acknowledge the pleasure it gives me to come once more in touch with you.

As to any paper of mine on the Baconian question, I am glad to say that you have never seen one.

I have never paid much attention to the subject, and think that it was a great mistake on the part of Shakespearean scholars to have ever taken any notice whatever of it.

I have never yet known anyone who had deeply read Shakespeare, on whom the question made any impression whatever.

All that I have ever said on the subject is to be found in a note in the "Merchant of Venice" [1]

[1] "One is sometimes inclined to say to those who dispute the authorship of these plays, as the Cockney did to the eels, 'down, wantons, down!' but a little calm reflection reveals to us that this attempt to dethrone Shakespeare, so far from being treason or *lèse majesté*, is, in fact, most devout and respectful homage to him. In our sallad days, when first we begin to study Shakespeare, who does not remember the bewildering efforts to attribute to mortal hand these immortal plays? Then follows the fruitless attempt to discern in that Stratford youth, the Emperor, by the grace of God, of all Literature. In our despair of marrying, as Emerson says, the man to the verse, we wed the verse to the greatest known intellect of that age. Can homage be more profound? But, as I have said, this we do when we are young in judgement. The older we grow in this study, and the farther we advance in it, the clearer becomes our vision that, if the royal robes do not fit Shakespeare, they certainly do not, and cannot, fit any one else. Wherefore I conceive that we have here a not altogether inaccurate gauge of the depth, or duration, or thoroughness of Shakespearean study. I have come to look upon all attempts to prove that Bacon wrote these dramas, merely as indications of youth, and that they find their comforting parallels in the transitory ailments incident to childhood, like the chicken-pox or the measles. The attack is pretty

which I will ask my secretary to copy out for you, and will enclose it herewith.

Pardon this typewritten answer, but I am so pressed for time that it is simply a question of this way or none.

Yours,

H. H. F.

To Edward Parish Noyes

Wallingford, April 1st, 1910

Dear Mr. Noyes: First let me tell you with what care I guard "Fortus." [1] In my fireproof library I have an extra fireproof for especial treasures, and in this fireproof the Knight reposes.

Secondly, will you permit me to have this poem copied and printed, together with photographs of my Father's two illustrations? — which are to me, and I think it no disloyalty to Mr. Emerson, the most precious pages in the MS.

It is hard to say when my MS. will be ready, but I hope it will not be very long before it is sent to press. I remain

Yours very cordially and gratefully

Horace Howard Furness

sure to come, but we know that it is neither dangerous nor chronic, that time will effect a cure, and that, when once well over it, there is no likelihood whatever of its recurrence." (Extract from note by H. H. F. in the *Variorum Merchant of Venice*, page 73.)

[1] The manuscript of a "poem" written in 1814 by Ralph Waldo Emerson, then ten years old, and illustrated by H. H. F.'s father, who was twelve. It was incorporated, and reproductions of the MS. and the illustrations were included in the volume of letters between Emerson and William Henry Furness which H. H. F. published in 1910 under the title of "Records of a Lifelong Friendship." (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

It just occurs to me that possibly you may find some interest in the enclosed photograph of the "Three Boys," who played together from childhood.

The friendship between my Father and Mr. Emerson began when they were four or five years old and played with blocks on the floor. Sam Bradford, the third, came in at a later date, when they were ten or eleven.

To Owen Wister

Wallingford, April 1, 1910

YOU DEAREST BOY: . . . I really have nothing on earth to say to you that is worth the postage. I cannot boast of our Spring flowers, for you are already amid the Summer ones. I cannot boast of the crested hill which overlooks the Delaware, for you have Mexico. I cannot extol our railroad, for you have the Southern Pacific at your door.

And yet, after all, in your Southern clime you miss the stately pageant of the opening of Spring in these cooler regions. The flowers and the trees all awaken from their winter sleep in respectful sequence, and don't come forward rushing, heels over head, in a devil-catch-the-hindmost fashion.

I take a diluted interest in the daily round and trivial task, while Willie is still devoted to the development of his chimpanzee and Orang Utan, whose development is making such strides that I think Willie, having brought the latter to a knowledge of the alphabet as far as H, believes in his

secret heart before long, the Anthropoid will compose a sonnet which will rival Wordsworth. It is to be addressed, I believe, to the Milk in the Cocoanut.

I have been busy lately, and have fallen seriously to work on "Cymbeline." I shall complete the collation of the Four Folios today, and am at present speechless with astonishment which this collation has afforded.

I am astounded at the proofs which meet me on every page (hardly an exaggeration) of another hand than Shakespeare's. I don't refer to the trash of Posthumous's dream, which no one, since Pope's time, has ever supposed to have been Shakespeare's, but there are expressions here and there, which, if Shakespeare rose from the dead and told me that he wrote, I should reply, with reverence and firmness: "You lie!"

As you may suppose, therefore, the play gives scope for varying emotions on the part of the Editor.

You have been such a bird of passage, that no certainty of catching you at any one spot has withheld my hand from writing.

I sent you a letter addressed to Loma Lambda, Mu, Nu, Omicron, or something like it, which, by the blessing of the Post Office, you will never receive.

My deep love to her who rules your heart and soul, and believe me

Yours

H. H. F.

To Robert Underwood Johnson

Wallingford, 7 April, 1910

My dear Johnson: Herewith I return Wallace's MS., in which I find nothing worthy of correction or change, except that he spoke of Heminge and Condell as Shakespeare's closest friends; which is, I think, a pure assumption and admits more knowledge of Shakespeare's life than we possess; and, secondly, he spoke of these same men as Shakespeare's editors. I suggested in the margin, the change to "Collectors," because they, themselves, used the word "collected" in reference to their own labours.

But these two things are utterly trifling, and on any other point I really do not know how to advise you.

I can't bear to say one word of criticism of Wallace's work. He is so honest and laborious, and clear-headed, that he has my complete admiration and respect.

In his present paper, however, I do not think he has advanced our knowledge of Shakespeare's life by any appreciable amount. He has from dry, legal documents extracted a coherent and connected story, which in itself I do not think is of thrilling interest.

On the other hand, however, it settles the vexed question of the value and amount of Shakespeare's share in the Globe Theatre, and also supplies a plausible reason for Shakespeare's omission to mention in his will his shares of the Globe stock.

Now, whether it is worth while for the Editor of a popular magazine "to go through so much to get so little," as the charity boy said at the end of the alphabet, is a question which you, my dear Johnson, can alone decide.

I give you what I think is a fair value of Wallace's investigations. There are all shades of opinion in the world, and I personally take very little interest in any facts which relate solely to the everyday occurrences, I mean, as: That he put his hat on when he went into the street — a practice which he shared with all mankind.

Possibly it might be interesting to be told that he ate with his fingers, as he probably did, when he didn't have spoon victuals.

The older I grow, the less I care about Shakespeare's outer life. No outer life could come up to the grandeur of the plays. . . .

But I'll cease gabbling like a tinker.

Do let me hear how the little mother of your grandson is; but don't be too proud of being a grandfather; wait until you have, as I have, a great-grandson, three years old.

Kindest regards to Mrs. Johnson, and believe me

Yours cordially H. H. F.

To Mrs. C. Rann Kennedy

Wallingford, April 13, 1910

My dear Edith: It was not until I reached home last evening that I learned all the sweet words

which your lovely voice uttered yesterday, at the luncheon; [1] and now, I am half glad that I did not hear them. I am afraid they would have brought all my mother to my eyes.

I cannot express how much pleasure it gave me to meet all those fine men and women, so earnest and enthusiastic in their high calling. If you could, for me, thank over again the gracious ladies that were there, I should be shut up in measureless content.

Again telling you, dear, how much I was touched by your words, I remain

Your affectionate old friend

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Edward W. Emerson

Wallingford, 20 April, 1910

MY DEAR EDWARD: In reference to the printing of your father's letters, I came to the conclusion that to print them and them alone, without the letters of my father, which sometimes called them forth, and at other times were answers to questions, would be a very one-sided affair.

I have therefore incorporated my father's with your father's. This puts the collections rather beyond the scope of a magazine article, and I think it would be better to adopt a book form.

As an article for a magazine, consisting solely of your father's letters, the Editor of The Century gladly accepted it, and has written to me a second time asking how soon he might expect it.

[1] On the presentation of the New Theatre Gold Medal.

In the present shape of the Collection, I can't expect that his promise to receive them holds good, and I must therefore select a publisher.

Possibly The Century Company would like to have the publication of the little book, but I half incline to place it in the hands of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. George Mifflin, of that firm, is the son of dear friends of my father, and there is a certain degree of fitness in having these letters published in Boston, the native town of the two correspondents. But this lies in the future. . . .

I think, by means of photographs it may be made, in outward appearance merely, an attractive little volume.

You once said that if the Collection were privately printed, your assent was freely given; but if published, you would prefer to see it. I sent it on to you, you may remember, and you returned it without any expressed objection. Was this reading enough to obviate a second perusal?

I can send the Collection on to you again if you wish it; but, if this is unnecessary, I can assure you that your father's letters remain absolutely unchanged from the copies that you have once read.

One more thing, my dear Edward, I think it advisable to state, and this is that if Houghton & Mifflin, or any other publisher, accepts the book, you will let me have the great pleasure of sharing with you any possible profits that may come from its publication.

I am sorry to give you so much trouble but we

have the best authority for knowing that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

I remain as ever

Yours cordially

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To George H. Mifflin

Wallingford, April 27, 1910

MY DEAR GEORGE MIFFLIN: (I can't thrust you at arm's length by prefixing any "Mr." The memory of those old times in Paris will always make you seem like a boy to me.)

Listen to a little story I have to tell, and ponder thereon before you reply.

My father and Mr. R. W. Emerson played together with blocks on the floor before they were out of petticoats. Neither of them could remember the time when they were not close friends and companions.

The friendship thus begun, continued until the last hour of Mr. Emerson's life. His last message to my father was, "Love, immortal love." A friendship so devoted and enduring cannot but be rare.

Among my father's letters, I found recently about fifty of Mr. Emerson's, extending from the year 1837 until his death. The letters are not of high importance from any literary discussions therein; but they are full of tender affection for which, I think, few people gave Mr. Emerson credit.

With these letters I have incorporated my father's. These supply question and answer.

Both correspondents frequently refer to a juvenile poem written by little Ralph Emerson, aged ten, and illustrated with pictures by little William Furness, aged eleven.

This poem, it appears, still survives, and I have been lucky enough to have it kindly sent to me for examination; and have had the illustrations and portions of the text photographed.

I have also a photograph likeness, taken in 1873 I think, which I believe has never been published, and which my father always proclaimed as the very best. In it he could always trace the expression and features of the little boy in petticoats.

So much for my little story. Now for the main point of this screed.

I sent copies of the letters to my friend, Robert Johnson, of the Century. He accepted them for his magazine without hesitation. Afterwards, in thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that the correspondence would be most incomplete without the addition of my father's letters, and would place the series beyond the limits of a magazine article, and would compel the adoption of a booklet in form.

It thereupon also occurred to me that the proper home of the publication of such a booklet is the native city of both correspondents, and I at once wrote to Johnson to that effect, and begged him not to bear it ill if I deserted both his magazine and his publishing house, and he has kindly released me.

I have already sent copies of his father's letters

to Dr. Edward Emerson, with the assertion that not a line should be printed without his consent. He returned them to me with the assurance that he had read them with great interest, and had read some of them to his daughter to let her see how fondly her grandfather could love a friend.

Your prophetic soul has, I know, already discerned my drift. Is it worth while for me to send you on the MS. and illustrations for your examination? I am in no special hurry. Yet I have to keep in view that at seventy-seven, life is brittle.

If the booklet is published at all, it should be in a rather unusually dainty manner.

Let me add one word more. If you decide that it is not worth publishing, — not one wave of trouble would roll across my peaceful breast. I should bow to your decision in complete trust in its propriety; and then without a moment's delay, would have the collection privately printed, for distribution among my friends.

There, my dear George Mifflin, you may now take a long breath, and at the end of it remember that I am

Yours cordially
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Ben Greet

Wallingford, May 2, 1910

MY DEAR BEN GREET: If I could hear the loudest thunder that heralds your "Tempest," I should need no invitation to attend a performance; but,

of my own notion, I should be in the front row, prepared, with ungloved hands, to applaud to the echo.

But I know that your tender heart would never ask an even Christian to endure the torment of *seeing* music, and not hear one word of it.

'Tis true I am gradually becoming used to my deafness, but no circumstances can surpass sitting at a play for bringing to the surface all my worst nature and my deepest cursing.

Don't ask me, dear Ben Greet, for, if I yielded, you would be responsible for a lost soul.

May "smooth success be strewed before your feet," and believe me

Yours faithfully

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Duncan B. Macdonald

Wallingford, 7 June, 1910

DEAREST MACDONALD: Your touching and sympathetic note moved me deeply. Life is so uncertain, happiness is so negative, and pain so positive that I am not sure that to be childless is not the happier lot. As no words can express how I idolised my daughter, so no imagination can picture my agony. Her loss came at a time when every day she was growing more and more like her sainted mother. The old wound was torn open afresh.

Ah, well, my infinitely comforting thought is that at seventy-eight the time cannot be long. . . .

A hundred thanks, dear boy, for your generous

thought of contributing to my Horatian library, but my collection is already pretty extensive, — about three hundred texts, translations, selections, etc., beginning with Mesconius's Florentine edition in 1482 — a marvelous incunabulum as fresh as the day it was published. It came from Madrid. Strange to say one of the most exquisitely printed and illustrated editions is from Barcelona, in 1582.

Shall I never have the pleasure of showing them all to you and to my fair Cousin? Let me not think it. In the meantime

Yours affectionately

H. H. F.

Messrs. Cugley & Mullen

Wallingford, June 8, 1910

Dear Sirs: It is extremely kind in you to remember my past wants, and had I not already some experience in young crows I should be delighted to get some from you.

I will confide to you (and you needn't tell your customers) that when, a couple of years ago, I had some, they began cawing so early in the morning, and attracted around them such a multitude of friends and relations, who cawed even louder, that shortly after dawn the blessing of sleep was denied to the whole household, and we thought of appointing a day of thanksgiving when the last crow died.

Yours very truly

Horace Howard Furness

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 14 *June*, 1910

My dear Hobbididance: If you are already settled at Beccles, I may possibly receive a reply, but if you are still in your burrow at Cambridge, and have drawn the hole in after you, I may as well address the libertine wind.

I will take my chances, however, for I wish you to answer a serious question. After a season of enforced idleness I have resumed work, and now it is Cymbeline. By the time this reaches you I shall have finished probably the collation of all the texts. On my journey I have noticed that you have again and again recorded the conjectures of "Anon." Hitherto, in other plays, I have with due credit recorded these conjectures, and when they struck me as peculiarly happy I have queried whether they be not yours. But now, however, I am tired of working in the dark. In Cymbeline "Anon" comes to the fore in unusually numerous instances.

Am I inquiring too curiously if I dare to ask who this "Anon" is, and whether or not he might drop his disguise?

In an old song, which you may have heard, there is an urgent request for an enraptured meeting in a twilight grove where

> "I could tell thee there in the cool night air
> What I dare not in broad day-light"

(nothing improper, bien entendu). You will appreciate the aptness of this quotation when I tell you

that with regard to the whole of the collation of Cymbeline in the Cambridge Edition there are certain observations which I could whisper into your private ear, if I had the happiness of seeing you, which I am loth to commit to paper.

Here finishes my screed, and when I have added that I hope from the bottom of my heart you are well, and that the heavens bend blue above you, there is no more to say but that I am as ever, dear Wright,

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Miss Sara Norton

Wallingford, 18 *June*, 1910

AT last, then, dear Sara, the long silence is broken, and this reference to its length has in it not the faintest trace of reproach, but is full of delighted relief that it was not caused by your illness. How lawless your imagination is when once anxiety is aroused for an absent dear one. How many times I have been on the point of writing to your Aunt Grace for news of you, and as many times have been quieted by the conviction that ill news would have travelled fast enough.

From one thing, however, let me adjure you, for ever hereafter, to desist: — never apologize for your silence, certainly not to me. It almost implies a debit and credit in friendship, and you know there's beggary in the love that can be reckoned. I never for an instant supposed that I had vanished

from your thoughts. But I knew you were anxious about your sister, and I measured your love for me by mine for you, and had you not more than once coupled it with *aeì*?

Ah, yes, these days are utterly sad. Did I say "days"? I should have said hours. You know the bitterness of the cup we cannot push from our lips. But there is work — the only nepenthe, and to this I try to be faithful. I am working at "Cymbeline" and it enforces my interest. I find much in it that I *know* Shakespeare never wrote. To be thus assured is one thing. To say whose is the interloping hand is another. On this I shall not venture even a surmise. To guess intelligently demands a familiarity to the saturation point with half a dozen of Shakespeare's contemporaries, which is what few, if any, possess.

During the winter I found among my father's letters about fifty of Mr. Emerson's. These with my father's replies I gathered and arranged, together with a "Chivalric Poem" by the little Waldo, aged ten, illustrated by my father, aged eleven. I have had some of the MS. and the illustrations photographed. Houghton & Mifflin accepted with gratitude what they called "this fascinating little volume" and are to bring it out in their choicest style. So, in a week or ten days, the proof-sheets will fly thick and fast between us. This, too, offers distraction.

Owen Wister, who was here for many weeks last Fall, has just returned from an extended trip to

California, with health improved, but not yet wholly regained. The Grand Canon of Arizona impressed him just as I hoped it would impress him, and as it did me. Verily, it is one of the most stupendous, awe-inspiring sights mortal eyes can behold on this little planet, — the scene of the deepest tragedy on the earth's surface, not as involving the loss of life, but as tearing asunder the very crust of the earth. . . . I imagine it can be paralleled only in the moon — a safe remark.

Owen is coming here again on Thursday — for another long visit, I hope. The quiet and peaceful freedom here soothes and heals him, so he says. To me, he is like one of my sons, and his little wife is most charming.

'Tis most pleasant to know that you are again in your dear Ashfield, with all its hallowed associations. Have you never a photograph to send to a poor outside worshipper? One of your own blessed self would be most gratefully received by, dear Sara,

Yours *ael* most affectionate old friend

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Mrs. C. C. Bartol

Wallingford, July 28, 1910

DEAREST MRS. KATE: A photograph, which goes by the same mail, was all ready for you, when the afternoon post brought me your delightful letter of the 26th.

I hope you'll like the little picture which I think

is attractive, quite apart from the likeness. "Crabbed age and youth" is not often brought together so closely, and little Furness's solemn eyes befit the scene.

We all of us continue to miss you sadly. For the last ten days Willie and I have been alone, and every evening, when I smoke my cigar on the terrace, after dinner, Borneo [1] is our court jester. Willie brings him forth and his ways and antics are certainly entertaining. . . .

I have built an absolutely fireproof addition to my library. Its six sides are brick and cement and not even a window in it. In it are to be such of my books and treasures, whereof the loss would be irreparable in case of fire. I do it for Horrie's sake — not my own. I shall need them but a very little time longer. However short my time here may be, it will be long enough to send you, dear Mrs. Kate, the assurance of the abiding love of

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Miss Sara Norton

Wallingford, 21 *August*, 1910

DEAREST SARA: Many and sincere thanks for all you say about the medal, albeit I sent you the little pamphlet not for its sake, but for what is therein said of the Bible and Shakespeare which I believe to be true.

I am almost ashamed to tell you that six or seven months ago I received another gold medal, pre-

[1] Borneo was one of the Orang-utans which W. H. F. 3rd was at the time training.

DR. FURNESS AND HIS GREAT-GRANDSON

sented by The New Theatre which has been founded in New York.

It is, however, of neither medal that I now write, but to tell you a little story:

Not long ago I saw at a jeweller's here — our only scientific mineralogist in that trade, — some tourmalines which Nature in a vacillating mood had made half green and half rosy. They were, he believed, unparalleled, and he had secured all to be found. I at once secured them all from him and had them mounted in my wonted setting. I am now giving them as mementoes to my dearest friends in lieu of the old-fashioned mourning rings. The list would be woefully deficient, dear, without you. Outside of my immediate kinsfolk the following are your fellow-members of the band: — Mrs. Lizzie Homans, Mrs. Cheney Bartol, Mrs. Helen Jastrow, Agnes Repplier, Mrs. Pruyn Harrison, Agnes Irwin, Sophy Irwin, and Sally Cadwalader, and Molly Wister (Owen's wife).[1]

It has been suggested that you shall all constitute an Order: "The Ladies of the Tourmalines." Sophy Irwin suggests "The Tourmalinas," and Agnes thinks the Order ought to meet once a year. Ah no, — gaps are inevitable.

I'll send the little trifle by registered mail. Take it as another link in the chain of tender memories — and make glad the heart of

Yours with devoted affection

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

[1] To these were added Mrs. Edward H. Coates and Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson.

To Miss Sara Norton

Wallingford, 17 *September*, 1910

DEAREST SARA: What pleasure your pleasure gives me! It rejoices me that you like the little freak of Nature in her undecided mood. Let us hope that the mood was transitory, and that we have secured all the evidences of it.

By this same mail I send you a copy of my boy Willie's last book.[1] I know you'll begin it for my sake, and end it for your own. I doubt that you have ever seen its predecessor; "Home life in Borneo," among the head-hunters. I'd send it to you, but that it is hopelessly out of print. To me it is a delightful book, revealing, as it does, the truth that God created of one blood all nations of the earth. The same is true of this present book, wherein Willie shows that face will answer face and warm friends can be found among the humble islanders of the Pacific.

My summer has been unbroken, except by a twenty-four-hour trip to Boston to see for half an hour my very dear friend, Lizzie Homans, who is in The Corey Hill Hospital, suffering from a very lame foot. She is the last surviving friend of my early boyhood, and most precious. . . .

"Cymbeline" fills all my vacant hours and proves extremely interesting, partly because so much of it was not written, as I think, by the divine Williams.

When the spirit prompts do write to

Yours devotedly

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

[1] *The Island of Stone Money.* (J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1910.)

To B. S. Hurlbut [1]

Wallingford, 28 September, 1910

My dear Hurlbut: I felt guilty enough in encroaching upon your ordinary working day. But this is an insignificant peccadillo compared with an invasion of one moment of your sabbatical year! Woe! woe! all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten my ink!

And yet so incorrigible is my depravity that my hand, about to defile my head with ashes in an unseemly manner, is arrested by the light you have thrown on the situation. At the divine command, "Let there be light!" I now see that the true response is, "And there was Byron Satterlee Hurlbut!"

My grandson arrived, ejaculated "Halleluiah" to his family and, stored with the alternative paths suggested by you, departed for Cambridge. There he proposes to consult your Vice (the only one you have), Mr. Castle, whom the lad knows personally and will abide by his counsel.

And now, like John Burroughs, I fold my hands and wait, Glory be!

So this is your sabbatical year, wherein for a twelvemonth you are to shake a loose foot. Dear me, how I wish you were a centipede. And the world is all before you where to choose. I wish you'd choose, with Mrs. Hurlbut, to turn your feet hitherward, and pay me a visit. Think it

[1] Then Dean of Harvard College.

over; let it sift into your mind: first, as a possibility, then as a probability, and lastly as decreed by fate. So come, and make glad the heart and eyes of

Yours very cordially
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 9 October, 1910

DEAR HEART OF GOLD: Summon up remembrance of things past, and bid time return to the days when you were fleeting the time at fair "Carrow Abbey" and replied to my questions anent the collation of "Cymbeline." Are you oriented? Then let me say how delightful is your description of that enchanted spot — enchanting both in itself and for its associations, two different sources of pleasure whereof one sometimes weakens the other. Does it or does it not weaken music to have words to it? When I was gazing at the Grand Canon in Arizona, the most awe-inspiring scene, I suppose, on this rondure, I used to question whether or not historical associations would add or detract. A hard knot, too intrinse for me, here and now, to unloose. . . .

Whether intentionally, or from oversight, you gave no answer to my question whether the collation of "Cymbeline" was done by you or Clark. 'Tis merely for my private satisfaction, and if I am on forbidden ground, dismiss me from it.

I find "Cymbeline" extremely interesting, with

far more serious problems in its construction than in any other play, except perhaps "Henry the Eighth."

How I wish you had edited it.

Are you still "pegging away" at old Burton?

I hope your summer has been serene and cloudless.

Do let me know minutely how your health is — Forty thousand Carrow Abbeys strike the beam in comparison to it. If by this time you are not assured, you never will be, that I am, dearest Wright,

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Miss Eleanor Pomeroy

Wallingford, 25 October, 1910

DEAR MISS POMEROY: It is eminently befitting that you should by a commemorative service, or by any means in your power, renew and deepen the impression made on all that came in contact with him [Dr. Rolfe].

His gentleness, his patience, his ready sympathy were felt at once by all that came in contact with him, and it must have been a high privilege to have been his pupil, where his insight and enthusiasm and swift comprehension (indispensable qualities in a teacher) must have been hourly revealed. To me personally, his loss is irreparable.

"Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus.
Tam cari capitas."

I remain, dear Miss Pomeroy

Yours respectfully

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

A deficiency in the address has kept your letter till this hour and I have had time only to write the foregoing meagre lines.

To Mrs. J. Foster Kirk

Wallingford, 31 *December*, 1910

Dear Mrs. Kirk: I was looking at the list, a few days ago, of those dear friends to whom I had sent copies of my father's correspondence with Mr. Emerson — Your name of course stood high in the scroll, but there was against it no mark of any acknowledgment of its receipt by you. This may have been a careless omission on my part or you may never have received the booklet. Any acknowledgment from you I am sure I should have remembered, and I recall none — which, however, doesn't prove much; I am growing very old, and memory, the warden of the brain, is fast deserting me. Pray resolve my doubts, and if the mail miscarried, let me know and another copy shall go to you at once.

A little snowdrop bloomed on Christmas day, and its tiny bell tolled its perfume in the passing air. It caused me a pang to pluck it, but I knew the cold wrath which was coming, and is even now come, and this steadied my hand. Is it not folly to suppose that because flowers cannot show pain by screaming or running away, as we do, that they feel none? For months that little snowdrop had been dreaming of Spring, and ventured forth into the balmy air, and then — but it's too tragic!

All serenity and peace be yours, dear Ellen Kirk, throughout the coming year!

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. Philip Francis

Wallingford, 24 January, 1911

DEAR SIR: Yours in reference to the rearrangement of the Clown's Prologue in Mid. N. Dream reached me without difficulty. Your rearrangement of the phrases is just the kind of emendation that always tickles my fancy, and in the present case, it seems particularly felicitous.

You have doubtless heard of Mr. Owen Wister, the novelist. He is paying me a visit and I read to him your letter. He fully sympathises with me in the ingenuity wherewith you have shown that nonsense may be turned into sense.

But, ("I do not like this but," Cleopatra says, "it doth allay the good precedence"), I do very much doubt that the Prologue needs any such explanation as you suggest. It is merely punctuation which is at fault. If the speaker deliver this Prologue in a stumbling manner, a hearer can almost instinctively detect the blunders of punctuation, an almost time-honoured way of raising a laugh, inasmuch as it is to be found in the earliest comedy in the English language.

To make sense of the Prologue, by cutting up and transposing the lines, as you have done so ingeniously, requires the text before you and could

not be done on the spur of the moment by an auditor. And we know well enough that these plays were written with the sole purpose of being heard; not read and studied.

Wherefore, although I like and admire your ingenious rearrangement, I cannot believe that the present Prologue is other than that devised by Shakespeare, which I believe is also your opinion. . . .

You say of this "freakish Prologue" that you are inclined to assert, "aut Franciscus Baconum aut Diabolus." Let me beg of you to say Diabolus, for Bacon, for whom I have an unbounded reverence, did not possess a trace of humor or of emotional poetry in his composition. I remain

Yours, dear Sir, very cordially

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Mrs. Morris Jastrow

Wallingford, 12 March, 1911

BLESS you, dearest Helen; 'tis pleasant to come in touch with you again, if it is only with the tip of a pen on white paper.

After all my talk I forgot to give you the address of my excellent friend in Athens. It is, in fact, — well I'm not quite sure what it is. His letters are always dictated and his scribe sometimes heads his letters one way and sometimes another — my replies always seem to reach him and I address them: — Michael Damiralis, 12 Arsakeion St., Athens.

If you see the poor, blind, or semi-blind fellow, give him my love, and tell him that you have often breakfasted here and that the honey from Mt. Hymettus which he sent me was *always* on the table, and that the flavor of wild thyme in it always revived to me the happy days I spent in Athens more than half a century ago.

Again bless you, dear, and wherever you are may smooth success be strewed before your silvery feet. With enduring affection for you both.

Yours

H. H. F.

To Kate Furness Jayne

Saturday 15 *April*, 1911

YOU BLESSED, DARLING GRANDDAUGHTER, what delightful letters you do write! And how they cheer my weary old heart.

I'm glad you like Paris. Now is the time, in your fresh youth, to form pleasant associations, and however old you may grow, you'll always believe the Paris of your girlhood to be the only true delightful city, perhaps, of Europe. And it will be the same of Lausanne. Whatever may be disagreeable to you now, will be effaced by time, and nothing but the charms remain.

'Tis so with me. The Paris of my early manhood is always the Paris that comes uppermost in my thoughts. The last time I wandered through its streets, I found myself wondering at the loss of the huge letters painted in black on every wall: "Lib-

erté! Egalité! Fraternité!" which had survived from the Revolution of 1848; Louis Napoleon did not wish them to be expunged. He wanted the people to believe that what they stood for, still existed. How vividly I recall that same Emperor. He always looked well on horseback; he was a short, rather stout man of about my height & build. And he could scowl like a demon! I saw him wear that look once, when he was riding home from a Review of his soldiers. The King of Sardinia was at his side & they said that a pistol had been fired at him, and he was boiling with wrath. They both rode very fast, almost at a gallup — a practice introduced by the first Napoleon, — as a protection from assassination. Well, I must acknowledge that the ever-present consciousness that some one at that moment was aiming a pistol at you, is not calculated to wreathe your face with smiles. They used to tell stories of his prodigious strength. I suppose they were all fictions. It was asserted, however, as a fact that on one occasion when he was walking in the forest of Fontainebleau, a sentry levelled his gun at close range and fired at him. The Emperor sprang instantly on the man, wrenched his gun from him and so beat him that he left him for dead.

Ay de mi! those old times, nigh sixty years ago!

I think I must be the oldest man alive. But though the tide may bear me far, still it is refluent and brings me back to the warm love for my little

granddaughter, that will lodge forever in the heart of her old, loving

GRANDFATHER

To Hon. Samuel A. Green

Wallingford, 17 April, 1911

MY DEAR SAM: The two Sibley bookplates followed your heartsome letter, which warmed me to the utmost and stirred afresh our close friendship of lang syne. . . .

Dear old Sibley! remember him? Can I ever forget him? or the compliment he once paid me? In my Freshman Year, he asked me to procure some College-library books, retained beyond all reasonable time by a Philadelphia Presbyterian Clergyman, and when I reported the success of my commission and gave him the written promise of the speedy return of the volumes, his broad face broadened, till it resembled the rosy face of the sun which you see on old-fashioned clocks, and he exclaimed, "You did splendidly! *I couldn't have done it better myself!*"

And how grandly he expanded when he started the hymn after the Commencement dinner! With eternity before him, I hope he'll sing that hymn for a million years straight ahead, in Heaven. . . .

I quote with emphasis your own words:— "You do not know how much pleasure your few lines give me."

Yours with love, yes, dear Sam, with love.

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Hon. Charles Francis Adams

Wallingford, 9 May, 1911

My dear Adams: When I get a letter from you, I always prepare my soul to be instructed.

Yours of the 3rd of May, I have duly received, with its discussion of "Othello," V, ii, 421, and I am glad to see that your good, sound sense has led you to the correct solution of the question there involved.

The only portion of your letter which I fail to understand is where you speak of the "hesitating way," in which I express my opinion. If the "true explanation," wherewith I characterize Halliwell's note, be "hesitating," why, then I am afraid we should call the "Declaration of Independence," hesitating. When to this assertion of my belief that the reference is to Judas, I add that once before Othello's agony had reverted to the Crucifixion, (wherein Judas was also associated) I fail to see how my opinion could have been more pronounced.

I suppose that no Shakespearean question can fail to interest me. I cannot, however, conceal from myself, that, as I grow older, "Othello," and any question relating to it, recedes in interest. Leaving out "Titus Andronicus," a mere youthful pot-boiler, "Othello" is the only real tragedy, I think, that Shakespeare wrote, and one which he never should have written. It was the tyrannous use of giant strength. Its gloom is unrelieved from beginning to end. Were I ever again obliged to read "Othello," I would immediately, at the

conclusion, read, "As You Like It" five times consecutively.

Yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Horace Jayne [1]

Wallingford, 14 May, 1911

DEAREST HORACE: My brain is as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage, but with a pen in my hand and the blank paper before me, I'll just e'en scribble on and let words and sentences shape themselves as they will.

Owen left yesterday, to pass a week in town preparing for his sojourn for the summer in Wyoming, whither Molly and the children are to follow him later — if they can; just before he started, a telephone message came that his youngest had developed whooping cough, on which career presumably all the other children will incontinently follow. Was there ever a more unlucky family! . . . Dear me, what a muddle it all is! The primeval error was our divergence from the arboreal anthropoids. Will no one start the great reformation for future ages of retracing our steps and of returning to the golden age of our ancestors, whereof Borneo and Mimi are such enviable examples? Sometimes I think I'd rather be a roadside stone, than a human being with nerves that seem made only to be rasped. Never mind, you'll soon have

[1] H. H. F.'s son-in-law, who, with his two children, was spending the winter in Switzerland.

with you, Willie, that puffect sunbeam, who will shine undimmed, though his own heart is breaking. All out of door is basking in warm, broad, unclouded sunshine, which always fills me now-a-days with a gloom more dense than any cold November fog can cause. So good-bye, dear, dear boy.

Your devoted old

FATHER

To Hon. Charles Francis Adams

Wallingford, 17 *May*, 1911

MY DEAR ADAMS: . . . "Romeo and Juliet" is no tragedy. Romeo says to the Friar, — "Do thou but join our hands with holy words, Then love-devouring death do what he dare. It is enough I may but call her mine." He attained that height of earthly bliss. He and Juliet were man and wife and died within an hour of each other. No heart-breaking tragedy there. Macbeth deserved his fate. Lear, ditto. Othello and Desdemona were the perfectly innocent victims of pure malice; hence the only tragedy.

If you say that you are "prepared to maintain 'Judian' against all comers," prithee, bear in mind, "*Suum cuique* is our Roman justice," and pray give Theobald credit for the reading.

Believe me

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Hon. Charles Francis Adams

Wallingford, 23 May, 1911

My dear Proteus Adams: My, but you are slippery! If you will refer to your letter of May 13th, you will note the extreme emphasis that you place upon Judas being a member of the Tribe of Judah. You could hardly make it more emphatic as the hinge of your argument.

In warning you against being too cock-sure on that point, (which I ought not to have done, seeing that 'tis a sign of youth and a proof of how you bravely resist the assault of years) you now reply, that cock-sureness seems to be wholly superfluous. . . .

In your last letter, you say that you think we should bear in mind that Shakespeare was a professional playwright, and bothered himself little over accuracy of statement. God bless my soul! are you just finding out that Shakespeare was a dramatist and not an historian? The great Duke of Marlborough, you remember, asserted that all the history he knew, he derived from Shakespeare, from which the only conclusion to be drawn, is that he knew plaguey little history. Didn't Shakespeare know as well as you or I that Arthur was a hulking, hobbledehoy of 17 or 19, when he depicted him as a little tender boy of 8 to 10, and didn't he know that Isabella of France was one of the most infamous of women, when he represented her gentle voice as smoothing the rough places in a Treaty, and didn't Shakespeare know, when writ-

ing his historical plays, with a memory which dwarfs that of almost every man since born, that he compressed decades into years and years into days?

You speak of the earthquake at the time of the Crucifixion, and say that in making the reference to it, I should have said: "When this disturbance is *alleged* to have occurred." You remind me of a venerable Scotchman, who, in the early days of our Church here in this city, before they had a settled clergyman, in administering communion, at the words, "as oft as ye drink of this cup," always added, "that is, of the wine that is *in* this cup."

As to the earthquake, you must remember, that this is the report which the terrified soldiers brought to the priests, and their exaggeration of the jarring of the ground when Jesus from the inside of the tomb, pushed down the slab that closed it.

I am sorry to note that you have never read my father's account of the Resurrection, which John Ropes, of your Bar, whom probably you knew, said he considered as fine a piece of the sifting of circumstantial evidence as he knew in literature, and to be highly recommended to every law student. If you care for such things, doubtless, you can find a copy in the Boston Library. I own but one, a presentation from my father, far too precious to be entrusted to the express or to the post, or I would lend it to you.

I do not wonder that you prefer the plain simple

text. My Variorum Edition, I have stigmatized in one of the Prefaces, I don't remember which, as a down-right evil, but a very necessary one, to keep scholars from threshing old straw.

Hitherto, for my own reading, I have always used the monovolume "Globe," but lately I have taken to an admirable edition, edited by Professor Neilson, and published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Had you read as much of the Commentators as I have, you wouldn't speak lightly, as you do, of such men as Theobald, a profound Greek and Latin scholar; Dryden; Dr. Johnson; Coleridge; Lamb; Mr. Justice Blackstone; De Quincey; Christopher North; Mrs. Jameson; Lady Martin; and, possibly the greatest of all, — Dr. A. C. Bradley. Whenever a man speaks lightly of the Commentators, I am apt to infer, either that he speaks hastily or else knows nothing of them, and is a mere echo.

Yours

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Reverend Dr. Charles G. Ames [1]

Wallingford, 16 June, 1911

DEAREST CHARLES AMES: It is with unfeigned pleasure that I have just received your letter.

It touches a responsive chord, in that the indications are, that in the words of the old epitaph, "As you are, I must be," and I am galloping thither, at a good round pace.

[1] Pastor Emeritus of the Church of the Disciples, Boston.

You, apparently, bravely wrestle with a tendency to pessimism: I don't. It is a relief to my feelings, like sneezing.

Let me tell you an incident that happened to me, which, at recurrent intervals, upbraids my despondency.

To put you in the proper atmosphere of the story, let me premise, that, I think it undeniable, to be in the depths of poverty is terrible; to be black is also a deep misfortune; and to be blind is perhaps, worst of all. And in being poor, black, and blind is to be in the lowest depth of human misery. Now for the incident:

Two or three years ago, in the city, on one of the most crowded streets, I saw standing on the curb, a black, blind beggar. He had a tin cup tied around his waist to receive the meagre alms which might be bestowed on him. He wished to cross the street, where many vehicles were passing, and he stood tapping the stones with his cane. I went at once up to him and taking him by the arm said, "Trust yourself to me, I will take you safely across." I could feel in his poor arm the relaxation of the tension, and its entire submission to my guidance. It was a bright pleasant day and the sun was shining in unclouded splendor, as I took the poor wretch to the other side of the street. There I said to him, while I was opening my purse to put some money in his cup, "This is a hard world, brother," and then turning his poor, quivering, sightless orbs to the blue and cloudless sky, he replied, "I

thank God, suh, I'se alive." My eyes were brimming, as I parted from him.

This is my little story.

Not long after this little incident occurred, my sister was at dinner where there were some ponderously rich men, and she told this story, which was listened to by them all, with interest. When, after the dinner, she was going down to her carriage, one of the richest of these men followed her and said, "Would you mind, Mrs. Wister, telling me over again, that impressive story?"

Heaven bless you, dear friend, and may the peace of God which passeth all understanding abide with us all for ever.

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Horace Jayne

Philadelphia, Pa., 19 *June,* 1911

DEAREST ALL OF YE'S — my devoted friend at one of the P. O. windows here, assures me that I can catch you at Genoa — and thus make a bob at you, (don't forget, by the way, if you happen to see Jessica, to tell her that her Pa is taking on dreadful over the loss of Leah's ring).

This note is merely a stirrup-cup, just as you start off, to let you know that Kate, Wirt, and her two little children (my whole world on this side of the ocean) are doing finely, And I, (drat it!) have never been better in my life.

I had a delightful letter this morning dated

5 June, from Kate, my little Floweret, full of the wonders of aviation, which she thinks should be *bug*ation. To my sinful sorrow I've not yet heard of the joyful reunion with Willie — his letter of 6 June, from London, is my last news.

My fervent blessings go with you all every hour of the day!

For ever, and ever, and ever

Your old doting FATHER AND GRANDFATHER

The anthropoids were in the pinkest health yesterday. Mimi climbed at once into my arms & laid her head most lovingly on my shoulder.

To Miss Agnes Repplier

Wallingford, 16th July, 1911

DEAREST AGNES: Fair fa' your gentle heart for sending your thoughts hitherward — where every prospect pleases, and only man, according to universal law and the hymn, is vile. This reminds me, — by the way did you have in your childhood that Missionary hymn by Bishop Heber: "From Greenland's icy mountains"? — if you did you'll perceive the connection of thought which reminds me to say that a cablegram from Willie yesterday announced the safe arrival of the party at Colombo, where spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle; and "after a pleasant voyage," which refers to their journey on the Red (or rather Dread) Sea, where fiery heat pervades throughout, accompanied by Typhoons, and Simoons, and bassoons,

and every other kind of -oons which are as vague as they are ominous.

O' Tuesday I went to New York for a dinner and a hearteasing gossip with Lizzie Homans, who started the next day for Fishguard on the "Carmania" (two *n*'s there?). She swears by the nine gods, she's in perfect health. I can vouch for her spirits.

Prithee, send me the name of a Father in Philadelphia, to whom I can apply for information as to a special canon of the Church against "self-slaughter" if there be one. Of course, it is implied in the sixth Commandment, but Shakespeare refers to it twice, so explicitly, in Hamlet and in Cymbeline, that I'd like to verify it. And you'd like me to cease gabbling, and so I will, but 'twill be no gabbling that I am

Yours devotedly

H. H. F.

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 2 August, 1911

DEAREST WRIGHT: Don't you think it's about time for our annual greeting? At our age, — you're only a year or two ahead of me, — life is brittle, and though I know, as you once told me, that you intend to "stick" as long as you can, yet the grip — or should it not be the glue? — grows a tiny bit weaker in spite of us. It isn't, however, as much of you, I'm thinking, as of myself. 'Tis you that will read my Obituary, not I yours. To my great contentment I note an almost monthly failure of

"what I am pleased to term my mind," and of my bodily powers; and, as fast as I can, I am patching up my old body for heaven. You see, if there be a ~~jenset~~ (confound it!) ~~yenseits~~ (again!), *jenseits* (at last!), I am all curiosity to know what it is, and have a bit of a taste of it! My faith in it grows constantly weaker. The further the devilish astronomers poke their telescopes into the sky, the bigger the puncture in the bubble of immortality, and instead of the undevout astronomer who is mad, 'tis the devout one. What vexes me is that if there be no re-awakening I shan't know it. Then I fall back on the consolation that I shall be in exactly the same plight as all my friends and the majority of mankind. And true to the land of my birth I like to be with the majority. J'y suis et j'y reste.

I suppose you are now at your dearly beloved Beccles, and it is there, I believe, that your thoughts turn more frequently to me. 'Tis well. You are amid flowers and vines.

By this same post I'll send you a booklet I put forth recently. It will barely interest you, but I know you'll at least glance through it for the sake of ane who lo'es you dear.

Yours devotedly

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Horace Jayne

Wallingford, 12 *August*, 1911

MY DEAR BOY: How I wish I knew where you would be when you read this! My! But I do grow

anxious about you all! What with the typhoons at sea, and the poisonous snakes in Sumatra, I'm in a chronic state of tizzy-whizzy.

As I told you once before, you don't catch me letting you all go off and leave me to torturing fears at home! As for this present occasion, however, I acted rightly in remaining here, as it has turned out.

At last, I've got to work again, but 'tis terribly mechanical. I have really no heart in it. It fills up merely the gap of time. I have no thought that I shall ever finish this play of "Cymbeline," yet I'll "peg away to the end."

Tell Willie, please, that I forgot to say that the Simians are in "prime order," and Patrick adds, "very happy." By a legitimate connection of thought I may say that my own health is in "prime order." . . .

How I am aching for letters; 'tis *foorty* yeears since I had any. Good-bye, you dear boy.

Your devoted old

FATHER

To Michael Damiralis [1]

Wallingford, 16 *August*, 1911

MY DEAR DAMIRALIS: It seems a great while since I have heard from you and I am afraid it is all my fault.

[1] Mention of Mr. Damiralis has been made in previous letters. He was a cultured Athenian who devoted his life to the study of Shakespeare, and especially to translating the plays into modern Greek. He died in 1913.

I met young Professor Rolfe, sometime ago, and he told me that you had written to him on pretty much the same subjects that you had written to me, and he and I talked them over, and he said that he would answer you, which may, in some measure, palliate my silence; but I am growing very old, and I have many little things to do, which take up a great deal of time.

By this same post, I shall send you a couple of books which you may not be likely to come across in Athens; they will give you some idea of what is stirring in the Shakespeare world.

As for the so-called Baconian theory, the information I can give you is very little or none at all. It is so unutterably silly, and betrays such gross ignorance on the part of those who advocate it, that I have never paid it any attention, and I think if all true students and lovers of Shakespeare had done the same, it would have died out.

I remain, my dear Damiralis,

Yours very truly

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To W. H. F. 3rd

Wallingford, 9 Sept., 1911

DEAR, DEARER, DEAREST WILLIE: On Wednesday morning last, the 6th Sept. at eight o'c'k A.M. Charles woke me with eagerness and thrust your letter into my hand. Dear me! but I was thirsty for news of you, and how I revelled in your delightful "missive." I gloated over it, and read,

and re-read it; I read it afterwards to Kate at breakfast, and after dinner I had the household into the dining-room, — Charles, Marjorie, Madge and the two Marys — and read it to them, and the next day I read it to Patrick, and yesterday to Horrie. It's getting pretty well ear-marked. And it deserves it. Your letters in themselves are always charming. . . .

All that distinguishes this week from its many predecessors is that an ardor almost youthful has me in its clutch and I have worked night and day on "Cymbeline." I doubt that I'll ever live to complete it, but if I do, I think 'twill prove my best work, and the most finished. Amid the weltering waste of reading criticisms on the play, good, bad, and indifferent, in English, German, and French, very little material fit for a letter, crops up. Of course my correspondence takes up much of my time. Lady Abercromby writes three letters to my one, and sends me volumes of Mad. de Maintenon's Letters, two volumes on Turgot, the Letters of Mad. Caylus, and a thick Octavo of La Beaumelle's account of St. Cyr — and counts on my criticism of them all! She is apparently absorbed in the times of Louis Quatorze, and if I had time I'd like to follow her; it is an extremely interesting epoch, and of which I am quite ignorant. Yesterday a book from Nellie Wilson which she wants me to read, and this morning a brochure from Charles H. Hart on the question of the Mother of Franklin's eldest son — that question

which is well-nigh insoluble, so adroitly did the shrewd old father conceal it. I remember that fifty years ago Theodore Parker wrote to my father about it, and then gave up in despair. . . .

To S. Weir Mitchell

Wallingford, 14 September, 1911

Dearest Weir: I have just within an hour received yours of Monday last, and I write in hot haste, lest you should join the band of innocents who write about "Hamlet."

I once said in a public address that if my brother were lying in articulo mortis, and that I was told his life could be saved by his writing an Essay on "Hamlet," I should immediately exclaim, "let him die! let him die!"

Let me premise, that the prædormitium state is not one calculated to evolve a coherent and rational idea of "Hamlet."

In the next place, dispossess your mind of every shred of an idea that because what we read of Shakespeare flows with such facility and ease, we infer that he wrote it with equal glibness, — in short, that he just mended his pen and sat down after dinner and said, "I will write *Hamlet.*" You must remember that before he touched a line of the play, he knew the whole plot from the old play where he took his plot, and no man worked harder or more laboriously over his plays than did Shakespeare; witness the remarkable revision between his first and second copies, the Hamlet of 1603 and 1604.

Nothing could be more erroneous than your assertion, I am glad to say the prædormitium one, that Shakespeare had "no thought and no more control of what his Hamlet was going to be, than a woman has over her unborn child."

He had before him an old play, so worthless, that every vestige of it is lost or was possibly forgotten, even in Shakespeare's time, except the phrase of the "Ghost calling for 'revenge!' dismally like an oyster wife," and he had attested its popularity.

Lastly, he has put "Hamlet" through such numberless paces, that numberless people find therein a reflex of their own mind, and consequently imagine that they have the key to Hamlet's character.

We should no more laugh at their expositions than we should laugh at them for having black hair or blue eyes. The more numerous the theories and the more varied, the higher the tribute to Shakespeare.

I doubt very much if Shakespeare would ever "howl" at such commentators as Coleridge, Professor Wilson, Hazlitt, Campbell, George Eliot, and dozens others.

Personally, I do not like *Hamlet* as much as many another, but I recognize and bow down before its deep searchings. What thoughtful man is there, on whose head Fate's bitterest showers have beaten, that has not contemplated suicide? or shrunk appalled at the tasks set by duty? If

Shakespeare is anywhere autobiographical, it is *possibly* in Hamlet.

"From eyes profane, a veil the Isis screens:
And fools* on fools still ask what Hamlet means!"

* You and I are not among the "fools."

There, dear lad, I have scribbled ahead as hastily as devotedly.

Your bounden slave

H. H. F.

To J. J. Jusserand

Wallingford, 26 November, 1911

"What to expect of Shakespeare!"

Marry come up! Ask rather, "What to expect from Jusserand?" and I'll answer, "Why, the most charming, wise, temperate, and true address that mortal ears have heard for this many and many a long year."

My dear friend, it is perfect. I have read it from the first word to the last with keen delight, and thank you deeply for sending it to me — with its humorous inscription, which made me laugh — your inscriptions to me always do make me laugh — they are so exquisitely neat and so — undeserved.

There is only one wee, tiny bit of a point which I wish you had emphasized a little more. And this is that at times the divine Williams utterly forgot his audience, his daily bread and everything, and threw the reins on the neck of his Pegasus and allowed him to soar free and untrammelled into the

empyrean. These times were in his thoughts when he wrote that not marble nor gilded monuments should outlive his rhyme.

But what am I to be prating thus to you! Forgive and forget.

Am I never to have the honour and untold pleasure of having you and Mrs. Jusserand beneath this roof? (Just at present, I am under a threatening shadow — my brother's wife — dear to all of us, — is hourly drifting to the jenseits.) Give me at least hope that before the daffodils begin to peer you will come hither, where you will see no enemy but winter and rough weather — nay, the welcoming arms of, my dear Jusserand,

Your cordial friend and admirer

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Dr. Mary A. Scott

Wallingford, 9 December, 1911

MY DEAR GOSSIP: — why did you drop that time-honoured and appropriate title? — The box of "sweets" duly found its way hither, and revealed to my joyful eyes the precious contents, some of the flowers as fresh and gay as when your fair hands placed them there, others drooped over the eclipse of the sun, but all were most welcome and refreshing — did I say "*were* most welcome"? — nay, *are*, for they are blooming on my table by my side. Ah, but you are kind to me.

As for myself — after two years of utter weariness and distaste for work, the spirit has driven

me into harness again and I am at my old lumbering, heavy-footed toil. This time, over "Cymbeline" — by far the most difficult play I have yet studied. So sudden and discordant are the changes from the loftiest poetry to the flattest of commonplace or worse, that I am bewildered and forced to believe that large portions are the work of an inferior hand. Shakespeare was growing old — the composition of thirty-six such plays as he had written would make any man a Methuselah, and he disliked the drudgery of developing the minor characters. Belarius bored him. He cared only for Imogen throughout, occasionally for Posthumus, and not at all for Iachimo after the success of his wager. Herein I find an unwonted zest, which you'll not find in this twaddle if I go on much longer. So good-bye & blessings on you from your devoted old gossip

H. H. F.

To Edward H. Coates

Wallingford, 18 *January*, 1912

Dear Edward Coates: I have done that for you, which I doubt that I would do for any other man — I have read through the page of the Sunday "Ledger" wherein there is a report of William James's ghost.

If you only knew, my dear boy, what yards and yards of miles of just such stuff I heard and read thirty years ago!

The only solitary change is, that they have now

got hold of "vibrations"; but the same utter absence of ideas, the same iterations of "a great work to do," "the new vistas," and timidity about "intrusion," "gratitude for permission to come," "weakness at first, but strength looked for." Oh, dear! Oh, dear! how tired and wearied I used to get of it! Give me Andrew Jackson Davis, who told me outright that he had seen God, but couldn't describe Him.

The idea never seems to dawn upon the Spiritualists that once we lose our physical organs, which we certainly do when we die, we can neither hear, nor see, nor taste, nor smell, nor feel, nor move. This new life they never attempt to put into words or describe, and, when cornered, freely confess, that it is anthropomorphic.

I wonder if the "Banner of Light" is still published in Boston; if so, try to get a copy of it, it will greatly entertain you, and you will have a deluge of such talk as this interview with James. Its old Editor, Colby, and I were great friends, and he always bore it well when I unmercifully poked fun at him. He told me once, that a diminutive lecture room for Spiritualists had become so saturated with magnetism, that a man could not hammer in the tack to put down the carpet. Oh, dear, what stories I could tell you of him! but my time is up.

Dear love, enduring love, abiding love to Florence, and believe me

Always, my dear Edward

Yours most cordially

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Rev. Jos. D. Wilson

Wallingford, Jan. 30th, 1912

DEAR SIR: Your note addressed to Mrs. Frank Furness has been handed to me. You ask for the address of Mr. Fairman Rogers' son or daughter.

For more than one reason I deeply regret that I am unable to supply it.

He never had any.

Yours respectfully

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Duncan B. Macdonald

Wallingford, 31 January, 1912

MY DEAR MACDONALD: Do tell me how highly shall I hold John Payne's translation of the Thousand Nights and a Night? Of course as to its fidelity I know nothing. Its antiquated flavour suits the subject, I think, and veils the coarseness, which as a scholar I don't mind. I think the literary world has treated him with unkind indifference which is hard to bear. I do not like Burton's — 'tis too slangy and erotic. Payne I have corresponded with for years — Burton, I knew personally — a very attractive character — I was a week with him in Damascus. The English Government had sent him thither to enlist two or three hundred Bashi-Bazourks (rightly spelled?) and I was present at his interview with the Chief Sheiks, when Burton was dressed up in the most gorgeous style and would hardly deign to lower his eyes upon the prostrate chiefs. These Bashi-B's

were needed in the Crimean War — then going on — Doesn't this seem like a voice from remote antiquity?

A voice from the present hour says, however, once more how grateful to you and to his fair Cousin is

Yours cordially
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Owen Wister

Wallingford, 30 January, 1912

DEAREST OWEN: As Willie is my secretary pro tem. I hope you won't mind this typewriting when you realise how much my correspondence is accelerated by it.

The extract that Chapman sent you is as true as it is bold. It is delightful to know that that wonderful epoch in our history is to be subjected to so clear a vision and to such an unerring hand.

Bid Chapman take the utmost care of his health and entreat him not to die before he has finished this work[1] for which he is evidently predestined.

He says that my father presided at the New York meeting; Garrison presided. My father was one of the speakers. I don't know that Chapman has ever seen the account of the meeting written by my father, which no newspaper in Philadelphia would print, and which was finally inserted in the Ledger in the advertisement columns and paid for as such.

[1] "The Biography of William Lloyd Garrison" by John Jay Chapman.

Of course Chapman has gathered around him or has at least access to a Library of anti-slavery books. It may be, however, worth his while to examine those which my father gave to the University Library here, some of which, I know are rare.

This zero weather has played the mischief with our water connections which for two days next week — Monday and Tuesday — will necessitate tearing down so large a portion of the house as to oblige all the household to eat, sleep and say their prayers on the front stairs. Wherefore if you are to bring Chapman hither — to whose visit I look forward with ardent pleasure — let it be after the stairs are cleared. . . .

To F. D. Losey [1]

Wallingford, February 1st, 1912

Dear Professor Losey: My son, to whom you lately wrote, has handed me your letter.

When I am wrong and convinced of it, I take almost a pride in acknowledging it. In the present instance, as regards the line in "Twelfth Night," V, i, 127, looking at it again grammatically, with what illumination ten years has brought since I wrote my note on it, I see at once that your grammatical explanation is emphatically better than mine. At the same time I think that something could be said in favour of mine. . . .

I thank you, dear Sir, for calling my attention to

[1] Professor of Rhetoric aud Public Speaking, University of Alabama, 1907–1916. Latin Extension Lecturer, Columbia University.

this matter; if ever I have a chance I'll see if I can change it in subsequent editions.

As to your observations on the line immediately following, I do not understand it. You ask:— "Is not the contrivance in Shakespeare's thought a windlass or a jack-screw rather than a vise or catapult?" If I could see the difference between a vise and a jack-screw as far as screwing is concerned, I might apprehend your meaning, but at present I do not.

For all the complimentary remarks that you make on the New Variorum, receive the cordial thanks of

Yours very truly
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Joseph Leidy, Jr.

Wallingford, 2nd April, 1912

MY DEAR DR. LEIDY: You ask me for an impression of Dr. Leidy while engaged in the investigations of Spiritualism by the Seybert Commission.

The deepest impression left upon my mind is your Uncle's imperturbable calmness and deliberation together with the seriousness befitting the investigation of a novel and interesting subject. On one occasion, when messages written by spirits were sent to him personally, there was not a trace of levity when he read out such absurd and disrespectful questions as: "How's your nose, Doc?" while all of us were convulsed with laughter.

It was not, however, even at such times that he

impressed me with his erudition, the vastness of his horizon, and the commensurate breadth of his views. During one Summer when he was studying Amœba, he spent several weeks at Swarthmore in our neighbourhood, and many times he came over to visit my father, and then we all hung upon his lips. I think in his religion he was in full accord (how as a scientific man could he well be otherwise) with my father's liberal views. He came frequently to my father's church and, on one occasion at least, wrote to my father the next day expressing his admiration of the sermon.

One anecdote may have escaped you. It happened shortly after the death of Agassiz, when Harvard College was extremely anxious to obtain your uncle as Agassiz's successor, and a messenger was sent from Cambridge to solicit earnestly his acceptance of the post. He came at a time when your uncle was still studying Amœba and had obtained many specimens from the scanty moss that grew between the bricks in front of his house. Harvard's messenger exhausted all his eloquence, but in vain; and when Dr. Leidy accompanied him to his front door, he made a final appeal on the score of the horizon that would be opened to him wider than that in Philadelphia. Whereupon Dr. Leidy said to him: "When I have exhausted the resources of my front door step, I may be, perhaps, prepared to go elsewhither." An immortal answer.

On another occasion he was to deliver a public

lecture; some gentleman was appointed to introduce him to the audience; the gentleman was not punctual, and, after waiting an abundant time for him, I was told that Dr. Leidy came forward and, in the simplest manner, said: "A gentleman was appointed to introduce me; I think it's not necessary; my name is Joseph Leidy, and I propose to talk to you this evening on the following subject." And then went on with his lecture. This exquisite simplicity of manner was the prerogative of the greatness of which your uncle was so noble an example. . . .

Wishing you every success in gathering materials for so great and valuable a life,

I remain, dear Dr. Leidy
Yours
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Thorvald S. Ross [1]

Wallingford, April 22, 1912

DEAR MR. ROSS: Your circular in reference to Holworthy has been duly received, and summons up delightful memories of Number 22.

Yes, I will come with pleasure if you will be kind enough to send me by Adams Express, C.O.D., fifty-eight years; and, having slipped into them, I'll come to your dinner and laugh and joke and sing my lustiest. One of my songs shall be "Lauriger Horatius" which I sung in Harvard for the first time; two of its lines I used as a chorus — as

[1] Secretary of the Harvard Memorial Society.

such they do not figure in the original song. Dave Trimble, of the class of '52, carried the tune to Baltimore, and "Maryland, My Maryland," was written to it. O postume! postume! Labuntur anni, etc. I can't go on in this strain; ghosts are gathering too thick around me. From one who will very soon join them, give the heartiest greeting to every one around your happy Board, and believe me

Yours cordially

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Mrs. Morris Jastrow

Wallingford, Sunday, 28 April, 1912

YOUR Athens letter, dearest Helen, is delight-full — I am so glad you saw Damiralis and that he is what he is — You say he wishes to see me in the flesh — For once his sad blindness sheds a blessing on me it would be grievous to have him disillusioned.

And no less delightful are your praises of Athens and of Greece. Of all places on earth it is the spot where poets should have been born, and where every nook and stream should have its god and goddess. I am afraid poor Egypt will suffer from your having first seen Greece: It may seem sordid and repulsive — ah but the romance that lurks in every inch of it! "Who has not seen Cairo has not seen the world. Its Nile is a wonder; its soil is pure gold, and its daughters resemble the black-eyed houris of Paradise." I opened by mere chance

on this sentence in "The Thousand Nights and a Night" on the morning I reached Cairo.

I cannot say one word about the "Titanic" tragedy. It has wrung our souls — morning, noon and night. John Thayer was Lou Furness's first cousin and unusually dear to her father and mother and to her.

What wouldn't I give to be wandering with you and Morris in the Bazaars of Cairo! Since the eye sees what the eye brings with it of the power to see, just think how eloquent to Morris must be everything on which his eye lights. Bismillah allahu akbar! There, don't say I can't talk Arabic! It comes more natural, though, to say in English how dearly I love you both and that I am

Yours devotedly

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Franklin S. Edmonds

Wallingford, May 13, 1912

MY DEAR MR. EDMONDS: I am glad indeed that, in your "Biographical Sketch" of Albert Smyth, there is to be further commemoration of that fine mind and rare nature.

In describing the struggles of his early days, you have a theme which is, as I recall what I heard incidentally, assuredly pathetic and almost tragic. The picture of that poor solitary boy, consumed with a thirst for knowledge, studying half through the night, in a fireless room, through a Baltimore winter, wrapped to the ears in a threadbare over-

coat, and living on almost starvation fare, — this picture, I say, if but vividly delineated in imagination, cannot but be an heroic inspiration to every struggling boy, as well as to us all.

You ask about the examination for the Professorship in the Central High School; I will give you all I can remember of my share in it. I was asked to prepare questions in English Literature that would be likely to bring out the knowledge of one who aspired to that high position.

These questions in poetry and prose, from Chaucer to the present day, I endeavoured to make searching. I remembered that, after reading them over, they appeared extremely difficult, especially as they were to be answered on an emergency and in the excitement of an examination for a position which to the applicant meant almost life or death. And I remember distinctly that when chronologically the present day was reached, I thought some of the questions hardly fair, in demanding knowledge beyond the reach of any youthful applicant. For instance, one question was, in substance: Give an account of the British Magazines — The Edinburgh Review, The Quarterly, and of Blackwood's Magazine; about the date when they started, and their aims, and their contributors. None of Albert Smyth's answers leave on my mind a deeper impression than those to these questions. They showed a familiarity with modern literature which could hardly be expected even from advanced readers.

There were but two applicants, and when the answers were submitted to me I had, I believe, no means of knowing who these applicants were. I can assure you it was to me an ordeal which was, I do not exaggerate in pronouncing, almost agonizing. One of the set of answers ended with some clever verses which must have been written almost impromptu, and did not fail to impress me. I marked each answer on a scale of ten, I think, with the most absolute impartiality at my command; added up the sum, and sent the results to the Committee, and you know the happy event.

Will you let me suggest that among the devoted friends of Albert Smyth none was more loyal, as far as I know, than Geo. W. Childs. There was a time, as you may remember, when, from some hidden motive, an attack was made on Professor Smyth and his fitness for his office both as to learning and manners was questioned? Both Mr. Childs and myself, and probably others, received many anonymous letters denouncing our friend, and I cannot forget the instant and unfeigned contempt with which Mr. Childs treated them, as he tossed them into his waste-basket.

In looking back from the position of old age on Albert Smyth's early death, I think there may be an element in it from which we may draw some slight consolation. His career, before it closed, had been triumphant; starting amid thorns and brambles in the humblest valley, it had risen in a sure ascent to the mountain-tops where it had received

splendid homage both at home and abroad, and it was the homage which

> "not in broad rumour lies,
> But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
> And perfect witness of All-Judging Jove."

This may have been the highest point which he was destined to attain. And "if 'twere then to die, 'Twere then to be most happy."

It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth, and if ever youth bore it, surely it had pressed heavily enough on the young shoulders of Albert Smyth. But consumed by an immortal thirst for knowledge, he trod unflinchingly the path of duty until he found, —

> "the stubborn thistles bending
> Into glossy purples which out-redden
> All voluptuous garden roses."

We may try to console ourselves for his untimely death by such frail and ingenious arguments, but all at once memory recalls that handsome face and those eyes burning with earnestness and, at times, twinkling with merriment and then — "The pity of it! Oh, the pity of it!"

Sorely and sadly as we mourn and miss him here, it may be — who can tell? — that he was needed elsewhere in higher and broader fields.

Yours, dearest Mr. Edmonds
Respectfully and cordially
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To S. S. Ashbaugh

Wallingford, June 14th, 1912

DEAR SIR: My son, (Horace Howard, jr.) has handed to me your letter of June 8th. I am heartily glad that you contemplate a defence of my old friend John Payne Collier.

You say that in the Notes of the Variorum Othello there is an indication of a definite idea as to the real forger of the suspected documents; I cannot recall the notes to which you refer and I think that I must have conveyed a wrong impression. I really have no idea whatever as to the forger's identity. I am only sure that I cannot bring myself to believe that it was Collier, with whom I corresponded for years, but of course never broached the subject of his Folio.

Possibly the most suspicious item in this accusation of forgery is that the lead-pencil writings on the margin of his folio were underneath the ink. This microscopic test I have always mistrusted, and accepted Collier's very natural explanation that he had with a lead pencil drawn a circle around those examples which he selected for publication, and not infrequently had changed the Court Hand into current letters.

Have you seen a copy of Collier's Trilogy, "Conversations Between Three Friends on the Emendations of Shakespeare's Text Contained in Mr. Collier's Corrected Folio, 1632"? It was printed in 1874, and although it deals chiefly with his emendations that have been accepted, there are scat-

tered through it, here and there, observations which reveal the honesty of the man. Let me quote one sentence: — "But I am tired of the question as "to the authenticity of the emendations': still, after what has 'been said and seen,' who shall deny that many of the proposed changes restore the undoubted meaning, aye, *and the very language* of the poet? Let the enemies of my poor belaboured and belied book do as they will; they are quite welcome to lay every emendation at my door. I am not, indeed, the father of the bantlings, but I should be proud of the paternity, if I were: I gladly welcome them into my Shakespeare family."

I think another argument in favour of Collier, to which I have never seen a reference, is: — that he was the editor, at one time, of Dodsley's "Old Plays," where, if anywhere, a man with fertility of invention in the way of emendation, would have revelled in his opportunities; and Collier's emendations there are conspicuous by their absence, and give not the smallest promise of that astonishing fertility of emendation which the margins of the Corrected Folio reveal.

I remain, dear Sir

Yours respectfully

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Horace Jayne [1]

Wallingford, July 20th, 1912

DEAREST HORACE: Your dear note announcing the arrival of Willie and your welcome to him at

the Ferry was a good draught to a thirsty soul. Telegrams are good, but letters are nutritious.

Now that you have Willie, I beg you to keep him longer than the term he mentioned to me, which ended, I think, on Sunday — so as to bring him here on Monday. Tell him we don't want him. Housecleaning and papering, etc., are going on and what with ducking under ladders and squirming through step ladders and bounding over buckets, — it takes me thirty minutes to get to the dining-room, and when I do get there my meals are served on the head of a cane. . . .

To W. Aldis Wright

Wallingford, 29 July, 1912

YOU DEAR, BLESSED, DARLING OLD BOY: I have just received your letter an hour ago, and am so very sorry to learn that you have been suffering from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune — and since early in January! Woe! woe! And I the while have been often and often picturing you as happy and debonair in Trin. Coll. or blooming at Beccles amid your shrubs and flowers. And those long weary hours in bed! Indeed you have my deep sympathy. I am almost self-reproached that I did not rush to your bedside. But a deaf person does not make a deft nurse.

As for my own story — "Story! God bless you! There is none to tell, sir." And yet there is too. Throughout the winter, and until the last few weeks, I have been as happy as a man can be that is ever

yearning for a vanished hand and a voice that is still. My son-in-law with his motherless children, and my boy, Dr. Willie, whom you remember, were with me — a great delight all round; and friends were constantly my guests; among them Owen Wister, whose mother once met you and whom you charmed, just as you did, you fascinator, my dearest sister. Three or four weeks ago, I was summoned to Cambridge to act as a pall-bearer at William Goodwin's funeral. You knew him, did you not? — our fine Greek scholar. Then ten days after my return my younger brother, Frank, died after a tedious, wearisome illness, so distressing that his release was a blessing. He left a noble record. He served in the Cavalry throughout our Civil War, and received the highest honour a soldier in this country can attain to: — a medal from the U.S. Congress at Washington for "distinguished bravery." Very, very few have ever received it. It stamped him as the bravest of the brave.

I am now the last survivor of my father's family — an unhappy isolation.

I told you, did I not? that I am making as a Memorial of my daughter, a collection of Horaces, and have already about 250 editions, beginning with one in 1482, and another in 1492. It just occurs to me to send you a copy of the Book-plate for it. It is the reproduction of a Memorial Window I have put in our Church. It was designed by your Holiday and made in England.

I have "pegged away" at *Cymbeline* and about finished it — the printer shall have it in a few weeks, possibly. Shakespeare, I think, took no interest in any of the characters except Imogen, Iachimo, and Pisanio, a little in Posthumus — and Belarius bored him — an old rascal that deserved hanging, whose white washing Shakespeare largely entrusted to another's hand.

You say writing fatigues you. Nathless, do write four or five lines to let me know how you are. E'en at the cost of thine, give me repose. Thus entreats

Yours devotedly
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

To Samuel C. Chew, Jr.

Wallingford, 9 August, 1912

MY DEAR SAM: It is indeed a pleasure to welcome your handwriting, especially when it proffers the honour which the kindness of your heart proposes to bestow on unworthy me. Indeed I shall be proud to have my name linked with the fruits of your thoughtful hours.

Thanks for your enquiries after my health and work. I've had some heavy blows of late in the death of friends, culminating last month in the loss of my brother — of whom I was proud indeed.

My nepenthe, however, is work, into which it is impossible at eighty to throw as much energy as at thirty. If all goes well, I hope to deliver "Cymbeline" to the mercies of the printers in a month or

two. And then I shall rest and patch up my old body for heaven.

Give my kind regards to your Father and always regard me, dear Sam, as

Yours affectionately

HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

But Cymbeline was never to receive the final graceful touches of his hand.

Four days after this letter was written, on August 13th, Death came silently and touched him as he was at work in his Library, and as the shadows of the midsummer afternoon lengthened across the lawn and the evening breeze stirred the linden leaves, with his beloved youngest son by his side, Horace Howard Furness peacefully found "Reste after toyle, Port after stormie seas."

THE END

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